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THE NEW YORKER

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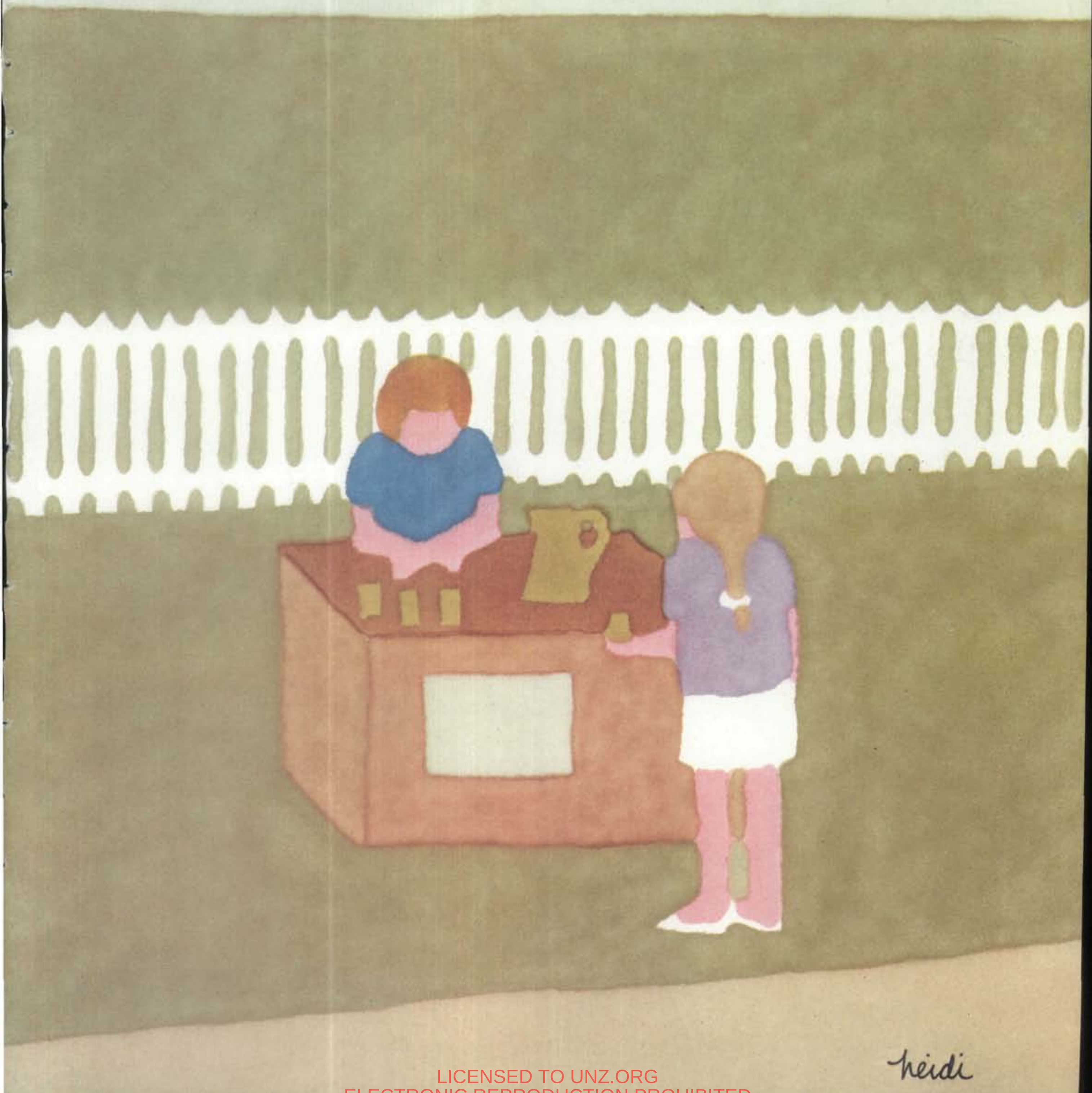

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. No performances Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

Blues in the Night—A dreary little fake musical, in which many classic Tin Pan Alley songs go thoroughly to waste. (6/14/82) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Carolyn Rodgers' Love—A presentation of poems by Carolyn Rodgers, conceived and directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Cast of Characters—Patrizia Norcia re-creating Ruth Draper's one-woman shows. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix is the director. (5/10/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Cleavage—A musical with a book by Buddy Sheffield and David Sheffield, and music and lyrics by the former. Directed by Rita Baker. Previews Friday through Tuesday, June 18-22. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 23. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, June 20, at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "Buddies," by Mary Gallagher; "Rosario and the Gypsies," by Eduardo Machado (book and lyrics) and Rick Vartorella (music); and "Ord-Way Ames-Gay," by Susan Vick: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 16-17; Saturday evening, June 19; and Sunday matinée, June 20. . . . ¶ "Kilo," by Marc B. Berman; "Class Reunion," by Kermit Frazier; "Many Happy Returns," by Willie Reale; and "Routed," by Jeffrey Sweet: Friday evening, June 18; Saturday matinée, June 19; and Sunday and Monday evenings, June 20-21. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

42nd Street Theatre Row Festival—A four-week event that is taking place at the various theatres that line the south side of 42nd Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. For information about all tickets, call 279-4200—**harold clurman:** Celeste Holm appearing in "With Love and Laughter," a theatre piece devised from the writings of various authors. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, July 5) . . . **intar:** "Last Latin Lover," a comedy adapted by Leonard Melfi and Max Ferra from a work by Ricardo Halac. (Thursdays through Mondays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **lion theatre company:** "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare; "Caucasian Chalk Circle," by Bertolt Brecht; and "Kitty Hawk," by Len Jenkins. (Presented in repertory: Wednesdays through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NAT HORNE MUSICAL THEATRE:** "It Ain't All Black and White," a musical entertainment. (Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOUTH STREET THEATRE:** "Booth," a play by Robert A. Morse. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. Joanne Camp gives an attractive performance as a dumb actress who outsmarts everyone. Reopens on Tuesday, June 22. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 27: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

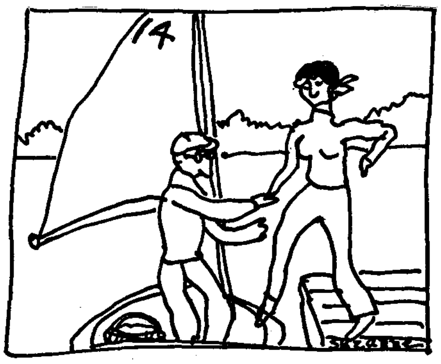
Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Looking-Glass—A play about Lewis Carroll, written by Michael Sutton and Cynthia Mandelberg. With John Vickery as L. C. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Medea—Zoe Caldwell and Judith Anderson in the classic tragedy by Euripides. Robert Whitehead directed. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best American play of the year. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)



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Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serious Bizness—An entry in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at American Place. This little show, written and performed by David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, Jill Larson, and Don Perman, is as frisky and humorous as anything in town. Running time, one hour. Ken Uy is the lively pianist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1, and Wednesdays at noon.)

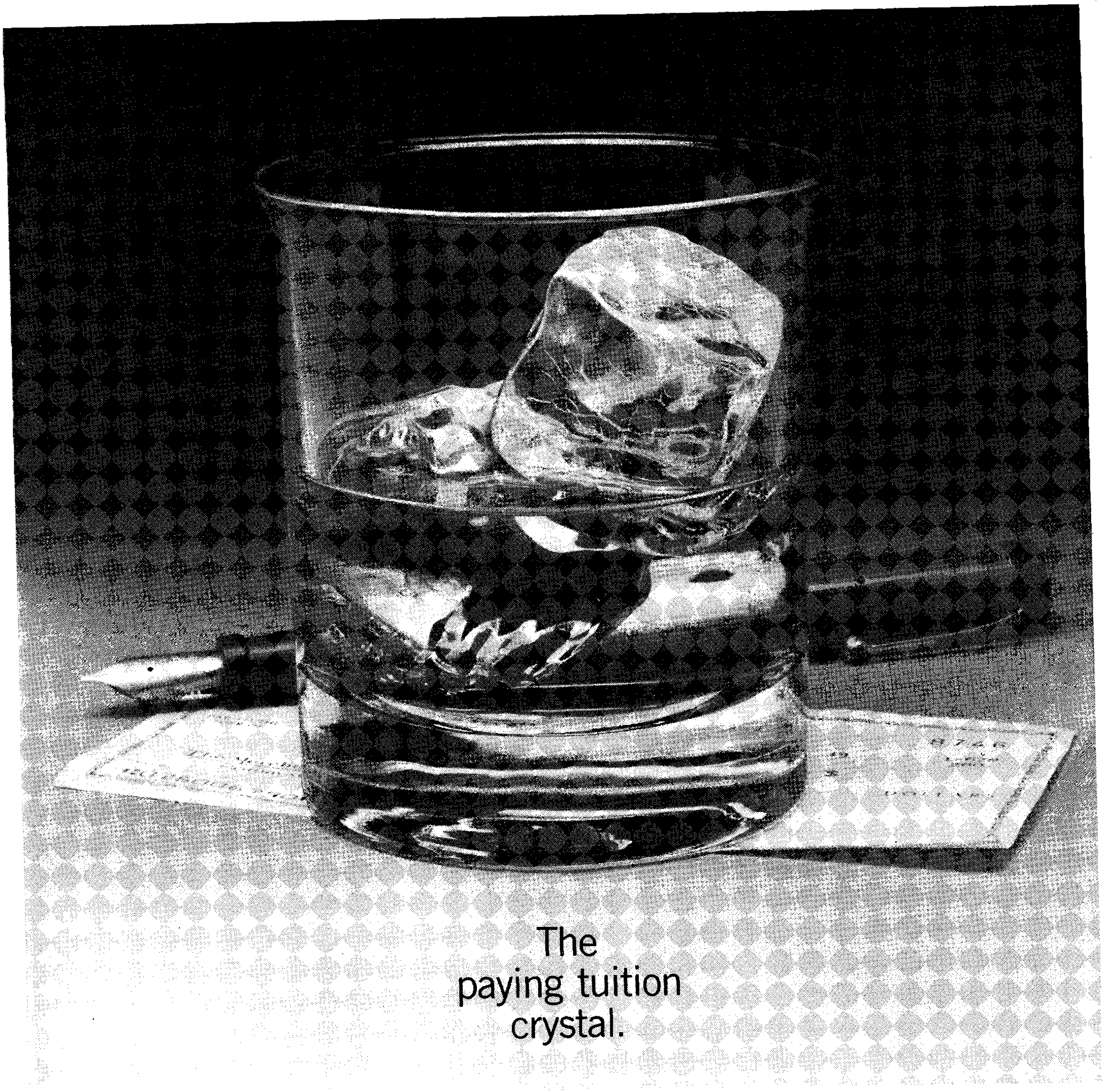
The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs—An adaptation by Simone Benmussa of a short story by the Irish writer George Moore. With Glenn Close, Lucinda Childs, Pippa Pearthree, and Patricia O'Connell. Opens Wednesday, June 16, and will run through Saturday, July 10. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-actors, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Total Abandon—A work-in-progress by Larry Atlas, directed by Jack Hofsiss. With Jeffrey DeMunn, John Heard, Michael Lerner, and W. B. Brydon. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 807-0006. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Long Runs—AMADEUS: We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. On Tuesday, June 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** The musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,208 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers &



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Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Wednesday, June 30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes are all just back from Quogue. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Final performances of the **STRAVINSKY CENTENNIAL** programs. Wednesday evening, June 16: "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works" (première), and "Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Four Chamber Works," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "Zvezdoliki" (a choral work), "Apollo," "Persephone" (première; conducted by Robert Craft, with the New York City Opera Chorus and a French narration by Vera Zorina), and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . **REPERTORY:** Saturday matinée, June 19: "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Orpheus," "Persephone," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 20: "Donizetti Variations," "Persephone," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 20: "Apollo," "Persephone," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 22: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "In G Major," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Tango," and "Elégie." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 23: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Four Chamber Works," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 24: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 25: "Walpurgisnacht," "Pas de Deux," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 26: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Four Chamber Works," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 26: "Walpurgisnacht," "Duo Concertant," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 4.)

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—A two-week engagement. Wednesday matinée and evening, June 16: "The Kermesse in Bruges" and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 17-18: "Firebird," "The Whims of Cupid," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 19: "The Kermesse in Bruges" and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Firebird," "Letters to Orpheus," and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 21-22, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 23: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 24-25, and Saturday matinée, June 26: "A Folk Tale." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 26: "A Folk Tale" and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, June 16: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Theatre," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 19: "Theatre," "Anatomic Balm," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 20: "Scenes," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 20: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 22: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 23: "Theatre," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 24: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 25: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 26: "Scenes," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 26: "The Consort," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 27.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, June 16: "Primitive Mysteries," "Golden Hall," "Lamentation," and "Appalachian Spring." (A benefit performance at which Miss Graham will address the audience and Aaron Copland will conduct the final work; for tickets, call 832-9166.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Acts of Light," "Hérodiade," "Golden Hall," and "Judith." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Dark Meadow," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Judith," "Golden Hall," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 20: "Appalachian Spring," "Judith," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 20: "Golden Hall," "Dark Meadow," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 22: "Judith," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 23-24: "Cave of the Heart," "Andromache's Lament" (première), and "Frescoes." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, June 25-26: "Cave of the Heart," "Andromache's Lament," and "Acts of Light." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 27.)

BILL T. JONES AND COMPANY—Final performances of "Social Intercourse: Pilgrims' Progress." (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, June 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 3.)

BENEFIT DANCE PROGRAM—Cynthia Gregory, Peter Martins, Amanda McKerrow, Marcia Haydee, Galina Panova, Ann Reinking, Anthony Dowell, Edward Villella, and others, in a program introduced by Margot Fonteyn. The beneficiary is the Jacqueline du Pré Research Fund. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, June 20, at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, will be on hand; and on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** will head his quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** the master, will be here with his quintet through Sunday, June 20; on Monday, June 21, Brighter Moments will trade sets with Kim Lawrence; and on Tuesday, June 22, hard-bop guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will move in with his trio. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, June 16, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL,** Brian Keane, and the Allan Holdsworth band; Thursday, June 17, the Nighthawks; Friday and Saturday, June

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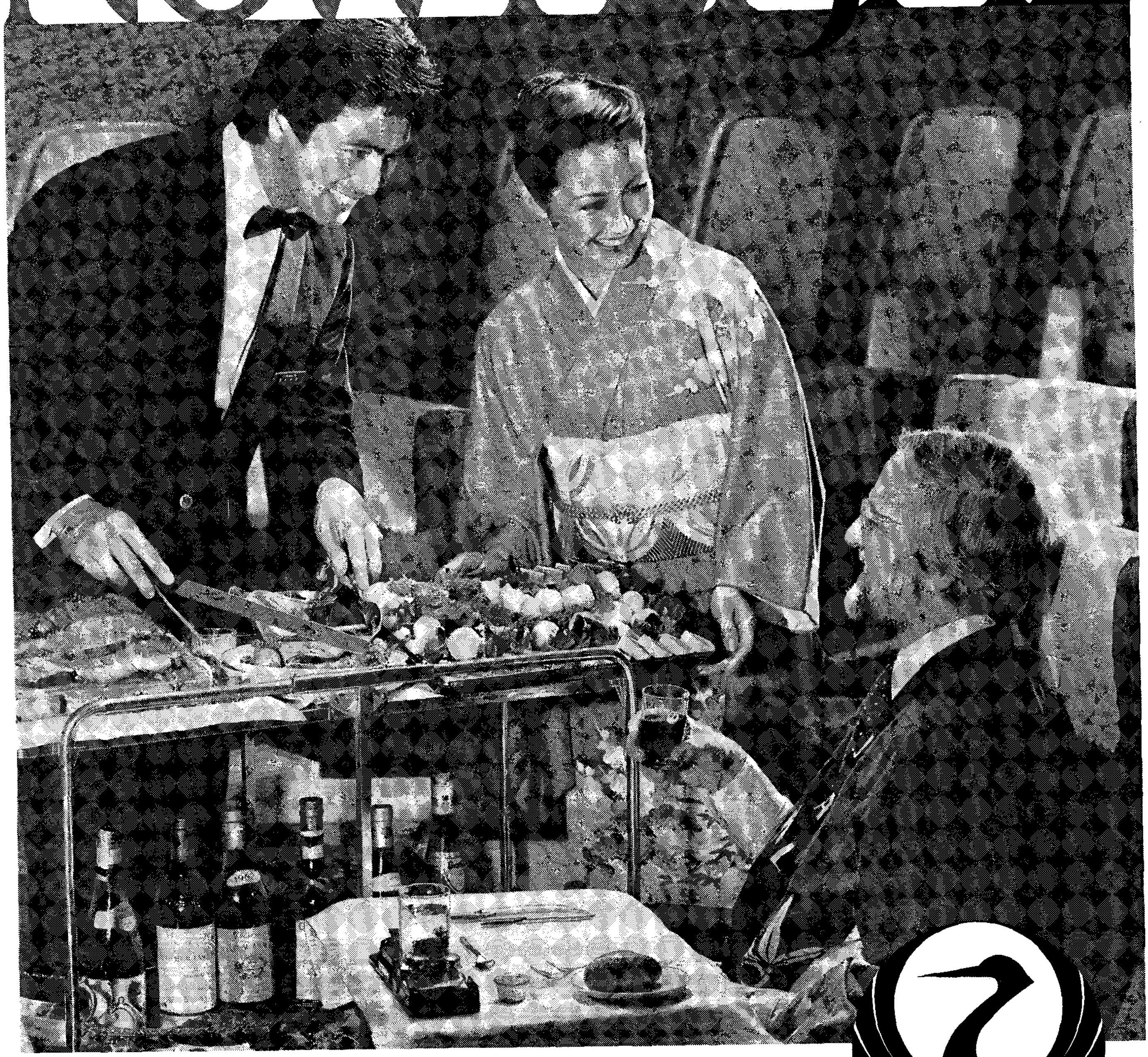

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JAPAN AIR LINES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

18-19, the Drifters, the Marvelettes, Fourteen Karat Soul, and Larry Chance & the Earls; Wednesday, June 23, the Bongos; and Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, singer and songwriter **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Three real fine bluesy pianists are on the current schedule: **HAROLD MABERN** and his bassist, **JAMIL NASSER,** through Saturday, June 19; **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** beginning Monday, June 21; and **LARRY WILLIS,** who's here every Sunday. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty *compadres,* **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** are here to stay—through this month, anyway—in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, June 16, Last Licks, Swept Away, the Listeners, and the Tapes; Thursday, June 17, the Toasters, the Transformers, the Shakes, and the Dates; Friday, June 18, Helen Wheels Band, the Gentz, and **FINN & THE SHARKS;** and Saturday, June 19, the Rudies and Single Strings. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's here until Saturday, June 19. On Tuesday, June 22, Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings jazz standards—Brazilian and American—and an occasional funky number in a cool, clear, uncolored voice, will take over. Sundays and Mondays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

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EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 16, Ray Fisher; Saturday, June 19, Will Dicker Boys; Wednesday, June 23, Frank Harte & Mick Moloney; and Saturday, June 26, Easy on the Tuba. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, June 20, at nine-thirty, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** who plays tenor sax in a big-voiced, swing-era style, will lead a quintet that features pianist **JOHN BUNCH.** On Wednesdays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Funk-jazz pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH'S** quartet performs through Sunday, June 20; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 22-23, saxophonist **PAUL WINTER** will work with percussionist **GUILHERME FRANCO** and his samba band; on Thursday, June 24, pianist **TEDDY WILSON** will swap sets with pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER;** and on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, **JOHNNY HARTMAN** and **MARLENE VER PLANCK** will sing with a backing quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City that is: Wednesday, June 16, Papa John Kolstad; Thursday, June 17, Mandragora and Bill Ochs; Friday, June 18, Celtic Thunder, Caesar Pacifici, Brian Conway, and Nuela Leahy; Tuesday, June 22, Bill Ferns' Rock Jam; Wednesday, June 23, Kevin Burke and Michael O'Domhnaill; Thursday, June 24, Marty Cutler & Charged Particles; Friday, June 25, Chris Smither and Catfish Hodge; and Saturday, June 26, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his band, the Golden Dragon. Two shows, at about nine and midnight, every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO** through Saturday, June 19; Monday, June 21, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL;** and starting Tuesday, June 22, the New Christy Minstrels. Sundays are turned over to Kenia, a Brazilian band. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.

THE DANCE LOFT
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GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Scott Hardy, pianist Harris Simon, bassist Steve Alcott, and singer Alicia Sherman can be found on the tiny bandstand Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** are here through Saturday, June 19; on Tuesday, June 22, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in with pianist **JAKI BYARD.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer and pianist.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** has taken over the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

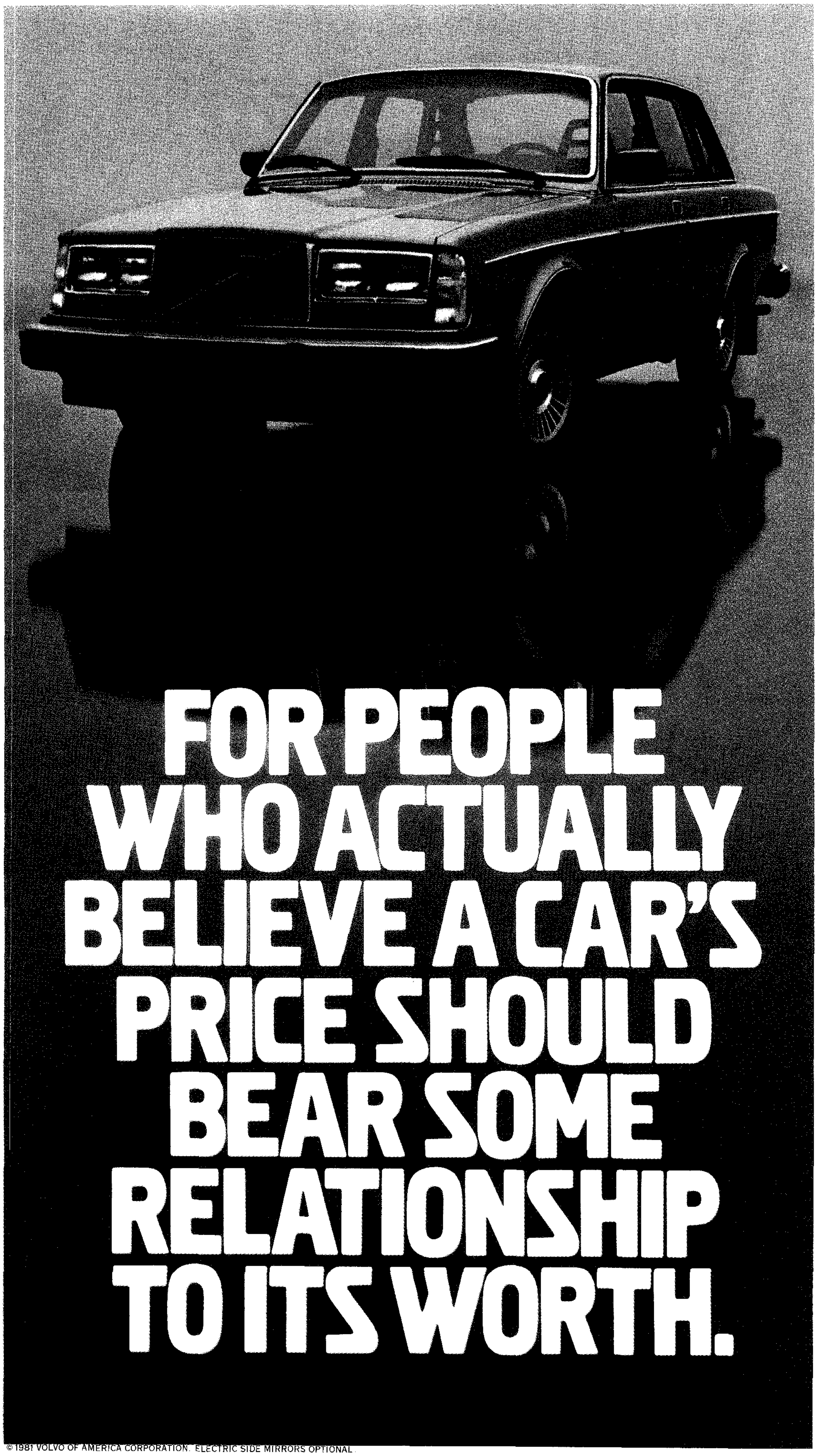
JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. June is Brazilian-jazz month here: Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** leads his band, and Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, **JORGE DALTO** will be on hand with his group, which will feature singer **ANGELA SUAREZ.** Wednesdays are the property of Guanabara, a septet. Thursdays, a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND,** plays sambas (of course) with *grandeza de animo;* on Thursday, June 17, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS** will be here, too. Music from about eight-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above) just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **ROLAND HANNA** and **MIKE RICHMOND** wind up their stay on Saturday, June 19; **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** will move in on Tuesday, June 22. The Sunday and Monday team is, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, June 16, Shirley Allston & the Shirelles; Sunday, June 20, the **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS,** a wonderful blues and rock quartet from Austin; and Tuesday, June 22, **DR. JOHN.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Guitarists **HERB ELLIS** and **BARNEY KESSEL** trade solos through Saturday, June 19; on Monday, June 21, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will lead his trio; and on Tuesday, June 22, guitarist **JOE PASS,** revered by jazz



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How do you enjoy Sambuca Romana when you run out of coffee beans?

White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.

Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.

Romana
Caffe
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
¾ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.

Chocolate Chip
Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
¾ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.

Sunny Sam
½ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.

Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
⅔ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca. But if you're out of coffee beans, try one of these other drinks. And then write for our original Sambuca Romana recipe book. Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and rock players and by a lot of the non-playing laity, will take charge. Sundays, the **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** big band goes into orbit. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of Fran Jeffries, who's singing here through Saturday, June 19. On Monday, June 21, **CARMEN MC RAE** will arrive with her backing crew. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** perform at twin pianos until Saturday, June 19; Tuesday through Saturday, June 22-26, Roger Kellaway will be joined by drummer **SHELLEY MANNE** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixeland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Thursday, June 17, Wareika, a reggae outfit; Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist and his satisfying, reggae-tinged septet, which features jazz drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN;** Monday, June 21, French Toast; Tuesday, June 22, Charles T. Hudson; and Wednesday, June 23, Mark Houllis & Friends. Sundays belong to **STRING FEVER,** a fourteen-piece string ensemble plus drummer which plays swing music. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule:, Wednesday, June 16, the Cayenne Jazz Band and Savannah Sheiks; Thursday, June 17, Ernie Mannix and the Starters; Saturday, June 19, the Strangers; Tuesday, June 22, Jersey Bounce and **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY;** Wednesday, June 23, Harriet Leider and Sherri Hodes; and Friday through Sunday, June 25-27, **JONATHAN RICHMAN.** Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, June 16, the **POINTER SISTERS;** Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, Bauhaus; Monday, June 21, Tim Scott & the Knights and 360; Tuesday, June 22, Scarlet Fever; and Friday, June 25, Phil Seymour. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "More of Loesser," a revue honoring composer Frank Loesser's tunes, is under way. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley constitute the cast. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, drummer **BOB MOSES** and his combo; Friday through Sunday, June 18-20, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 22-23, David Earle Johnson; and starting Thursday, June 24, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE'S** quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, the Ink Spots will be onstage; and Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto player, will guide a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**NAT ADDERLEY,** an entertaining raconteur and an earthy cornettist who uses a mute a whole lot when he solos—and his solos are smooth, terse, and energetic—leads a blues-laden quintet, which features alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** through Saturday, June 19; on Sunday and Monday, June 20-21, Bishop Norman Williams will be here; and starting Tuesday, June 22, **LOU DONALDSON,** the heavy-swinging, bebopping alto saxophonist, will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, with Big Time Sarah & her Blues Show, and on Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, with Johnny Dollar & the Scan'lous Band. Fridays and Saturdays are set aside for the mellifluous R. & B. singer and hot piano pounder **CHARLES BROWN;** and Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, June 16, Speculator and Hooks; Thursday, June 17, Eel Dog and Triangle; Friday, June 18, Robbie Watson's Speedometers; and Saturday, June 19, Sound. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. Monday, June 21, there will be two bands, Hector Casanova y Montuna and the José Bello band, and one guest soloist, trumpeter **TED CURSON;** they'll begin about nine. On Friday, June 18, beginning at eleven, a benefit tribute to trumpeter Howard McGhee will feature **JIMMY OWENS, JAMIL NASSER, GEORGE COLEMAN, AL GREY, SHEILA JORDAN,** and about forty-five other jazz musicians. In the room called the Top of the Gate, comic David Frye can be seen Fridays at ten and Saturdays at midnight. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Hard boppers **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRIS** co-pilot their quartet through Sunday, June 20; on Tuesday, June 22, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will come in with tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 575 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, where, if you wander in after nine-thirty, you can hear bassist **BRIAN TORFF'S** trio, which performs Tuesdays through Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; veteran bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The line-up: trumpeter and occasional vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** through Saturday, June 19; Sunday through Tuesday, June 20-22, tenor saxophonist and Satchmo-inspired singer **BIG NICK NICHOLAS;** and Wednesday through Saturday, June 23-26, saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON.** Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Linc Milliman handle the music chores through Saturday, June 19; on Monday, June 21, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will move in. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Fifth Annual New York Women's Jazz Festival—Wednesday, June 16, at 8: The Joanne Brackeen trio and Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz. . . . Thursday, June 17, at 8: Jazz tap dancers Brenda Bufalino, Jane Goldberg, and Tina Pratt. . . . Friday, June 18, at 8: The Jeanne Lee trio and the Betty MacDonald quintet. . . . Saturday, June 19, at 8: Dakota Staton, with the Bross Townsend trio, and Keisha St. Joan, with the Willene Barton quartet. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 7: Closing-day ceremonies, including appearances by Melba Liston and the Women's Jazz Festival Orchestra and Shirley Horn's trio. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Thiago de Mello and Amazon—With Claudio Roditi. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, June 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.)

Squeeze—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, June 18, at 8.

Steel Pulse—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, June 18, at 8.

Rick Springfield—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday through Sunday, June 18-20, at 8.

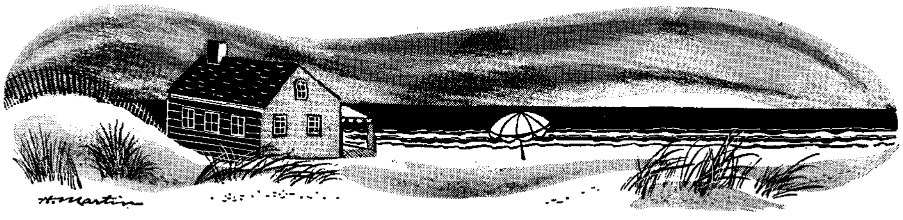
George Russell Big Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 11.

John Mayall's Bluesbreakers—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 19, at 8.

Esther Ofarim—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday and Sunday, June 19-20, at 8:30.

Tommy Flanagan—Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 24, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band—With the Artimus Pyk



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Kool Jazz Festival—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; the State University of New York, at Purchase; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 25, at 5: Art Hodes, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 7 and 10:30: Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson, with Panama Francis and the Stan Getz quartet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8: The Great Quartet—McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, Elvin Jones, and Ron Carter—and the Max Roach Double Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, from 2 to 11: More than a hundred and fifty performers will, at some time or another, preside over the stage, among them Frank Foster and the Loud Minority, the Dorothy Donegan trio, the Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet, and the Paquito D'Rivera quintet. (State University of New York, at Purchase.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, from 4 to 10: "Piano Spectacular," with Art Hodes, Dick Hyman, Roland Hanna, John Bunch, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 5: Singer Anne Marie Moss. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7: "Jazz & World Music," with Paul Horn, Rainbow, Codona, and Karl Berger's Music Universe Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8: Nancy Wilson and Joe Williams, with Nat Adderley, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, and Clark Terry. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jual Curtis & Instant Swing. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Mickey Tucker sextet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 10 and midnight: Bob Stewart quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Mantilla & the New Space Station and the Eddie Gomez–Jeremy Steig duo. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Paula Buckwell—Realist paintings. Through Friday, June 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Donley—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Sheila Girling—Abstract acrylics. Through June 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Massive chunks of lava, gray granite, and red granite are used in three new sculptures. Through Saturday, June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Margaret Priest—Precisionist drawings, in pencil on handmade paper, of architectural subjects. Through July 9. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Edward Schmidt—Allegorical paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Randall Timmons—Recent paintings. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including Robert Henri, Joseph Cornell, Childe Hassam, and Georgia O'Keeffe. . . . ¶ In another room, there are works on paper by gallery artists, among them Jeffrey Kronsnoble, Lionel Kalish, and Fritz Scholder. Through July 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 417 E. 75th St.: Gallery regulars Romare Bearden, Howard Newman, Margaret Israel, and others showing paintings and sculptures. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries" is the title for a show of paintings by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel—who share similar themes. Through Friday, June 25. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists, among them Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Antonio Segui. Through July 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Welded-aluminum sculptures by William Noland, paintings on paper by Walter Darby Bannard, and drawings by Arshile Gorky are among the many works on view. Through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures, all from the past decade, by Pinchas Cohen Gan, Kay WalkingStick, Karen Shaw, and others. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

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GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Glen Baxter—Drawings (with captions) done in a humorous vein by a British artist. Through July 2. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Recent collages, including one consisting of pieces snipped at random from original works by other artists (Picasso, Christo, Warhol, Chagall), affixed to black velvet, and then laid out on a grid format. Through July 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / David Hockney—Recent oils. / Standard-size Polaroids (of people and studio interiors) arranged so that larger, Cubist portraits and studio still-lifes result. Through Friday, June 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—Recent works. Through June 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

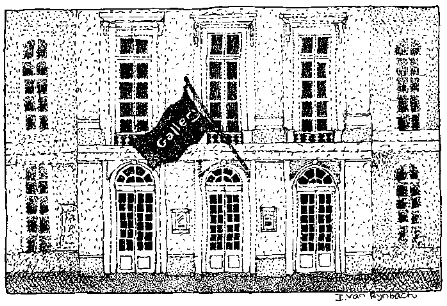
Willard Dixon / Peter Loftus—Romantic oil paintings of the northern California landscape. / A second California painter, this one showing coastal views of the Año Nuevo wildlife preserve. Through June 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Harold Gregor / Ida Lorentzen—Watercolors (and some drawings) of Illinois farmlands. / Paintings and works on paper of interior scenes in the artist's home in Norway. Through Wednesday, June 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Robert Irwin—Works from the late sixties: two disc paintings, one opaque and one translucent, projecting from the wall; and two solid-color paintings. Through Friday, June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Wifredo Lam—Early paintings and works on paper by a Surrealist. Through Saturday, June 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 16. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)



Judith Nelson—Recent abstract paintings: translucent geometric shapes superimposed over grids of dots. Through Saturday, June 26. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Mimmo Paladino—Drawings, some incorporating papier-mâché. Through July 2. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

St. Clair Sullivan / Hitch Lyman—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through Friday, June 25. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sibyl Weil—Three new sculptures: one lead (accompanied by drawings), one paper, one glass. Through Saturday, June 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Richard Bosman, Martha Diamond, Ken Goodman, Richard Mock, and Judy Rifka. Through July 2. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Kiki Smith and Justen Ladda (paintings), Rebecca Howland (sculptures), and John Fekner (small-scale wall pieces fashioned from plaques) are some of the artists whose works are on view, all of which make political statements about the uses and abuses of nature. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Eugène Mihaesco, Egon Schiele, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists James Brooks, Biala, Reuben Nakian, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through July 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works in clay by Betty Woodman, Graham Marks, Maryann Harman, James Makins, and four others. Through Saturday, June 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: New York is the subject of prints by John Sloan, Jerome Myers, Glenn Coleman, and others. Through June 30. (Open Saturday, June 19.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, primarily from the past couple of years, by Europeans (Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi) and Americans (David Salle, Julian Schnabel). Seventeen artists in all. Through July 9. (Open Saturday, June 19.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes and interiors by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, William Palmer, Paul Cadmus, Margit Varga, and other gallery artists. Through July 30. . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract landscape paintings by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and works on paper by Thornton Willis and Carol Haerer, and a sculpture in mixed mediums by George Mayocole. Through Friday, June 25. (Opens at noon, Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Three adherents of Constructivism—Vivien Abrams, Terry Lee Dill, and Peter Shire—exhibiting works in various mediums. Through June 29. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Troy Brauntuch / Matt Mullican—Photographs. / Paintings and banners. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Victor Burgin / Gwenn Thomas—Photographs

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with captions, inspired by the writings of Freud. / Color photographs of city scenes, in frames that have been painted by the artist. Through Saturday, June 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Edward Evans / Ronald Bovard—Trompe-l'oeil paintings done with an airbrush. Through Thursday, June 24. / Acrylic paintings with motifs from nature. Through July 1. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Diane Kaiser—Plaster, clay, and painted-wood wall reliefs, some of them integrating both organic (clouds, shells) and architectural (roofs, stairs) forms. Also, sculptures. Through Wednesday, June 23. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon, Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Keith Haring—An expanded version of an installation from his "fireworks" series, which was exhibited at the Hirshhorn Museum. Some of its spinning blades and motors are in constant motion. / Commercial color posters of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, altered with black sumi ink. Through Saturday, June 26. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Jo Sandman / Stanislav Kolibal—Wall constructions using cutouts of painters' drop cloths. / Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, June 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Italo Scanga / Dale Chihuly—Recent glass and wood-and-metal sculptures. Also, drawings. / Abstract glass sculptures. Through Saturday, June 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

James Tucker—Representational paintings of beach scenes. Through June 30. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **Caldwell,** 383 West Broadway: *Paintings by nine artists in this* gallery's invitational summer show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **Castelli,** 420 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including Stella, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **The Drawing Center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by a dozen artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through Saturday, June 26. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Milliken,** 98 Prince St.: Eighteen artists have paintings, drawings, and prints that as a body are described by the gallery as "urban and aggressive." Jane Dickson, Jonathan Borofsky, David Wojnarowicz, others. Through July 16. (Open Saturday, June 19.) . . . **Nosei,** 100 Prince St.: Works in a variety of mediums by artists on this gallery's roster, including Jean Michel Basquiat, Mike Glier, and K. H. Hödicke. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **Holly Solomon,** 392 West Broadway: Paintings in different mediums by Nicholas Africano, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, Robert Kushner, and others. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **Toll,** 146 Greene St.: The ocean is the theme of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cheryl Laemmle, Judith Shea, Tom Butter, and Dennis Kardon. Through Saturday, June 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Jacqueline Freedman / Mel Katz—Abstract paintings. / Wood sculptures finished with polychrome. Through Saturday, June 26. (Foundations, 80 Warren St., one block south of Chambers St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Al Souza / Mary Stoppert—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

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Group Shows—At the **Bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: "Agitated Figures: The New Emotionalism" is the title for a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists, including Jedd Garet, Roseanne Generalli, Jody Pinto, and Terry Rosenberg. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **The Dairy,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Boubat—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through Friday, June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

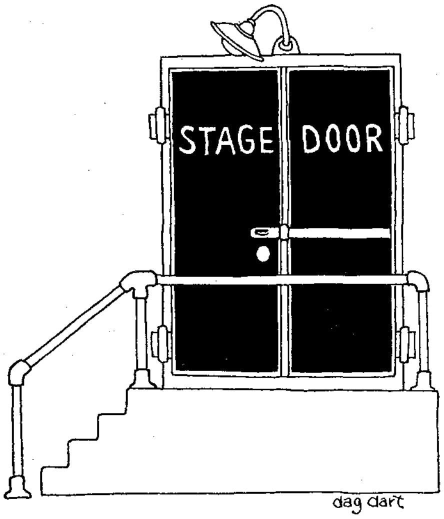
Mitch Epstein / Leon Levinstein—A dozen photographs documenting the filming of "Annie," and prints from a trip to India in 1981. / Scenes of New York during the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Cas Oorthuys (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, on Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Phillips—Forty photographs taken in France from 1937 through 1950, by the former *Life* photographer. Through June 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Fifty photographers have prints in the tenth-anniversary exhibition of the Midtown Y Gallery. Through Sept. 12. (344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A recent bronze casting of Rodin's monumental "Gates of Hell" is now greeting visitors in the Charles Engelhard Court, and will be doing so for the next nine months. . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through Sunday, June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through Sunday, June 20. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's *Universal Limited Art Editions workshop.* Starts Thursday, June 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through July 5.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through Sunday, June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-

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days through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Saturday, June 26, from 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Israel in Antiquity," a new permanent installation of Biblical archaeology in which recently excavated jewelry, weaponry, tools, pottery, and other articles dating back as far as three thousand years furnish rooms re-created to resemble those in ancient Lachish and Jerusalem. . . . ¶ A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of books containing the botanical illustrations of Jean-Pierre Redouté, the French painter and lithographer whose patrons included Marie Antoinette. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Japan's Tōkaidō Road as depicted in works by two nineteenth-century artists: Hiroshige's woodcuts and Felice A. Beato's hand-tinted photographs. Starts Friday, June 18. (Open daily except Sundays and Thursdays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of recently acquired paintings, works on paper, graphics, and photographs by more than twenty-five artists, among them Romare Bearden, Vincent Smith, Edward Clark, Michael Kendall, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe, and others. Through July 23. (Open daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Sculptures, in the broadest application, by Andrea Evans, Brad Melamed, and Aric Obrosey (a conceptual installation); Gilles Jean Giuntini (common objects in uncommon settings), Tony Oursler (sets designed for video), and others. Through July 17.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Contemporary handmade books by East European artists (through Saturday, June 19), and by Mexican artists (through Saturday, June 26). . . . ¶ Posters by Polish artists, through Saturday, June 26.

MUSIC

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424)—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final programs in the "Mozart & Stravinsky Festival." Thursday, June 17, at 8: An all-Mozart program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: An all-Stravinsky program, with Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Timothy Jenkins, tenor; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone.

Serenades—The final performances in a series of concerts of orchestral, choral, and chamber music. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Wednesday, June 16, at 8: The Guarneri Quartet and Misha Dichter, piano, in a Stravinsky-Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8; The Guarneri Quartet; Misha Dichter, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, in a Stravinsky-Beethoven program. . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL.** Wednesday, June 16, at 5:45: The Gregg Smith Singers in a Gesualdo-Haydn-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 5:45: A Stravinsky-Haydn-Beethoven program performed by Misha Dichter and Cipa Dichter, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and David Soyer, cello. (For tickets, call 247-7459.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Joseph Robinson, oboe, and Lydia Artymiw, piano. A recital postponed from April 22. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 20, at 8.)

Federal Music Society—John Baldon conducting a program of nineteenth-century music performed on musical instruments of the period. (Terrace and Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, June 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gothic Concert—A program of Italian and German baroque music performed by Jaap Schröder and Nelva TeBrake, both baroque violin; Myron Lutzke, baroque cello; and Elaine Thornburgh, harpsichord. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program. With Dylana Jenson, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and Louise Schulman, viola. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Saturday, June 19, at 7: Eric Clapton. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 7: The Marshall Tucker Band and Gary U.S. Bonds. . . . ¶ Monday, June 21, at 7: "A Night of Bluegrass," with Bill Monroe, Doc and Merle Watson, and the Seldom Scene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 22, at 7: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8:15: Peter Allen. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 7: Joan Baez. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Thursday through Saturday, June 24-26, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Monday through Thursday, June 21-24, at 7:35.

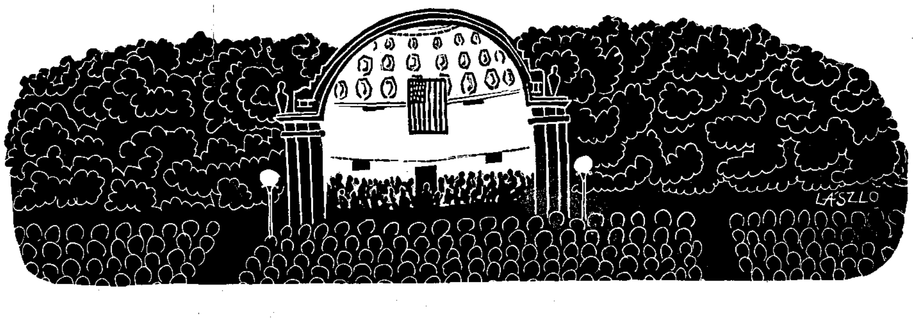
Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 24-27.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The New York Handicap, Saturday, June 19; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 23; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

Rugby—Eastern Rugby Union All Stars vs. the National team of England. (Gaelic Park, Broadway at 240th St. Wednesday, June 16, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 1-518 374-7571.)

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Seattle, Sunday, June 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, June 23, at 7. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Final night Wednesday, June 16, at 8. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, June 17, through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.



Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 18.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway," a nineteen-hour-long reading of episodes from James Joyce's "Ulysses," by Anne Meara, Michael Moriarty, Patrick O'Neal, Maria Tucci, Fritz Weaver, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until 3 A.M. Thursday. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, June 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, June 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 19. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints; contempora[illegible] prints; American, English, and Fre[illegible]rative prints; and Old Master prints[illegible] Exhibition starts Saturday, June 19. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, June 17, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, together with paintings and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 19. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4:30.) Friday, June 18, at 10 and 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 10: Chinese paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, June 18, at 1. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, June 22, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 19.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**clove lakes park,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Fidelio," with Johanna Meier, Edward Sooter, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Roberta Peters; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Il Trovatore," with Grace Bumbry, Bianca Berini, Juan Lloveras, and Louis Quilico; Anton Guadagno. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Fidelio," with the same cast as June 16. . . . **central park's great lawn:** Tuesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Fidelio," with the same cast as June 16. . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Fidelio," with Teresa Kubiak, Robert Nagy, Peter Glossop, Ara Berberian, and Eleanor Bergquist; Thomas Fulton.

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8: John Clark quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 25-26: Thiago de Mello and Amazon.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 1. (First concert on Wednesday, June 16—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening performances of the Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, June 23, at 7:30: Gordon Lightfoot and Tom Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 7: Split Enz and Duran Duran. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7: The Outlaws and Duke Jupiter. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Murray Hill, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will start at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 33rd Street on Sunday, June 20, at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.

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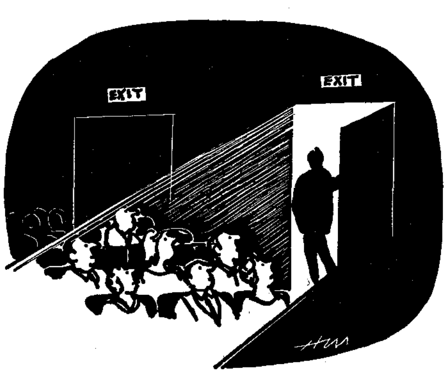

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.*)
Through June 20: "Eight Minutes to Midnight: A Portrait of Dr. Helen Caldicott" (directed by Mary Benjamin) and "No Place to Hide" (Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), both documentary films.
June 22-27: Preview showings of ten Japanese films, each of which will have a week's engagement here sometime during the next three months. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 17: "Chariots of Fire" (†) and "Girl Friends" (†).
June 18-24: "Quest for Fire" (†); and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
From June 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 24: "Missing" (†).
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 17: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace.
June 18-24: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
From June 25: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 17: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
From June 18: "Fabian" (Wolf Gremm; in German), with Hans Peter Hallwachs.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 24: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
From June 25: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 24: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.
From June 25: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "The Escape Artist" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Diner" (†). From June 18: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; *Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
Through June 17: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
From June 18: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Rocky III" (†). From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; *Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
Theatre 1: Through June 22: "Lotte Eisner in Germany" (1980; directed by S. Mark Horowitz) and "Now . . . After All These Years" (1981; Harald Luders and Pavel Schnabel; in German), both documentary films. From June 23: A program of ten new animated British films.
Theatre 2: June 16: "The Idiot" (†) and "Orchestra Rehearsal" (†). June 17-19: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†); and "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German). June 20-21: "The Life of O-Haru" (†); and "I Even Met Some Happy Gypsies" (1967; Aleksandar Petrović; in Romany and Serbo-Croatian). June 22-23: "Zazie" (†) and "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†). June 24-26: "King of Hearts" (†); and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner. From June 18: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 18: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. From June 25: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. From June 25 (tentative): "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 17: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
From June 18: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 20: "Smash Palace" (†).
From June 21: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

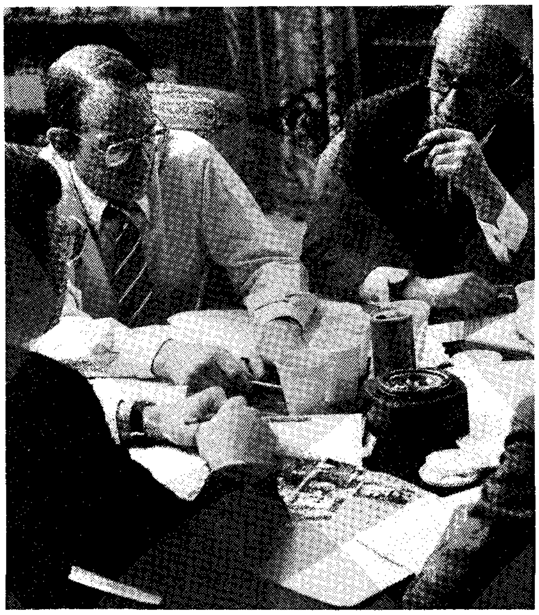
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Chariots of Fire" (†). June 25-26: "Manhattan" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
Theatre 2: Through June 22: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe. From June 23: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. From June 25: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Victor/Victo-



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ria" (†). From June 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Poltergeist" (†). From June 25: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 17: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "Rocky III" (†). From June 25: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From June 18: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From June 25: "Victor/Victoria" (†); and "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner; and "Absence of Malice" (†). From June 18: "Missing" (†) and "Continental Divide" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 17: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. June 18-24: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Quest for Fire" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Missing" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 17: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 17: "Kill Squad." From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 5: Through June 17: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce. From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through June 17: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From June 18: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. From June 25: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 4: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

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Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through June 24: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. June 18-24: "Assault with a Deadly Weapon." From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From June 25: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 22: "Invisible Adversaries" (1977; directed by Valie Export).
From June 23: "Race d'Ep" ("Homosexual Century;" 1979; Lionel Soukaz and Guy Hocquenghem).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 16: "Silver Streak" (1976; Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.
June 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye.
June 18-19: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.
June 20: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler.
June 21: "The Tin Drum;" "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum;" and, at 9:30 only, "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1980; Bruce Ricker), a documentary about Kansas City jazz with Count Basie, Jay McShann, Joe Turner, and others. Mr. Ricker will be present.
June 22: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 23: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "La Jette" (1963; Chris Marker; in French).
June 24: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyr" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
June 25-26: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 17: "Peeping Tom" (1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer; and "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard, in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
June 18-19: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Harry & Tonto" (1974; Paul Mazursky), with Art Carney.
June 20: "Romeo and Juliet" (†).
June 21: "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
June 22: "Tiefland" (1945; in German), directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl; and "Olympiad" (†).
June 23-24: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
June 25-26: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 17: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
June 18-19: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
June 20-22: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed, X-rated; and "Tommy" (†).
June 23-24: "Debbie Does Dallas" and "Urban Cowgirls." Both X-rated.
June 25-26: "Eraserhead" (†); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 16: "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970; Irving Rapper), with John Hansen, Joan Tompkins, and Quinn Redeker; and "I Want What I Want" (1972; John Dexter),

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June 17: "Nijinsky" (1980; Herbert Ross), with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña; and "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev.

June 18-19: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

June 20-21: "If . . . " (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "A Separate Peace" (†).

June 22: "To Forget Venice" (1979; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato; and "Walk on the Wild Side" (1962; Edward Dmytryk), with Laurence Harvey, Capucine, and Jane Fonda.

June 23: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Norman . . . Is That You?" (1976; George Schlatter), with Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey.

June 24: "L. A. Plays Itself" and "Sex Garage."

June 25-26: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Midnight Express" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 19: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge.

June 20-22: "In Cold Blood" (†); and "The Boston Strangler" (1968; Richard Fleischer), with Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda, and George Kennedy.

June 23-26: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 19: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.

June 20-22: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

June 23-26: "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 19: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri, and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

June 20-21: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Matthews and Kathryn Grant.

June 22-23: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (†) and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†).

June 24-26: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Forbidden Planet" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 16: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

June 17: "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscall, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale; "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Hell's Island" (1955; Phil Karlson), with John Payne, Mary Murphy, and Francis X. Sullivan.

June 18-19: "Sweet William" (1980; Claude Whatham), with Sam Waterston, Anna Massey, and Jenny Agutter; and "Alfie" (1966; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Shelley Winters.

June 20: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and "Bronze Venus" (1938; William Nolte), with Lena Horne.

June 21: "Macbeth" (†) and "A Man for All Seasons" (†).

June 22: A program of cartoons by Mel Blanc.

June 23: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; "Shane" (†); and "Angel and the Badman" (1947; James Edward Grant), with John Wayne, Gail Russell, and Bruce Cabot.

June 24: "Force of Evil" (1948; Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson; "Pitfall" (1948; André de Toth), with Lizabeth Scott and Dick Powell; and "Strangler of the Swamps" (1946), with Rosemary La Planche.

June 25-26: "Cocktail Molotov" (1981; Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron; and "Serie Noire" (1979; Alain Corneau; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Marie Trintignant.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 16: "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933; James Cruze), with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

June 17: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

June 18-19: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

June 20: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair.

June 21: "Carnival in Flanders" (†) and "Toni" (†).

June 22: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and George Brent; and "Possessed" (†).

June 23: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "A Royal Scandal" (†).

June 24: "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; and "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

June 25-26: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

IN BRIEF

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IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSENCE OF MALICE—A trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the basically insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force investigating the disappearance of a union leader. The story is false—the federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim, and the movie is about how he turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. It's doubtful that people who are out to get even are as calm and well-balanced as this character; Newman gives revenge class, so we can all enjoy it. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires. Sydney Pollack's directing is efficient, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance (especially in the one scene when he blows up at the reporter and hisses his rage right into her ear), and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. As the head of the strike force, Bob Balaban must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Olympia Quad; through June 17.)

ANNIE—As the soused, man-hungry Miss Hannigan, the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is both hag and trollop, and her inflections spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm; she's gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. And when they dance it's showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. When Annie, who is invited to the mansion of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks, arrives, his household staff dances, and the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stamping feet—turns into commotion. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney (with a shaved head) gives a smooth, amused performance and models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (5/31/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17.)

ATLANTIC CITY (1981)—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become

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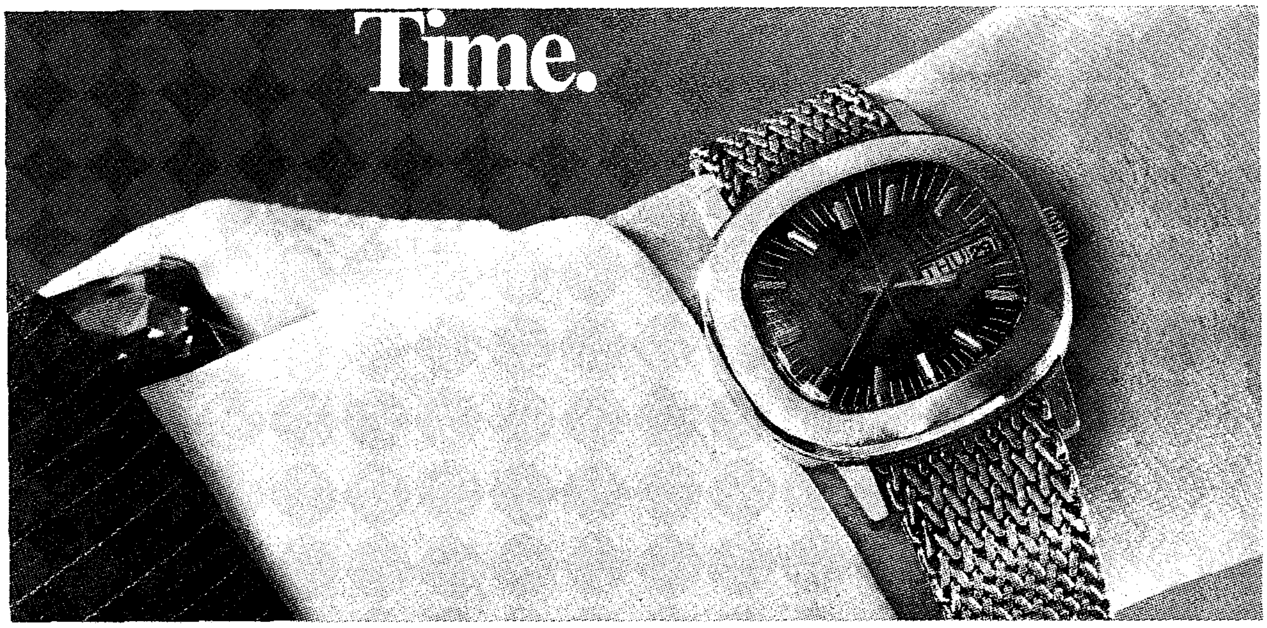

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a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews Paramount.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Gramercy, Guild, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting June 25.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young (twenty-six years old at the time) Rainer Werner Fassbinder's elegant, sensitive film about lesbians. Fassbinder worked with a troupe of actors who almost became his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Film Forum; June 17-19.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—This was the first film Vincente Minnelli directed and his approach was fresh and enthusiastic. It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles (John William Sublett), as they were in the forties. The slinky dancing of Bubbles (to the song "Shine") is a high point, so is Ethel Waters singing "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," and so is Lena Horne on "Honey in the Honeycomb." The cast includes Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Rex Ingram, Kenneth Spencer, Manton Moreland, Willie Best, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The script by Joseph Schrank is based on the stage musical, with book by Lynn Root, lyrics by John Latouche, and music by Vernon Duke. Only three of the songs in the movie are from the original score; the others are from a variety of sources. Made in sepia. (Thalia; June 20.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—It is a day in 1616; a Spanish regiment comes to a town in occupied Flanders. The cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed their classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. From a script by Charles Spaak. With Françoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet, Jean Murat, Alerme, Micheline Cheirel. Designed by Lazare Meerson; cinematography by Harry Stradling. (This much-honored film's sophisticated approach to sexual collaboration would, of course, have been impossible in the forties.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

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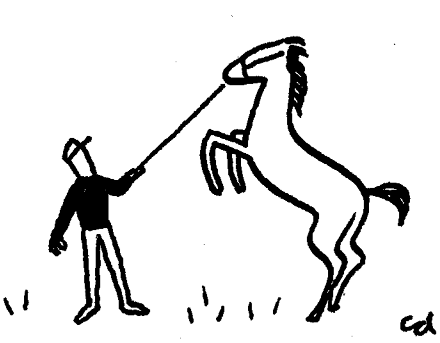
Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and Eastside Cinema; through June 17. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through June 24. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; June 18-24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 18.)

Continental Divide—John Belushi plays a muckraking Chicago reporter so famous that everyone on the streets knows him, and Blair Brown is a saintly ornithologist who lives on a mountaintop in Colorado studying the American bald eagle. Then the scriptwriter, Lawrence Kasdan, is at an impasse: how can he get these two together in marriage without taking either away from a dedicated endeavor at one particular site? Kasdan has eliminated all the conflicting interests and the psychological impediments to a happy marriage, leaving the physical separation as the only obstacle. There's nothing left for the movie to be about except how the hero and the heroine can conquer space. (And at the end, the picture fudges even this.) The characters' mild quandary drags on and on, while the director, Michael Apted, tries to create a little texture out of the void. What the movie never even whispers (because it would be bad sexual politics) is the simple fact that neither of these people cares enough about the other to give up anything. With Tony Ganios, Allen Goorwitz, Carlin Glynn, and Val Avery. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; starting June 18.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17.)



Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet; through June 17.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Regency; June 22-23.)

Eraserhead (1977)—David Lynch, who had made short films during his student days at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, worked for five years in Los Angeles to complete this first feature, which was shot (mostly at night) in 35-mm. black-and-white. He was the writer, the director, and the set designer, and was also responsible for the wonderfully grubby special effects. He seems to have reinvented the experimental-film movement; watching this daringly irrational movie, with its interest in dream logic, you almost feel that you're seeing a European avant-garde gothic of the twenties or early thirties. There are images that recall Fritz Lang's "M" and Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet" and Buñuel's "Un Chien Andalou," and yet there is a completely new sensibility at work. Lynch pulls you inside wormy states of anxiety. Time seems to stand still while the hero, Henry (John Nance), whose hair stands on end, as if permanently shocked, in an Afro pompadour that's squared off—it suggests an

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eraser on the head of a pencil—moves through streets reminiscent of the ones Peter Lorre sidled through in "M." Henry appears to come out of the viewer's subconscious; he experiences a man's worst fears of courtship and marriage and fatherhood (to a whimpering monster). The slow, strange rhythm is very unsettling and takes some getting used to, but it's an altogether amazing, sensuous film; it even has an element of science fiction and creepy musical numbers, and the soundtrack is as original and peculiar as the imagery. There is perhaps nothing else in contemporary films that is as eerily, baldly erotic as the moment when Henry commits adultery with the girl from across the hall and the two lovers deliquesce into their bed—disappearing in the fluid, with only the woman's hair left floating on top. The sound man was Alan R. Splet (who later won an Academy Award for his work on "The Black Stallion"); the cast includes Judith Roberts, Charlotte Stewart, Laurel Near, and Jack Fisk as the deus ex machina. The monsters in the 1979 "Prophecy" were clearly based on Henry's babe. (Cinema Village; June 25-26.)

The Escape Artist—The husky-voiced Griffin O'Neal is a great-looking gamin daredevil as Danny, the teen-age magician, who believes that his dead father was "the greatest escape artist in the world, after Houdini." The setting is a small Midwestern city (the exteriors are Cleveland) in an indeterminate time in the past. And, with the young director Caleb Deschanel guiding him, O'Neal lets you see the calculations that are going on in Danny's mind as he attempts to perform the tricks that his father did—even the one that may have caused his father's death. But the movie seems to lose its way when Raul Julia turns up as the half-mad son of the crooked Mayor (the senior Desi Arnaz), and the plot begins to revolve around the Mayor's stolen wallet, which contains graft money. There are lapses in the continuity, and the picture is pushed toward a ready-made, theatre-of-the-absurd melodrama—the kind of instant fantasy that filled "One from the Heart." With Jackie Coogan as the owner of a magic shop, Elizabeth Daily as the girl Danny courts so that he can persuade her to be sawed in half, and Joan Hackett, Gabriel Dell, and Teri Garr. Script by Melissa Mathison and Stephen Zito, from David Wagoner's novel. Produced at Zoetrope Studios. (6/14/82) (Baronet; through June 17.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; June 25-26.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue: it's hard to believe you're in the heavens when the diction of the hero (Leslie Nielsen) and his spaceshipmates flattens you down to Kansas. (More serviceable than one might suspect, "The Tempest" in the forties had been set in a ghost town at the edge of a desert in "Yellow Sky," and with a humor frequently indulged in under cover of the Western genre, Miranda became Anne Baxter's Mike.) In CinemaScope. (Regency; June 24-26.)

Girl Friends (1978)—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 17.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 16.)

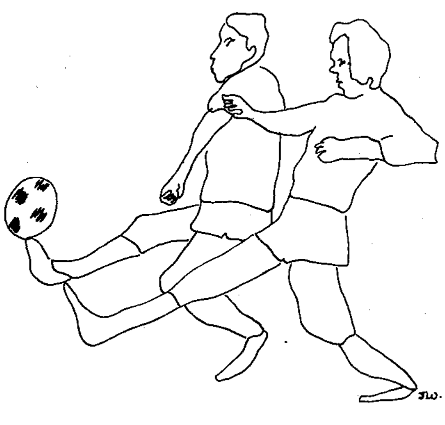
In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 20-22.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere; the America's Cup observation trials, which are also going on, are an unstressed part of the film's visual texture. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. This is one of the most pleasurable of all concert films. Aram Avakian edited. (Film Forum; June 22-23.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Film Forum; June 24-26.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 20-21.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows us such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch, Francesca Annis, Martin Shaw, Nicholas Selby, and John Stride. (Thalia; June 21.)



A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt's play about the moral tug-of-war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well spoken, his presentation of More's martyrdom is so one-sided we don't even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines; he's the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" he's like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey, Leo McKern as Cromwell, and Susannah York, Wendy Hiller, Nigel Davenport, John Hurt, and Corin Redgrave. (Thalia; June 21.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; June 25-26.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

Midnight Express (1978)—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment, treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, Bo Hopkins as Tex, Paolo Bonacelli as Rifki, Mike Kellin as Billy's father, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. Music by Giorgio Moroder; shot in Malta. (8th St. Playhouse; June 25-26.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and

Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through June 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 18.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Olympiad (1938; also known as "Olympia." Sometimes Part I and Part II are shown separately. Part II is being shown here.)—During the thirties, the international press ridiculed Hitler's supposed infatuation with the red-haired dancer-skier-actress turned movie director, Leni Riefenstahl, to whom he had entrusted the production of movies on his political conventions and on the 1936 Olympic Games. The results of his trust were the two greatest films ever directed by a woman. Out of the Nuremberg Rally of 1934, Riefenstahl made the most outrageous political epic of all time, the infamous, hypnotic "Triumph of the Will;" out of the Berlin Olympics she made a great lyric spectacle. "Olympiad" is only incidentally a record of the actual games: she selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with over three hours of dazzling quality—a film that affects one kinesthetically in response to movement, and psychologically in response to the anguish and strain of men and women competing for a place in history. Despite Hitler's Aryan myth, she knew beauty when she saw it: in the throbbing veins in Jesse Owens' forehead (in her book on "Olympiad," Riefenstahl has a simple caption for his picture—"Jesse Owens, *der schnellste Mann der Welt*"); in the lean Japanese swimmers; in the divers soaring in flight so continuous that they have no nationality. Viewed now, "Olympiad" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

Orchestra Rehearsal (1979)—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (Film Forum; June 16.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years either, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling gimmick and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director he has an appetite for decadence and plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives her scenes true depth of feeling. This may be her most intuitive and original screen performance. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird" in a pure, sweet voice, the viewer grasps that the man who would destroy this girl really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. The cinematography is by Harry Stradling; the Albright brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the series of portraits. (A 1970 version, starring Helmut Berger and released by A.I.P. under the name "Dorian Gray," is more like "Fanny Hill.") Made in black-and-white, with color for the portrait. (Regency; June 22-23.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 24.)

Possessed (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead. Then psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. Insanity is used, in the usual forties Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for high-on-the-hog melodrama; there isn't a trace of believability—that's part of what makes it enjoyable. With Stanley Ridges, Moroni Olsen, John Ridgely, and Monte Blue. Cinematography by Joseph Valentine; music by Franz Waxman; art direction by Anton Grot; editing by Rudi Fehr. The script by Silvia Richards and Ranald MacDougall is based on Rita Weiman's "One Man's Secret." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has

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LITTLE DIX BAY VIRGIN GORDA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
A ROCKRESORT

his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 18-24.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria—and is on its way to becoming another hit. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with his opponent Clubber's training, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; and an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/81) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 24.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Kenneth MacMillan's production for the Royal Ballet, performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the rest of the original cast. Fonteyn and Nureyev were not the dancers the choreography was made for—Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable were—but they were the dancers the public wanted to see most, and they helped make the ballet a hit. Earlier, the Prokofieff score had been choreographed by Ashton, who declared his ballet obsolete when the Bolshoi arrived with a version starring Ulanova; John Cranko made the first of the Soviet-derived Western productions for the Stuttgart Ballet, but it was the MacMillan version that put "Romeo and Juliet" into standard repertory. This color film was shot by Paul Czinner on the stage at Covent Garden. The method is shaky, but when it works the effect is incomparably real. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 20.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway decent screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Rumann, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 23.)

A Separate Peace (1972)—Not shameful, exactly; not much of anything. John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (8th St. Playhouse; June 20-21.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth. With chivalric purity as his

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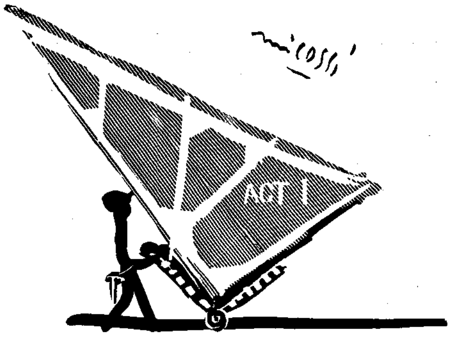
motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. This George Stevens film is overplanned and uninspired: Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. The cinematography by Loyal Griggs won the Academy Award; this must have struck him as a black joke, because Paramount, in order to take advantage of the new fashion for the wide screen, had mutilated the compositions by cutting off the top and bottom. (Thalia; June 23.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Paris; through June 20.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; June 24-26.)



Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Cinema Village; June 20-22.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, and 68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 24. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting June 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 25, tentative.)

Zazie (1960)—Movies are said to be an international language, but sometimes a film that is popular in one country finds only a small audience in another. This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel "Zazie dans le Métro"), a great success in France, has hardly even been heard of in the United States. It is like a Mack Sennett two-reeler running wild, and it has been peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audiences alike. To Americans, "Zazie" seems to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness, like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. The editing, which is very fast, may be too clever; some critics have suggested that for Americans this comedy turns into some kind of freakish, fantastic anxiety. Putting it as squarely as possible, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times*, "There is something not quite innocent or healthy about this film." Yet the film is like "Alice in Wonderland": Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foul-mouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed, includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and also a parody of his own picture "The Lovers." Many of the modern styles in film editing, which were generally thought to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester, have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French. (Film Forum; June 22-23.)

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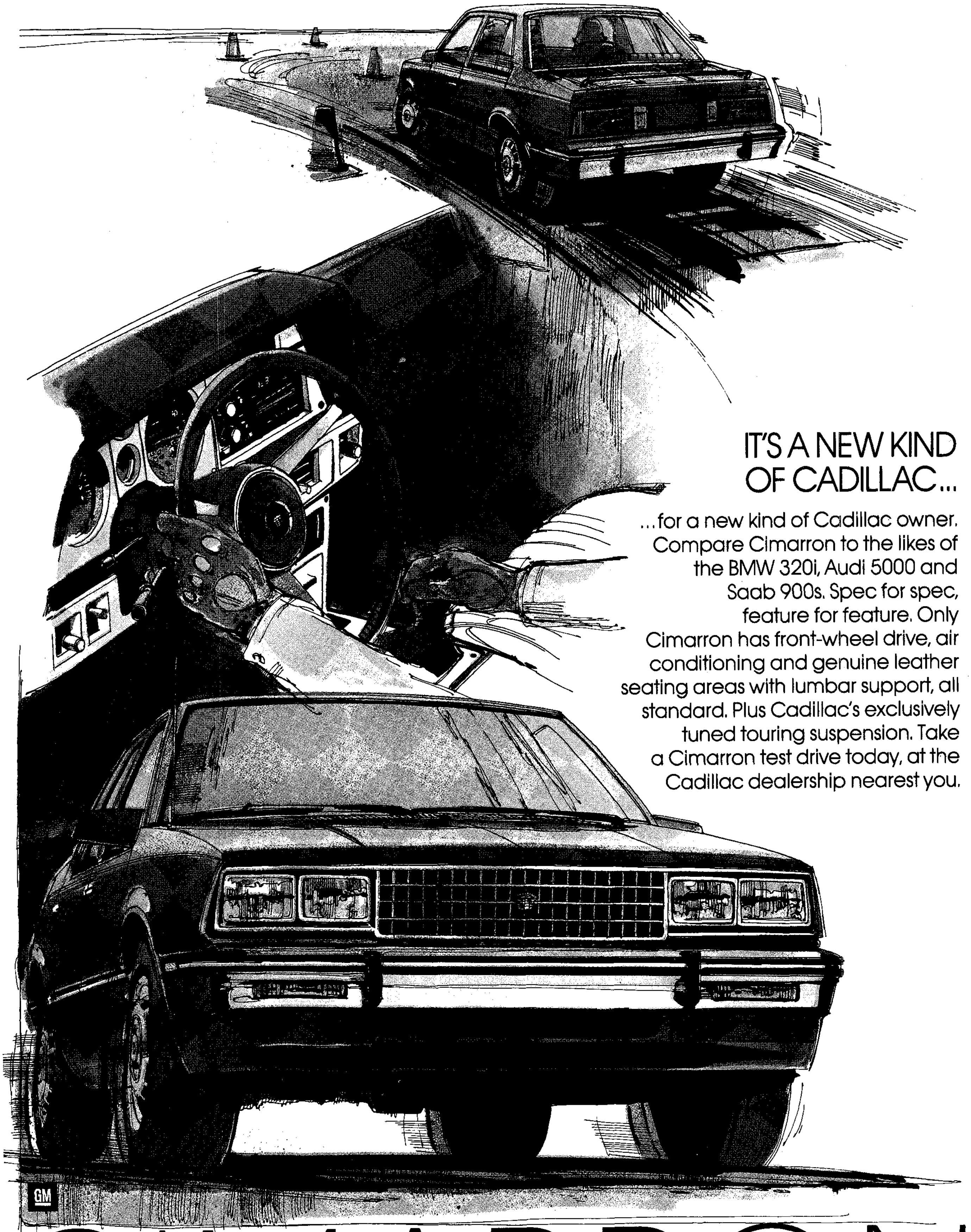

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MANY kinds of signs were carried by the seven hundred and fifty thousand demonstrators for nuclear disarmament last week, and many kinds of groups got into the act. Signs were echoes of the nineteen-seventies: "All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance." Of the nineteen-sixties: "We Shall Overcome." Of the nineteen-fifties: "Boycott World War III." Of the nineteen-forties: "The Only Thing Necessary for the Triumph of Evil Is for Good Men to Do Nothing." Even of the nineteen-thirties: "Jobs Not Guns." For 1982, there were signs reading "Arms to Hug Children, Not for War," and there were chants by children of "One-two-three-four, we don't want a nuclear war. Five-six-seven-eight, we don't want to radiate." While the demonstrators were marching, they sang "America the Beautiful" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and also "I'm Gonna Lay Down My Sword and Shield, Down by the Riverside" and "We Shall Not Be Moved." "None of us will ever forget this day," the actress Celeste Holm said over the loudspeakers. "None of us ever played such a gigantic love scene." People who brought canteens of water to the march offered drinks to babies and to dogs brought to the march by other people. It was clearly a demonstration, from beginning to end, of friendship among the seven hundred and fifty thousand participants for each other and for the people along the route who cheered the marchers on. About forty years ago, the spirit at such demonstrations would have been described as "unity." The throng in Central Park, materializing out of what has so often in recent weeks been referred to as a groundswell, was gentle, and, under the harsh amplifying system, very quiet. The people left the field under them clean. Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis said he was astonished at how little trash was found afterward. There was no rowdiness. There were no arrests, there was no bitterness. There were few flower children, hardly any "me"s. Whatever the politicians make of it now, it was, for a few hours, a thrilling plea to them, reflecting several decades of complicated history, to listen to a simple call.

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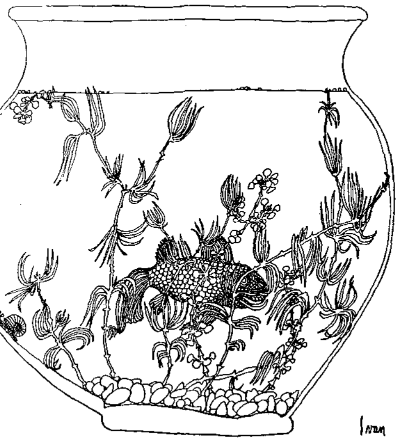
Unexpected

A NUMBER of people who were hanging around the plaza in front of the Cooper Union one evening last week ambulated as if they had just spent several hours in McSorley's Old Ale House, a neighborhood landmark. Some of them might have. Some, however, had merely spent a few minutes as part of Drew Klotz's sculpture. The sculpture stood there on the plaza, drawing a crowd. It was twelve feet tall and was made of welded steel that had been painted bright red. Above four circular metal pods, which had been bolted securely to the pavement, four legs rose, tapered, and merged into a slender pole. A thin metal arm, thirteen feet long—in effect, the top of a "T"—was connected to the pole by a hinge. At one end of the arm was a concrete cylinder weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and at the other end were a shackle and a swivel. A human being wearing a special harness could be hooked to the shackle, and, with a push from a bystander, the human being could fly and seesaw, making parabolic orbits around the center pole. Some decorative wooden objects—a blue square, a white crescent, and a yellow triangle—and a silver corkscrewlike piece of fibreglass were connected to the center pole, and to each other, by wooden pulleys and rubber fan belts. Whenever someone was flying on the sculpture, the decorative objects rotated. When the sculpture was standing motionless, it had some of the characteristics of a Calder stabile. Its kinetics, however, were more original than its aesthetics, and when it moved it seemed to catch everyone—passengers and onlookers—by surprise. Bill Lacy, the president of the Cooper Union—the only tuition-free private institution of higher learning in New York City—was an onlooker. "I saw this standing here last week and I said to myself, 'That's a nice piece of sculpture,' " he told us. "Then, one day, I came by here and Richard Bowman, a member of the faculty who's been teaching here for forty-three years and retires this spring, was flying around on it. That was unexpected."



Mr. Lacy happened to be on hand because this particular evening was the opening of the annual springtime showing of student work at the Cooper Union. The work—architectural drawings and models, paintings, prints, graphic design, photography, film, video, sculpture—filled seven floors of the school's main building, and Mr. Lacy gave us a tour that omitted none of it. His enthusiasm was as high as the quality of what we saw. In one room, a crowd had gathered around a flakeboard box that was about three feet square and a foot and a half high. The upper surface was painted with a dark-red enamel, and a gently sloped hyperbolic mold had been countersunk into it. A steel bearing the size of a tennis ball could be rolled down a metal track to circle the interior of the hyperbola and then drop out at the bottom.

"What is this?" someone asked.

"It's nice," someone else said.

"It's a hyperbolic form cast in fibreglass," said Kyna Leski, the student who had built it. "It was an assignment for an architecture course. The problem was to build a utilitarian object that would define a certain increment of time—you know, like a sand timer. It takes fifty-two and a half seconds." She put the steel bearing on the metal track and then released it. It rolled slowly around the interior of the hyperbola, gathered speed as it descended, and, after fifty-two and a half seconds, landed with a thud at the base of the box. The crowd applauded.

Drew Klotz's work, which he had built for an advanced sculpture course, couldn't fit comfortably inside the building, so he had put it outside and let it attract volunteers. Drew Klotz is twenty-two years old, brown-haired, slender, and polite, and has no evident personality defects. As far as the sculpture was concerned, he didn't seem inordinately proud and he didn't seem blasé. He wore a red T-shirt, red corduroys, white loafer-style sneakers, and one gold earring. White lettering on the back of his T-shirt said "Anti-Gravity Machine." His girlfriend, Jeannette Dean, wore a matching outfit. They and some of their friends assisted anyone who felt like riding the sculpture. We watched for a couple of hours, during which about forty people took rides.

A black man who was wearing a postal uniform approached Drew Klotz at one point and said, "What is this?"

"It's a sculpture," Drew Klotz said.

"It's a *sculp*ture? Oh, a *sculp*ture! Because I have been watching what is going on, and you might be interested to know that a lot of people here thought that this was like, you know, a machine that would actually, definitively *prove* something about gravity, and that it would permit a person to be levitated from the *earth*, where mankind, you will have to admit, spends most of his time—that this machine would permit a person to ascend and in so doing defy *all* the natural laws. Or, if you were not really *prov*ing anything about gravity or anti-gravity or any other secret of the universe, it just might be a huge *toy* that would permit people for a moment to forget their earthly cares and be at one with the birds and any *other* creatures that have the ability to fly. So, based upon what you've just said—that it's a *sculp*ture—my question is: Is it *only* a sculpture, or is it some sort of scientific demon*stra*tion device to show that human beings need not be held back by the laws of gravity, or is it a *toy*?"

Drew Klotz, who was busy strapping the next volunteer into the harness, said, "What is it? It's a combination of all those things. What you just said. It's a combination."

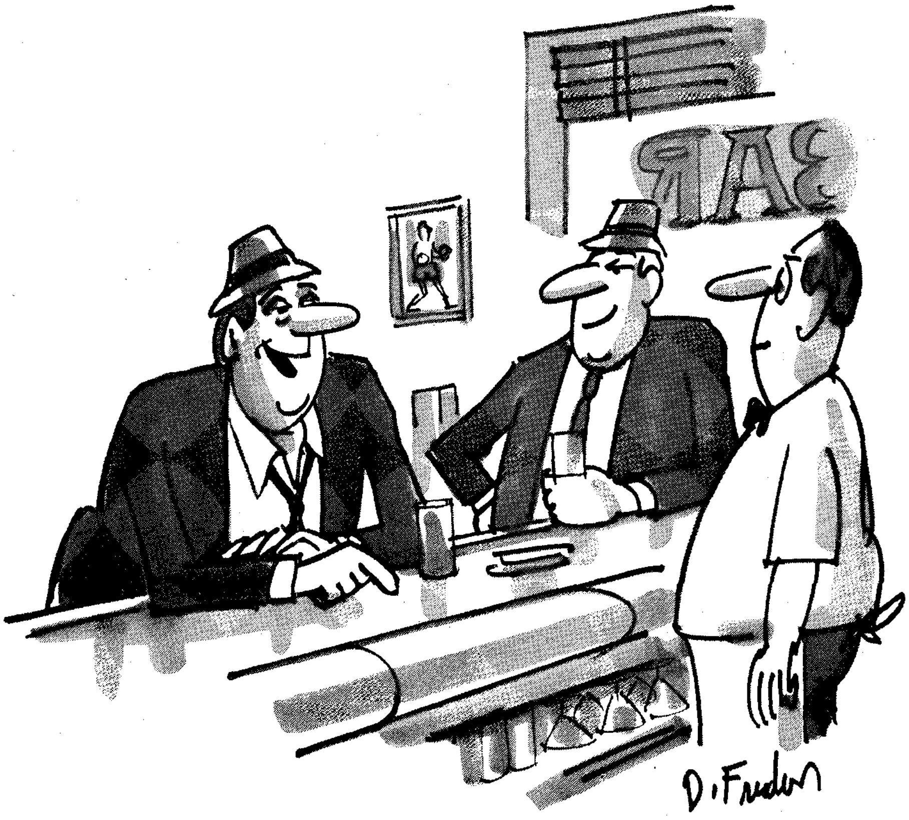
The volunteer, a young man with a dark beard and a blue T-shirt inscribed "Don't You Bring Me No Bad News," was in the harness by then, and was hoisted by the counterweight and launched by Drew Klotz. An expression of amazement but not necessarily of pleasure appeared on his face. He looked as if he had shown up at the wrong party. When he returned to earth, he said, "That's not an anti-gravity machine; it's an anti-groin machine."

"There's another harness that fits better," Drew Klotz said, "but when you wear it you're just hanging there—you're not really flying."

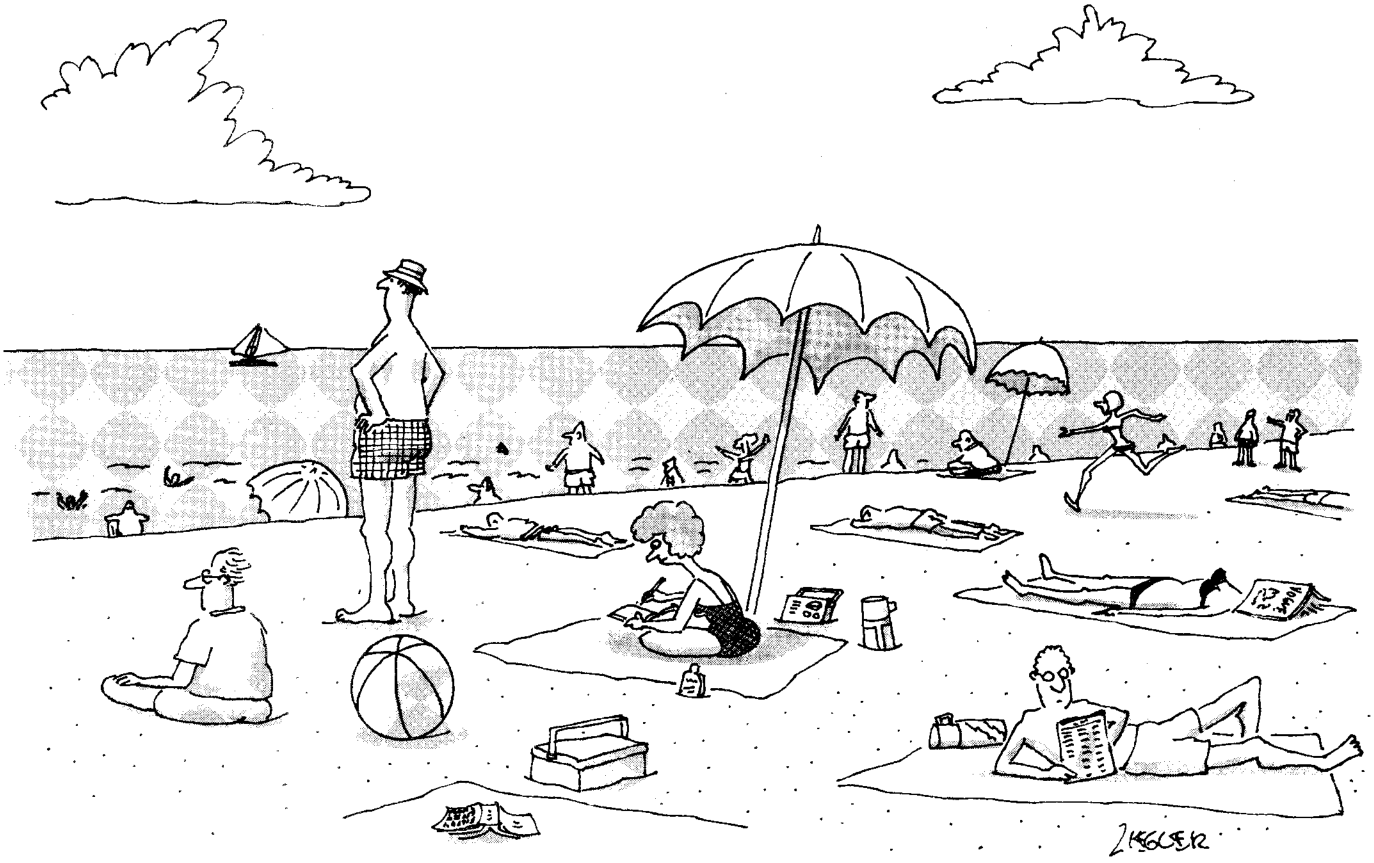
We took a ride. It was like real flight. In real flight, you're as good as flying. In real flight, you can flap your arms and pretend that you have wings or that you are a stunt man in a TV action series. In real flight, you can stay up for as long as you can tolerate the harness—it's all O.K. with Drew Klotz—and when you come down, if you're a good actor, you can pretend that you know how to walk a straight line.

Alex and the Awards

WE can count on show business every time to lure our man Stanley away from his Montauk retreat. Last week, the Thirty-sixth Annual Antoinette Perry Awards—presented by the League of New York Theatres and Producers under the authorization of the American Theatre Wing—had Stanley hanging around again with his old pal Alexander H. Cohen, the Broadway producer and impresario of last winter's "Night of 100 Stars." Cohen was executive-producing the Tony Awards show for the sixteenth consecutive year. "Tonys now real big-time television stuff, so it's



"I eat politics and I sleep politics, but I never drink *politics."*



“Dear Diary: Guess what. It’s summer!!!”

• •

lucky they have stickler for detail like Alex to handle things,” Stanley said, turning over to us some notes on the occasion before heading back to the L.I.R.R.

Here is Stanley’s report:

Long experience with stage people taught me *Get to theatre early*, so arrive at Imperial Theatre, on West Forty-fifth, site of Tonys—otherwise home of “Dreamgirls”—couple of hours before doors ordered locked by Alex. Theme of this year’s show History of Imperial. Dress rehearsal still on. “The name of the game, folks, is Broadway,” Alex telling Hildy Parks (Mrs. Cohen), writer and producer of show; Elliot Lawrence, musical director; Clark Jones, director; and scenic designer, choreographer, stage manager, big bunch of staff assistants. Alex wearing snappy maroon blazer, gray pants, horn-rimmed glasses; sitting out in auditorium at board laid over seats, with one hand on each of two multi-buttoned telephones. Hildy wearing black pants with gold-colored T-shirt. Both Alex and Hildy chewing gum frantically. “Always bear in mind what we’re selling,” Alex saying. “We’re selling Broadway. Your show is about *theatre*.” Everybody attentive. Nervous. Opening-night jitters. Break leg, etc., etc. Live show on TV, Alex stresses. Live. Live.

Alex reviewing who getting stand-up mike, who wearing hard-wire mike (mike connected by wire), who wireless mike (mike with transmitter). Leslie Uggams, singing “Someone to Watch Over Me,” getting hard-wire mike. Ben Vereen, dancing and singing “By Myself,” getting wireless body mike. Elvis Presley-type character in “Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat” getting wireless hand-held mike. Lot more showbiz vocab.: total track (music and vocal on tape), fish pole (mike on pole instead of boom), ambience (crowd hum), sting (one chord), bumpers (out of commercial, back to program). Much kidding around while measuring presentation and acceptance times during run-through, with fake presentation of awards, fake award classifications, fake acceptance speeches. Examples: “The nominees are: Amanda Plummer, Christopher Plummer, and Josephine the Plumber.” Also, “Thank you for this award. I can’t pass up this opportunity to insult my agent in public.” Also, “And the winner is: Nancy Reagan for ‘Table Settings.’ ” And “Best Performance by Usherette,” “Best Program Peddler,” “Best Dresser Stage Right.” All delivered by highly self-appreciative young alumni of Alexander H. Cohen enterprises. Much levity. Somebody in balcony taking photographs, with flashbulbs. Alex on job. “Take a couple of cops up to the balcony and throw that photographer out of there!” Alex says.

“Prior to telecast, the band has to be in the pit and *playing* at eight,” Alex instructs. “The doors will be literally closed and locked at five minutes *to* eight.” Alex worrying about Nedda Harrigan Logan, president of Actors’ Fund, scheduled to accept special Tony, presented by Jason Robards, in honor of Hundredth Anniversary of A.F. “Nedda comes from the audience, has to go up those very, very steep steps to stage,” Alex says. “It’s so terribly dark. I’d better go fetch her from the audience. I’ll cue that into my script.”

Hildy asks, “How about Lillian Gish? How about Ginger Rogers?”

“They’re spryer than I am,” Alex says. “Remember, folks. Everybody must be in black tie, ladies in formal gowns. That means *everybody* in the house. Ushers wear their regular black uniforms. Everybody else is to be in black tie. Cameramen. Sound men. Stagehands. Engineers. Everybody. This is Broadway going out live via satellite to a hundred million people in the United States and Canada, in Europe, Japan, Hong Kong."

Alex turns to Gerson Werner, Imperial manager, white-haired gent with gold-rimmed specs, already wearing his tux. "It's too hot in here," Alex says. "It's got to go low."

"It's seventy," Werner says.

"Seventy will be seventy-*eight* with the audience here," Alex says. "Too warm. The temperature in this theatre has got to go down! Our audience will be here an hour longer than the ones for 'Dreamgirls.' "

Alex shifts attention to stocky, patient-looking gent—Seymour Herscher, his assistant of thirty-four years. Says, "The Tony envelopes are sealed too strongly. Last year, the presenters had a physical fight to get the envelopes open, then another physical fight to get the cards out of the envelopes. Check it out. O.K., gang. Everybody get dressed."

Alex gives me special rundown, says, "I'll dress in my office in Shubert Alley, on the floor above the Shuberts. That will save eight or ten minutes. There are thirteen hundred and seventy-eight seats in the Imperial, and I know where everybody is sitting. We know where to grab them with the cameras. Six cameras are stationed downstairs. Two hand-held cameras will be working the aisles to grab nominees. There will be two cameras in the balcony. We've got three hundred fewer seats this year, because we're in a smaller house, so we've had dozens of extra problems. There's no room backstage to take press photographs of the winners, so we're going to escort the winners over to the Barbetta Restaurant, about a block away, to see the press right after they win. Then we cart them back. While they're out, stand-ins of the same sex take their seats. We're doing seven awards—for Outstanding Regional Theatre, Outstanding Scenic Design, Outstanding Costume Design, Outstanding Lighting Design, Best Book of a Musical, Best Score of a Musical, Outstanding Reproduction of a Play or a Musical—on tape, strictly timed, before the telecast starts, so the show won't be too long. That will help keep us from running over. The pressure you're working under is good. It keeps the attention of the audience. At the Champagne Midnight Gala—the Waldorf ball after the show—there will be twelve hundred diners, and I'll be greeting every one of them. I want to know if the Fluffy Scrambled Eggs with Bacon and Sausage are fluffy, and I want to hear about it if they're cold."

Hildy comes over, says she's going home to put on formal gown. Alex says he wants to check out house, make sure it's clean. Hildy says actress nominees for musical complaining they have only eight minutes to put on dresses to accept in if they win. Hildy and Alex agree it's *their* problem. "If they can't change in eight minutes, they shouldn't be in the theatre," Hildy says.

"When we started doing this show, I was the producer and Hildy was the writer," Alex says. "Over the years, she's learned my job. She's great at it."

During show, Alex says, Hildy scheduled to be with director Clark Jones in mobile truck parked on West Forty-sixth, both of them coördinating camera shots for telecast. Alex shows me where he will be—in rear of theatre, beside in-house sound console, on Plexiglas stool set up next to headset and phone communicating with Hildy in TV truck.

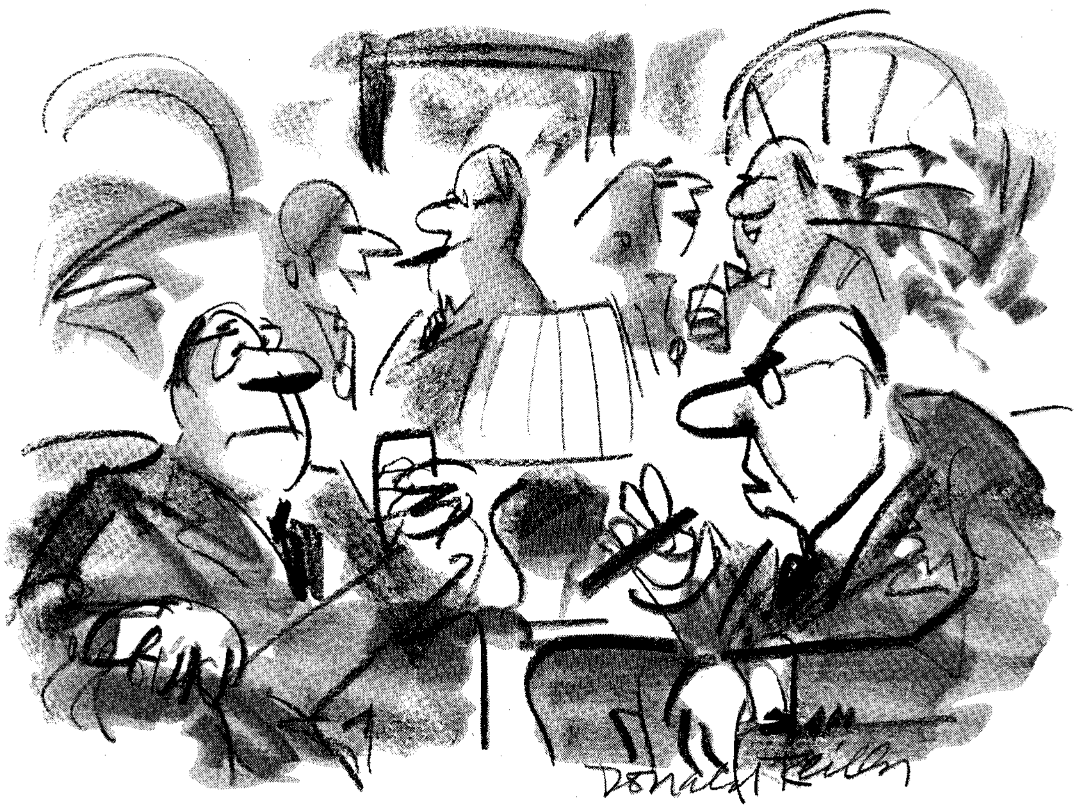
"I insisted every light must be lit on every marquee on this block," Alex says. "We're selling *Broadway*. To the *world*. The Booth and the Plymouth are now dark. I said they must be lit, too. We open by showing the marquees. The real marquee of the Imperial didn't appear to advantage, so we made a special one, just for the show. It gives the show a lot of pizzazz."

Alex nabs burly guy in bluejeans, sports shirt, sneakers, tells guy, "You can't come in here without a black tie."

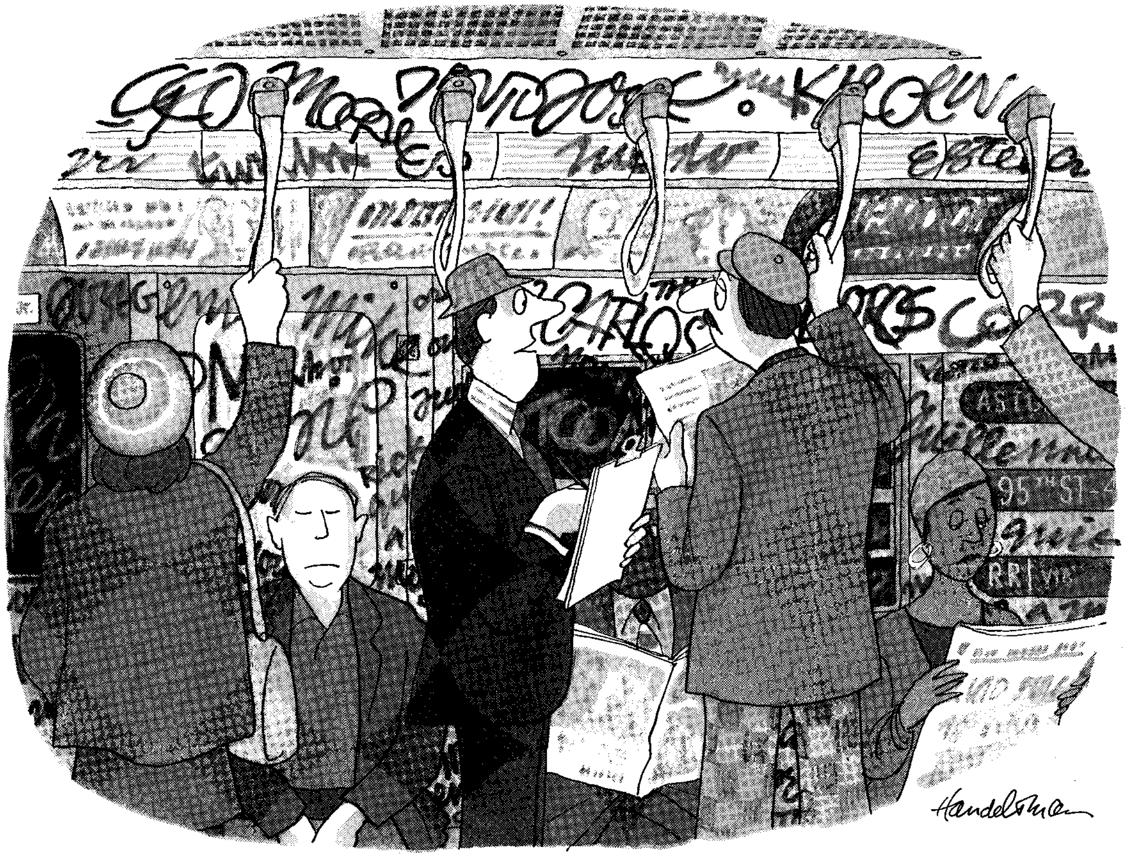
"I'm an engineer," guy says.

"You'll have to put on a black tie," Alex says. "Go to my office in Shubert Alley. We have all the tuxedos you want. Pick one."

To me, Alex says, "You might think it's chaos, chaos, chaos. We had only today for dress rehearsal. This show has on it, in a two-hour span, one solid hour of live entertainment on the air. It's especially complicated because of all the union rules. It took us half a year to prepare the *first* telecast, in 1967. We worked on this one in high gear for three months. It's the



"When you say 'We're all in this together,' who, exactly, are your 'we's, and what is your 'this'?"



"I'm from the M.T.A. Do you feel that the B.M.T. is more comfy than the I.R.T.? How does either of them compare, in your opinion, with a bus? Would you rather be riding a taxi, or even driving your own car?"

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most complex production schedule in television." Alex says sponsors are Lincoln-Mercury, Polaroid, G.E., du Pont, I.B.M., American Express. Says sponsors are interested in *class*. Alex throws chewing gum away, takes out aspirin tin, gobbles four aspirin, says, "I can take eighteen of these in one day. Hardly feel them. But they help when I get a slight headache. Now I want to be sure this place is swept up."

Follow Alex around theatre. Alex spots big trash can filled with trash near in-house sound console, says "Remove!" Finds mussed copy of New York *Post* on fifth-row seat, says "Remove!" Says "When in doubt, throw it out" to few people left in theatre. Then Alex says "I think we're ready." Goes to get changed.

Back in fourteen minutes. Looking like Mr. Broadway. Neat tux, but says Hildy coming out of truck to do his studs. Finds another guy in bluejeans, asks "Who you with?" Guy says "Backstage." Alex says "Then *get* backstage!"

Audience arrives. Elegant. Dressy. Amanda Plummer, up for Outstanding Performance by a Featured Actress in a Play, skinny, cute, in lacy white dress, white stockings, white shoes. Katie Kelly, TV critic, skinny, cute, in black silk knickers. Tommy Tune, up for Outstanding Direction of a Musical, six feet six, skinny, cute, in tux with *white* bow tie, doing little dance on way to seat.

"I want you to do a good job tonight," Imperial manager tells Alex. "That's a joke," manager explains to me. "We have a running gag." Manager cracking up.

Alex onstage. Explains show to audience. Jerry Wexler, Warner Brothers Records sr. v.-prez, one of eleven producers and associate producers of "Nine," tells neighbor he minds being prop for television show. Joke. Everybody coöperating. Alex says thirty seconds on show costs a hundred and twelve thousand dollars, so time big concern. "Acceptance speeches must be charming, witty, and *brief*. Ladies and gentlemen, hold your applause for the nominees each time a name is mentioned. Hold it for the winners. We will pick up three or four minutes that way." Alex asks everybody to follow yearly routine of introducing self to neighbor. Asks for moment of standing silence to remember Jack Albertson, Susan Bloch, Melvyn Douglas, Lee Strasberg, Lotte Lenya, others who have died since last Tony Awards. Welcomes Governor Hugh Carey, former Mayor John Lindsay, ASCAP president Hal David, and others. Gets awards for Regional Theatre, Scenic Design, Costume Design, etc., etc., taped fast. To be used on air during breaks. Explains how winners to go off stage right, have trophy taken away for engraving, be escorted to Barbetta, then carted back. All winners to go center stage after finale. Warns winners to be careful about going up curved, steep staircase to stage. Says take it easy. Says no high jinks. "This is not the Grammy Awards," Alex says. "Please do not wave at the cameras."

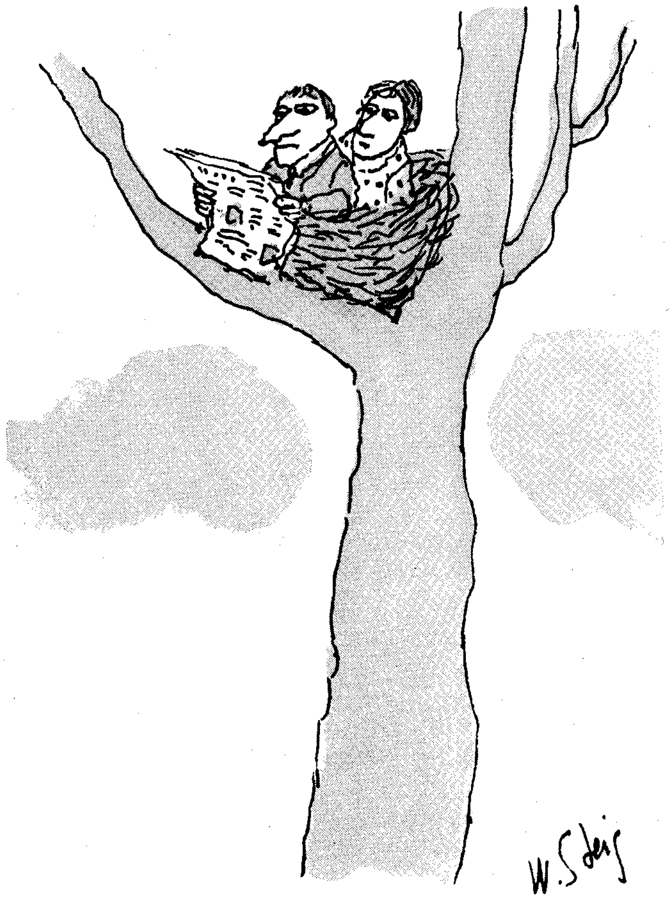
Alex takes place on Plexiglas stool in rear. Tells Hildy over telephone, "The only time you cut is when I tell you to cut. Only when you hear from me. Otherwise, don't make a single move." Alex very unhappy about inadequate air-conditioning. As show starts, tells theatre manager too hot. Even unhappier when first minute of telecast is lost to house, thus blowing wonderful opening showing marquees. During break for commercial, Alex onstage again, explaining to audience they missed beautiful opening but television audience saw it intact. Rest of show plays just about as planned. Alex escorts Nedda Harrigan Logan up steep steps. Nobody trips. Winners very happy to win. Amanda Plummer says she doesn't believe it. Tommy Tune dances down aisle, dances dance of thanks onstage. Alex smiling benevolently. Alex locates Marvin Hamlisch, Lucie Arnaz about to do presentation routine together, gets them to speed up routine. Gets extra one-minute commercial in before cut-off. Show runs only twelve minutes over. After finale, all winners together on center stage. Everybody telling Alex he did it again.

AFTER A FALL

WHEN you happen to step off an edge you didn't see and lurch forward into space waving your arms, it's the end of the world for a second or two, and after you do land, even if you know you're O.K. and no bones are broken it may take a few seconds to decide whether this is funny or not. Your body is still worked up about the fall—especially the nervous system and the adrenaline-producing areas. In fact, I am *still* a little shaky from a spill that occurred two hours ago, when I put on a jacket, walked out the front door of this house here in St. Paul, Minnesota, and for no reason whatever took a plunge down five steps and landed on the sidewalk flat on my back with my legs in the air. I am thirty-nine years old and in fairly good shape, not prone to blackouts or sudden dizziness, and so a sudden inexplicable fall comes as a big surprise to me.

A woman who was jogging down the street—a short, muscular young woman in a gray sweatshirt and sweatpants—stopped and asked if I was O.K. "Yeah! Fine!" I said and got right up. "I just fell, I guess," I said. "Thanks," I said. She smiled and trotted away.

Her smile has followed me into the house, and I see it now as a smirk, which is what it was. She was too polite to bend over and hoot and shriek and guffaw and cackle and cough and whoop and wheeze and slap her thighs and stomp on the ground, but it was all there in the smile: a young woman who through rigorous physical training and feminist thinking has gradually been taking charge of her own life and ridding her attic of self-hatred and doubt and fear and mindless competitiveness and other artifacts of male-dominated culture is rewarded with the sight of a middle-aged man in a brown suit with a striped tie falling down some steps as if someone had kicked him in the pants.



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I'm sorry if I don't consider this humorous. I would like to. I wish she had come over and helped me up and then perhaps sat on the steps with me while I calmed down. We might have got to talking about the fall and how each of us viewed it from a different perspective: that she perceived it as symbolic political theatre, whereas I saw it as something that was actually happening to me at the time. She might have admitted that when she saw me emerge from the house she immediately thought, He earns sixty thousand a year, his secretary earns twelve thousand, and once a year he takes her out to lunch and tells her how much he sympathizes with the women's movement and what a liberating influence it has had on him personally. I might have understood that the sight of a tall man in a suit folding up and waving his arms and falling helplessly and landing flat on his back was the punch line of a joke she had been carrying around with her for a long time.

I might have seen it her way, but she ran down the street, and now I can only see my side of the fall. I feel old and achy and ridiculous and cheapened by the whole experience. I understand now why my son was so angry with me a few months ago when he tripped on a shoelace and fell in the neighbor's yard—a yard where the neighbor's sheepdog had lived for years—and I cackled at him.

"It's not funny!" he yelled.

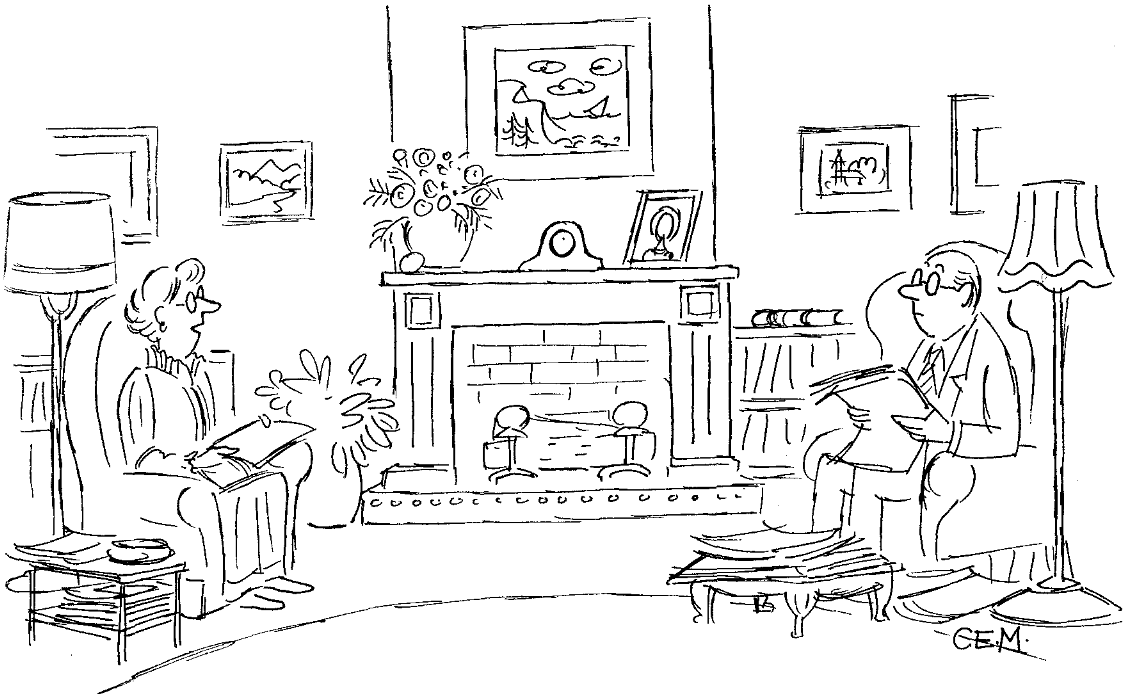
"Oh, don't be so sensitive," I said.

Don't be so sensitive! What a dumb thing to say! Who has the right to tell someone else how to feel? It is the right of the person who falls on the dog droppings to decide for himself or herself how he or she will feel. It's not up to a jury. The fallen person determines whether it's funny or not.

MY son and I are both tall fellows, and I suppose tall people are the funniest to see fall, because we try so hard not to. We work hard for our dignity, trying to keep that beanpole straight, keep those daddy longlegs coordinated, keep those big boats from tangling with each other. From a chair through a crowded room to the buffet dinner and back to the chair with a loaded plate is a long route for a tall fellow—a route we have to study for tricky corners and edges, low doorways, light fixtures, rug wrinkles, and other low-lying obstacles that we, being tall, don't see at a glance. A tall fellow has got his hands full on a maneuver like that. He is pulling strings attached to all his joints, knowing that if he lets himself go or makes a mistake, it's a long way down.

Short, compact persons can trip and recover their balance quickly, maybe even turn that stumble into a casual Twyla Tharp-type dance move or a Buster Keaton fall, but when tall fellows stumble they go down like cut timber. We're not like Walter Payton, of the Chicago Bears, who bounces right up from the turf when he's tackled. We're more like the tall trees in the National Basketball Association. When they fall, usually there's ligament damage or torn cartilage; the stretcher crew runs onto the floor, and the crowd applauds sympathetically as the debris is stacked and carried away. "The knee feels good," the tree says six months later. "I am lifting weights with it, and I am now almost able to bend over," but he knows that his pro tree career is done gone, that he has begun a new career as a guy who hurts a lot.

All that can happen in one quick fall, and so a tall fellow is cautious when he threads his way through the party to reload his plate with spareribs. One misstep and down he goes, to the vast amusement of all present, who don't realize that he has wrenched something in his back and will be in a body cast for months and not be so good a friend again. Only a tall fellow knows how major his fall might be.



"'Stocks drifted gently to a lower plateau.' Why, that's very poetic, isn't it?"

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FIVE years ago, I got on a bus with five musicians and rode around for two weeks doing shows every night. They played music; I told jokes and sang a song. One night, in the cafeteria of a junior college in southern Minnesota, we happened to draw a big crowd, and the stage—four big plywood sheets on three-foot steel legs—was moved back twenty feet to make room for more chairs. The show was late starting, the room was stuffy, the crowd was impatient, and when finally the lights dimmed and the spotlight shone on the plywood, I broke from the back door and made a run for the stage, thinking to make a dramatic entrance and give these fine people the show they were waiting for.

What I could not see in the dark was the ceiling and a low concrete overhang that the stage had been moved partly under, and then the spotlight caught me straight in the eyes and I couldn't see anything. I leaped up onto the stage, and in mid-leap my head hit concrete and my right leg caught the plywood at mid-shin. I toppled forward, stuck out my hands, and landed on my hands and knees. The crowd drew a long breath. I got right up—I had been doing shows long enough to know not to lie onstage and cry in front of a paying audience—and, seeing the microphone about ten feet ahead, strode up to it and held out my arms and said, "Hello, everybody! I'm happy to be here!"

Then they laughed—a big thunderstorm of a laugh and a big round of applause for what they now saw had been a wonderful trick. But it wasn't funny! My neck hurt! I hurt all over! On the other hand, to see a tall man in a white suit jump directly into a ceiling and then fall down—how often does a person get to see that? Men dive off high towers through fiery hoops into tiny tanks, men rev up motorcycles and leap long rows of trucks and buses, but I am the only man in show business who takes a good run and jumps Straight Up Into Solid Concrete Using Only His Bare Head. Amazing!

Let's see that once more in slow motion:

Me in the hallway saying, "Now?" Stage manager saying, "Not yet, not yet," then, "O.K., *now*." He opens door, I take two steps, see bright circle of light on stage, take five long running strides. In mid-run, the circle moves, man is blinded by the light, looks for edge of stage, then leaps—pushing off with left foot, right leg extended. Head hits concrete, stopping upward motion. Forward momentum carries body onto stage but right leg fails to clear plywood. Body falls, lands on hands and knees, stands up—like a dropped puppet picked up by puppeteer—walks forward, speaks. *Laughter & applause*. Looking at this footage one more time, you can see how hard this poor guy hit. The head jerks, the eyes squeeze shut, the hands fly up like birds, the body shudders.

Look now as the tall fellow who has had a load of bricks dropped on his head starts singing. It's a song he has sung for years and knows by heart, so it doesn't matter that he is senseless; these lyrics are stored not in his head but at the lower end of the spinal cord. "Hello, hello, it's time for the show! We're all dressed up and rarin' to go!" But his eyes are glazed, and it's clear that something is terribly wrong. Stop the show! This man is hurt! Is there a doctor in the house? This fellow may have broken his neck! Friends, this entertainer who always gave you everything he had has now given you too much. His life is now shattered, owing to one last effort to jump head first into a ceiling for your pleasure and amazement.

—You've now seen in slow motion the play that led to the injury that so tragically ended your career. Tell us in your own words, if you can, what goes through your mind as you see yourself jump into the ceiling.

—Howard, I've tried to put all that behind me. I have no hard feelings toward the guy who moved the stage or the audience that laughed—they were only doing their job. Right now my job is to regain my sense of humor and go back to work. I feel like I'm making real good progress. Howard, I consider myself to be one lucky guy.

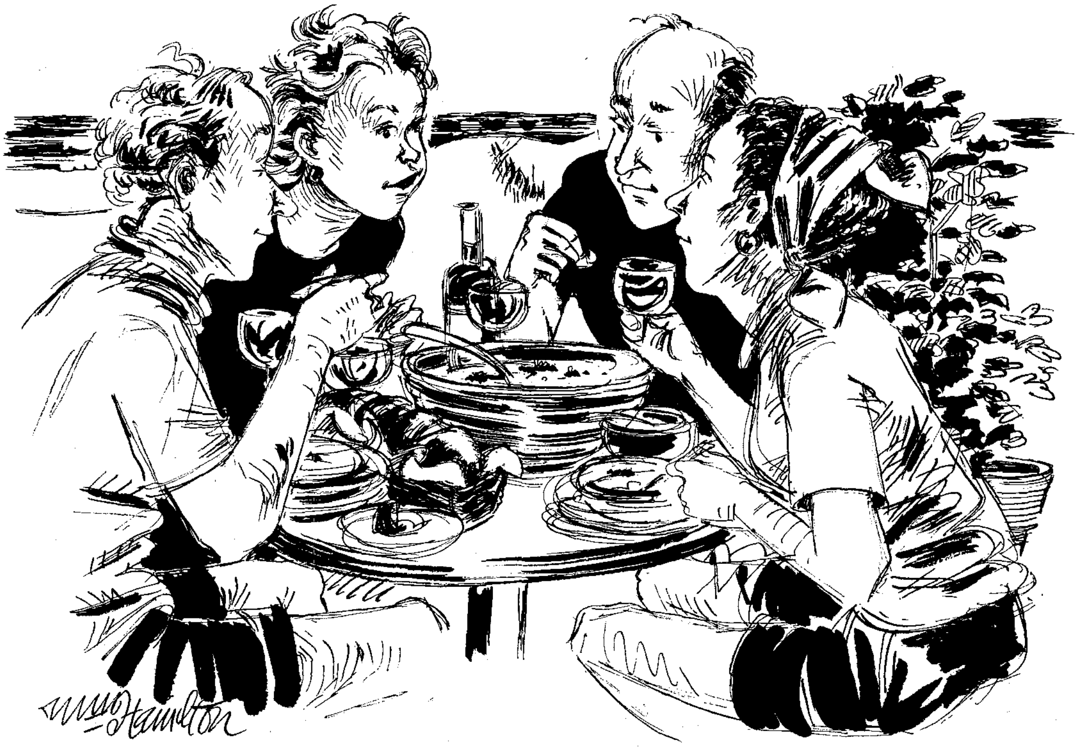
Oh, it is a sad story, except for the fact that it isn't. My ceiling jump got the show off to a great start. The band played three fast tunes, and I jumped carefully back onstage and did a monologue that the audience, which now *knew* I was funny, laughed at a lot. Even I, who had a headache, thought it was funny. I really did feel lucky.

So do I still—a tall man who fell now sitting down to write his memoirs. The body is so delicate, the skeleton so skinny; we are stick men pencilled in lightly, with a wooden stick cage to protect the heart and lungs and a cap of bone over the brain. I wonder that I have survived so many plunges, so many quick drops down the short arc that leads to the ground.

The Haymow Header of 1949: Was playing in Uncle Jim's haymow and fell through a hole, landing in the bull's feed trough, barely missing the stanchion, and was carried into the house, where Grandma put brown paper on my head. *The Milk Jar Mishap of 1951:* Tripped on the cellar steps while carrying two gallon glass jars full of milk from the grocery, dropped the jars (which broke), and then landed on them but didn't cut myself. Went to my room and cried. My dad said, "That's all right, it doesn't matter." But it did matter. I had ruined us—my poor family! A week's worth of milk gone bust, and it was my fault. *Miscellaneous Bike Bowls, 1954— :* Biking no-handed. Going over the bike jump. Going down a steep hill and hitting loose gravel. Practicing bike skids. Swerving to avoid a dog. *The Freshman Composition Class Collapse of 1960:* After staying up all night to write an essay on a personal experience, rose in Mr. Cody's class to read it, blacked out, and fell on top of people sitting in front of me. Got up and went home. *Miscellaneous Sports Spills:* Basketball collision that dislocated left elbow in 1961. Skating, skiing, tobogganing. Two memorable outfield collisions, after one of which a spectator said she could hear our heads hit two hundred and fifty feet away. *Falls of Fatherhood:* Walking across the room, thinking long-range thoughts. Suddenly there's an infant at my feet, whom I am just about to step on! And instantly I lift the foot and dive forward, sometimes catching myself short of a fall and sometimes doing a half gainer into the furniture. (I also fall for cats.) *The Great Ladder Leap of 1971:* Climbing up to install a second-story storm window, felt the extension ladder slip to one side, dropped the window and jumped, landing in a flower bed, barely missing my two-year-old boy standing nearby. *Dreams of Falls:* Too numerous, too common, to mention. Always drawn toward the edge by some powerful force, tumble through space, then wake up and go get a glass of water.

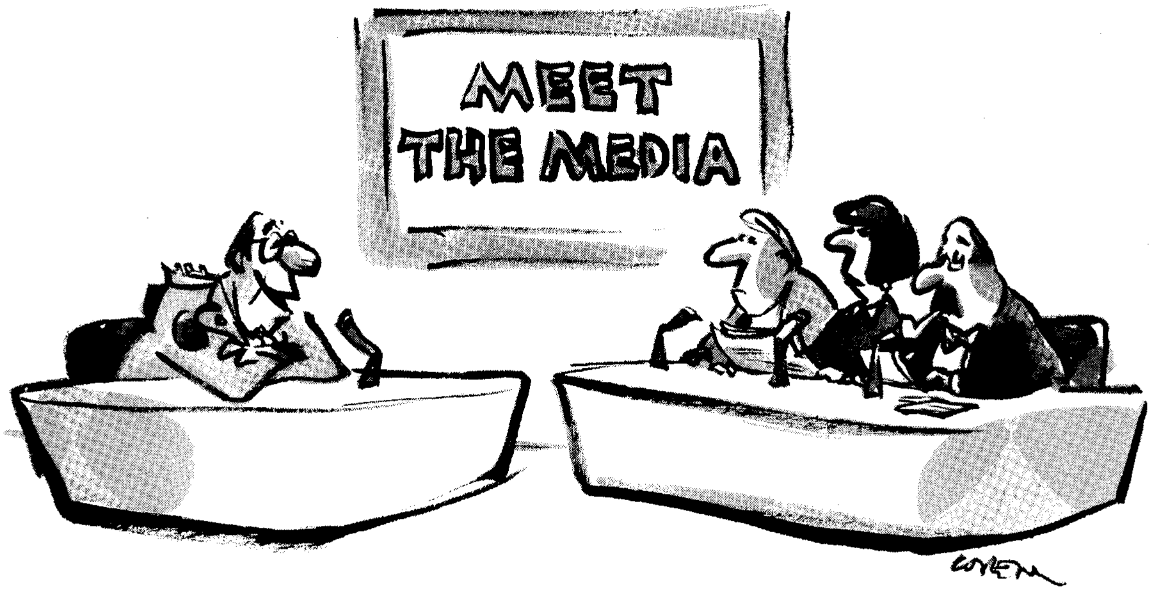
THE first time I ever went naked in mixed company was at the house of a girl whose father had a bad back and had built himself a sauna in the corner of the basement. Donna and I were friends in college. Both of us had grown up in fundamentalist Christian homes, and we liked to compare notes on that. We both felt constricted by our upbringings and were intent on liberating ourselves and becoming more free and open and natural. So it seemed natural and inevitable one night to wind up at her house with some of her friends there and her parents gone and to take off our clothes and have a sauna.

We were nineteen years old and were very cool ("Take off my clothes? Well, sure. Heck, I've taken them off *dozens* of times") and were careful to keep cool and be nonchalant and not look at anybody below the neck. We got into the sauna as if getting on the bus. *People do this*, I thought to myself. *There is nothing unusual about it! Nothing! We all*



"It's about scallops and snapper and dill, but I think what's different about it is it's also about sturgeon."

have bodies! There is no reason to get excited! This is a normal part of life!



"Certainly the military is going to get a bigger slice of the pie, Rosemary, but I'd hardly characterize that as 'more money than we know what to do with.'"

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We filed into the little wooden room, all six of us, avoiding unnecessary body contact, and Donna poured a bucket of water on the hot rocks to make steam. It was very quiet. "There's a shower there on the wall if you want to take a shower," she said in a strange, nervous voice.

"Hey! How about a shower!" a guy said in a cool-guy voice, and he turned on the water full blast. The shower head leaped from the wall. It was a hand-held type—a nozzle at the end of a hose—and it jumped out at us like a snake and thrashed around exploding ice-cold water. He fell back, someone screamed, I slipped and fell, Donna fell on top of me, we leaped apart, and meanwhile the nozzle danced and flew from the force of the blast of water. Donna ran out of the sauna and slipped and fell on the laundry-room floor, and another girl yelled, "God damn you, Tom!" Donna scrambled to her feet. "God! Oh, God!" she cried. Tom yelled, "I'm sorry!" Another guy laughed a loud, wicked laugh, and I tiptoed out as fast as I could move, grabbed my clothes, and got dressed. Donna grabbed her clothes. "Are you all right?" I said, not looking at her or anything. "No!" she said. Somebody laughed a warm, appreciative laugh from inside the sauna. "Don't laugh!" she yelled. "It isn't funny! It isn't the least bit funny!"

"I'm *not* laughing," I said, though it wasn't me she was angry at. I *still* am not laughing. I think it's a very serious matter, twenty years later. Your first venture as a naked person, you want it to go right and be a good experience, and then some joker has to go pull a fast one.

All I can say is, it's over now, Donna. Don't let it warp your life. We were young. We meant well. We wanted to be natural and free. It didn't mean we were awful. God didn't turn on the cold water to punish us for taking off our clothes—Tom did, and he didn't mean it, either. It was twenty years ago. Let's try to forget it. Write me a letter and let me know how you're doing. I would like to hear that you're doing well, as I am, and that our night of carnal surprise did you no lasting harm. Life is so wonderful, Donna. I remember once, after I lost track of you, I ran on the dock of a summer camp where I worked as a counsellor—ran and slipped on the wet boards and did a backward half somersault in the air and instead of hitting the dock and suffering permanent injury I landed clean in the water head first and got water up my nose and came up sneezing and choking, but *I was all right*, and is that so surprising? It was luck, I suppose, but then two-thirds of the earth's surface is water, so our chances are not so bad, and when you add in the amount of soft ground, bushes, and cushions in the world and the amazingly quick reactions of the body to protect itself, I think the odds of comedy are better than even. God writes a lot of comedy, Donna; the trouble is, He's stuck with so many bad actors who don't know how to play funny. When I dropped the window off that falling ladder back in 1971, I didn't know that my son had come around the corner of the house and was standing at the foot of the ladder watching me. The window hit the ground and burst, the ladder hit the ground and bounced, and his father landed face first in the chrysanthemums; all three missed him by a few feet. Quite a spectacle for a little boy to see up close, and he laughed out loud and clapped his hands. I moved my arms to make sure they weren't broken into little pieces, and I clapped, too. Hurray for God! So many fiction writers nowadays would have sent the window down on that boy's head as if it were on a pulley and the rope were around his neck, but God let three heavy objects fall at his feet and not so much as scratch him. He laughed to see me and I laughed to see him. He was all right and I wasn't so bad myself.

I haven't seen you since that night, Donna. I've told the sauna story to dozens of people over the years, and they all thought it was funny, but I still don't know what you think. Are you all right? —Garrison Keillor

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Graef said he does not look at the houses before he advertises them in the newspaper. Asked how he knows they are "adorable" or "splendid," he answered:

"It's adjectives. Every person in every business up and down El Cajon uses adjectives. It's part of advertising. If it wasn't for adjectives we wouldn't be in business. Adjectives are what make us smarter than the average person."—*San Diego Union.*

And more adorable.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH

IT was five-thirty and the sun was just coming up when I heard Dan brace his ladder outside against the bedroom wall. His paint bucket clanged against the rungs. I'd been dreaming. Something about dressing myself, then finding later that I hadn't dressed myself. Nobody in the dream minded that I was half dressed, but I minded. I sat up and looked at Leonard. He was on his side, with his hands up near his chest. He was grinding his teeth. I gave him a little nudge with my knee and he stopped.

I got up, put my robe on, and went to make the coffee. Dan passed the kitchen window on his way to get something from his truck. We waved good morning and smiled at each other. I liked having him around the house. He was a hard worker; he had just got married and was doing odd jobs in addition to his regular job with the city parks department.

I let Leonard sleep. I knew the light falling across the bed would wake him soon enough. I took a glass of juice out to Dan.

"Going to get hot," he said. "I should start at midnight and work till daylight."

"Then you'd have to fight the bugs," I said. "If it's not one thing, it's two dozen others."

"I don't mind bugs," he said. "You can kill a few bugs and feel better, but you can't kill sun. It's going to get hot as Hades pretty soon." Dan was a Mormon, so he was always careful with what he said. He used the words "darn" and "shucks" a lot.

Dan was helping me get the house ready to sell. Leonard designed heating and air-conditioning systems for industrial buildings, and he was due to be transferred to Dallas in the next couple of months. The transfer meant a promotion for him, so he was glad about it. If every move we'd made had meant a promotion, Leonard would have been president of the company. But most of the time the bosses were just shifting personnel here and there to cover themselves.

I met Dan a year ago, when we first moved to Tucson. Leonard and I had closed on the house deal and then driven back to Sacramento, where we were living, to pack things up for the move. But before the movers could get our things to Tucson the house was vandalized—the living-room carpet slashed, light fixtures broken, cabinet doors yanked off, handprints smeared on the walls. The neighbors said it must have been the gang of young men who'd rented the house before we bought it. They had wild parties, according to the family who lived across from our house. Sometimes as many as fifty cars and motorcycles would be parked along the street.

"We were afraid to say anything," the man across the street told me. "They could do anything. They could tear my truck up. Wreck my house. Hurt my wife. The kids. No, they made their music day and night, and we put up with it. We didn't say anything."

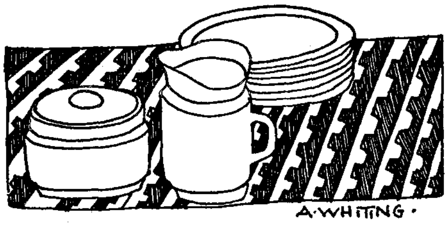
Leonard wanted to sell the house immediately. He was spooked by the fact that it had been broken into. But I didn't want to be run out of a place before I even got there. I was going to fight back. I said I'd take charge of fixing the place up again. It was going to be a nice place, I told him. I got Dan's name from a man at the hardware store, and he came to paint the inside of the house. Leonard and I stayed in a motel for two weeks, eating restaurant food and watching TV in bed at night. It wasn't so bad. Now, a year later, Dan was painting the outside. The house was starting to look so good I wanted to forget about having to move again.

"You got yourself a new neighbor," Dan said to me. He was resting his glass on a rung of the ladder.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"There's somebody sleeping in the alleyway between your house and the next one," Dan said. "I saw him from the ladder while I was painting."

There was a high board fence around the house. It was over my head and nearly over Dan's head, too. The property had been fenced to leave a wide fire lane between our house and the house of a neighbor who called himself the Mad Hatter. This neighbor was a middle-aged disc jockey. He probably had a real name, but on the radio he called himself the Mad Hatter and that's all we ever knew him by. His mailbox had recently been vandalized, and he told me he was going to shoot the next kids he caught messing with it. He didn't care if they were in diapers, he said; he was going to plug them.



Dan motioned toward the fence and shook his head. "Some old guy in the fire lane. He's just as comfortable as a king," he said. "He's laying over there sleeping on his back, this old guy."

"On the ground?" I said. "With no covers?"

"Just his clothes," Dan said. "It's nobody I know," he added, and laughed. He drank down the last of his juice.

"You hold the ladder," I said. I cinched my robe around my waist and went up the ladder just far enough to see over the fence. There in the tall grass was a man lying face up with his eyes closed. One big-knuckled hand was stretched out in the grass. The other lay across his chest. He was using a flattened-out cardboard box for a bed. Paper wrappers and some wine bottles lay near him. I looked down at Dan and lowered my voice. "Maybe he's dead," I said.

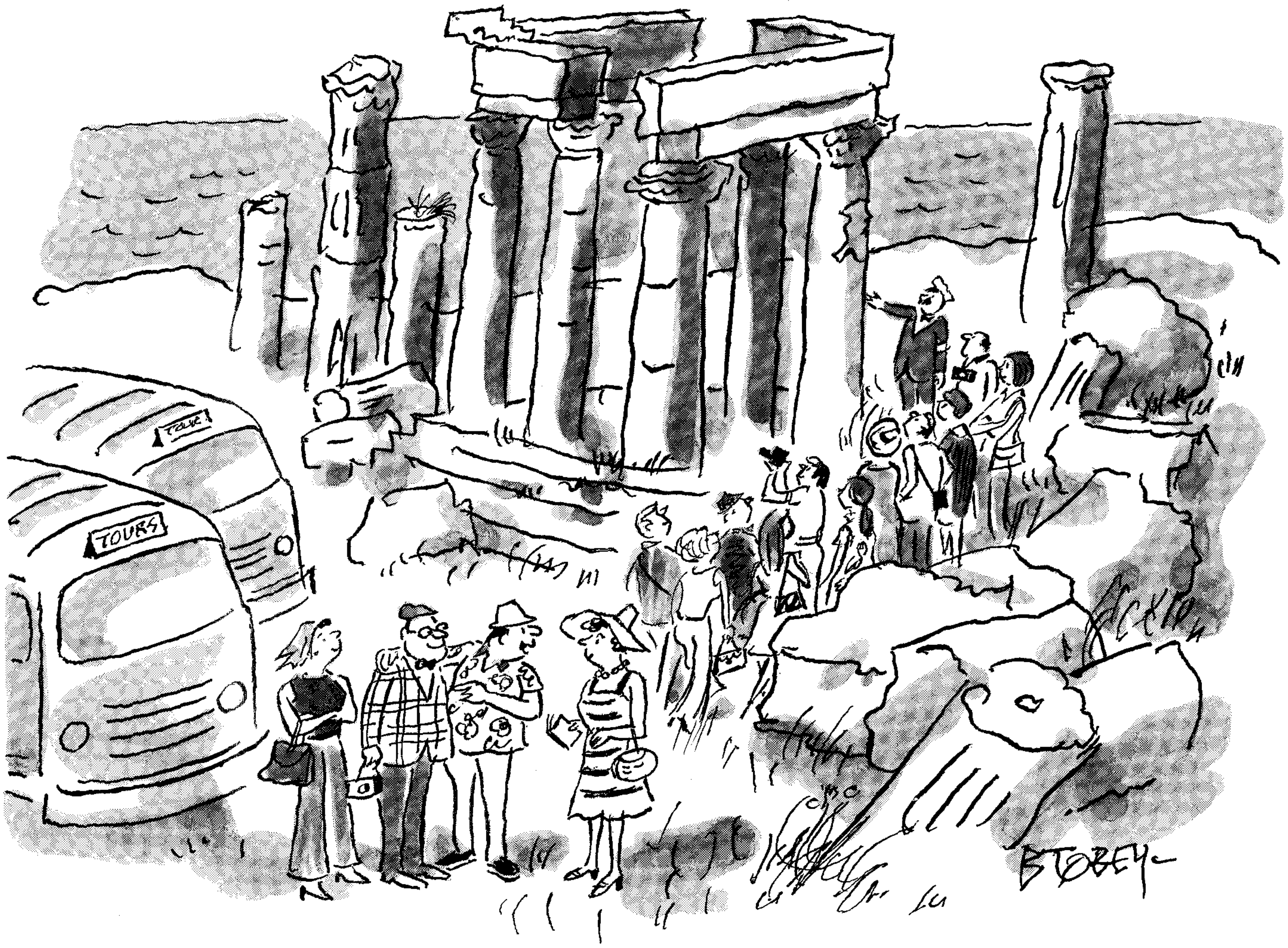
"No, he moved," Dan said. "I just saw him move."

"He could die over there and not be found for days," I said. I climbed down from the ladder. "He could start a fire," I said. "He's probably been smoking in that high grass." I remembered how when I was a child the railroad bums had come up to our back fence and my mother had gone into the house and got slices of bread for them. She was superstitious about beggars. She believed that if you turned them away they'd put a curse on you. But instead my father cursed at her, and said he didn't buy bread so she could hand it away to every down-and-outer who passed the fence.

I went inside and woke Leonard. It was time for him to get ready for work anyway. I followed him into the bathroom and talked to him while he splashed water on his face. "There's a bum sleeping on the other side of our fence," I said. "I want you to go out there before you leave for work and tell him he can't sleep there. He can't make a bedroom out of our yard."

"Maybe he's just passing through," Leonard said. "I need a clean towel." He turned to me with his eyes squinted shut and water dripping onto his chest.

I handed him a towel from the cup-



"It turns out Mr. Griffen and I are both in ready-to-wear!"

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board near the medicine cabinet. "He'll tell his bum pals about this place," I said. "I don't want him out there. We'll never sell the house. Can you imagine me showing people around and saying, 'Oh and the fellow right here over the fence—that's our resident bum'?"

"I'll take care of it," Leonard said.

I went back into the kitchen to fix some eggs and toast. Leonard came in, smelling of shaving lotion. "Some neighborhood we landed in," he said. He pulled out his chair and sat down at the table. "We should never have moved into this house. You'll listen to me now."

"It's like this all over," I said. "Jeana, over near the university, she told me that the little nurse next door to her woke up with a man standing over her bed. It was the middle of the night. The nurse asked him what he wanted. She stayed calm the whole time. He said he was looking for his friend John. 'John doesn't live here,' the nurse told him. 'I think you better leave,' she said. So the man left, all right—with her stereo, her hair dryer, some eggs, and a pair of fingernail clippers. She was lucky she wasn't killed. He'd cut a hole in a screen on one of the living-room windows and crawled in."

"We may as well live in Alaska," Leonard said. "It's worse than Alaska. It's lawless here. It's like the Old West. Like the gold rush all over again. Two thousand people a month moving into this place. It's a wonder they don't put up tents on our lawn."

"Some of them don't even have tents," I said. I pointed my spatula toward the alley.

"I know, I know. I'll take care of it," he said.

In a little while he picked his car keys off the counter, gave me a kiss on the cheek, and headed outside. I went into the bedroom and opened the blinds. Leonard was at the fence. He'd taken a cigarette out and was lighting it. Then a head came up on the other side of the fence.

The bum had short white hair, and his face was tanned and wrinkled. I could see a white stubble of beard. The bum was squinting at Leonard. Then one of his hands came up over the fence and he took a cigarette from the pack Leonard held out to him. Leonard steadied the bum's hand until he could get the cigarette lit. The window was up, so I could hear through the screen some of what they were saying. Something about the V.A. hospital. The bum was saying he was going to have to go there. Leonard was smoking and listening. Then he nodded and said yes, he knew what it was to be hooked on booze.

"I was a practicing alcoholic for fifteen years," I heard my husband say. It was a history he gave every now and then—mostly when he heard somebody was having trouble with drinking. It made me mad sometimes to hear him say he was an alcoholic, as if it were some kind of reverse status. But I knew it was serious business—that he'd got out of the drinking and managed to stay out. His recovery happened a few years before we met, and this made it hard for me to appreciate how much he'd changed. I believe it, but only because he told me he'd been another person then. If he hadn't kept telling me about it—what an awful drunk he used to be—I would have forgotten. I guess that's what I wanted.

"I'd do anything for a drink," the bum said. "Oh, it's the Devil's juice, I know it, I know it. But I tell you, I'd kill for a drink. Sometimes I want it that bad, that bad," he said.

"Well, you get yourself in there to the hospital and let them help you," Leonard said. Then he took some money out of his billfold and gave it to the bum, along with the pack of cigarettes.

"What's your name?" the bum asked.

"Leonard."

"Put her there, Leonard," he said. Leonard took his hand. "I won't forget this," the bum said. "I used to be somebody myself once," he said. "I might pull out of this yet. You know what it is, don't you, to be drowned alive like this? I can tell you do. It's in your eyes. You know about it. I thank you," he said. "I thank you."

ABOUT noon Dan came into the house. He'd been painting the trim on the shady side of the house.

"Is he gone?" I asked.

"Yes," Dan said. "He went off toward the boulevard. But he'll be back."

"How do you know?" I said.

"If you give them money they always come back for more," he said. "Give them anything but money." He went over to the sink and drew himself a glass of water. When he got ready to go back to work I walked outside with him and went over to the fence. I lined up my eye with a knothole. In the fire lane I could see the flattened cardboard box, but the bum was gone. The grass was crushed down, and I counted four empty wine bottles.

"You know that doughnut stand over by the park?" Dan asked. "Well, it's open twenty-four hours. That's where these transients—we call them blanket people—that's where they go to stay warm in the winter. They must be feeding them doughnut holes over there," he said. He laughed, and pulled the bill of his blue work cap.

When Leonard came home from work, I asked him what the bum had said.

"I told him he'd have to move on," Leonard said. "I told him he should get some help for his drinking. He said he was a vet, was in Korea. He's only fifty-five, but he looks like King Death himself. I'd say seventy if I had to guess."

"Did he say anything else?" I asked. I was at the kitchen table shelling fresh peas into an aluminum bowl. They made a little rattling sound as they hit the sides.

"Just that he used to have a house, kids, a wife—the whole works."

"I heard him say he'd kill for a drink," I said. I ran my thumb along the inside of another pod, and the peas tumbled into the bowl. I tossed the empty pod onto a newspaper on the floor.

"That was a figure of speech," Leonard said. "I don't think he'd hurt anybody. He just wants enough to drink, and maybe some cigarettes."

"Dan says he'll be back. He says if you give them money they come back."

"I could be where he is, but for the grace of the gods," Leonard said.

I shook the peas down in the bowl. "You were never that bad," I said.

"In a way, I was worse," he said. "I blamed it all on somebody else. I made everybody who loved me pay and pay and pay hard."

"I'm glad I didn't know you then," I said. I opened the refrigerator and set the bowl of peas inside, then shut the door.

"I'm glad, too," he said.

I bundled up the empty pods in the newspaper and stuffed them into a garbage bag near the back door. I was thinking that I wouldn't have stuck with Leonard in those days. I was glad I hadn't been with him then, because I would have let him down. I was ashamed, knowing that. But it was true.

I was drying my hands on the towel

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POLICE SIFT NEW CLUES IN SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

—Headline in the Post.

Outside the precinct, the continents sway
In a monster wind.

A cat snoozes on a humidifier
In the corner of the squad room,

Its unfettered breath keeping time
With the office clock.

Her favorite cop glares at
The barracuda faces of wanted men

Posted in a row on the wall, their beauty
Clearly drained off, but to where?

"I did it and I'm glad," says the first face.
"I did it and I'm glad," says the next.

The Public Defender chews his lunch thoughtfully,
As if feeling for nails with his teeth.

All morning and afternoon,
He and the rookies plowed through fields

Of bluish data on the old gunmetal desk,
Each in his own way.

The P.D. has fears of dying, of rescuing
A maiden who crushes him with her weight and terror.

He keeps one eye on the door,
The pale glue of a tear idling beneath his lid.

Through the glass partition
To the captain's office, someone mutters

"I know it's here somewhere . . .
I saw it, for Chrissake!"

Slowly, against the breakers,
Evening sets sail on the East River,

With its freight of passions,
As, uptown in Helsinki, her evidence

Burning gaily in the handsome fireplace,
Beauty reads her mail.

And in Caracas
Beauty plunges her hand into a book

As if to read it by touch.
And in a murky corner of Antwerp

Beauty unwraps
A heart-round box of chocolates,

Each one the dark shape of a hill.
And in Irkutsk

Beauty, bending to tie a shoe,
Lifts up her head expectantly.
—VICKIE KARP

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near the sink. Leonard came over to me and turned me toward him. He put his arms around me and held me in close under his chin. I kept my eyes closed. We hugged each other.

ONE morning we'd just finished breakfast and Leonard was on the phone talking long-distance when someone knocked at the door. I pulled the curtain back and saw the bum. He hadn't been around for at least a week. I'd kept checking to make sure. I opened the door a crack.

"Is Leonard here?" the bum asked. His eyes were the bluest blue I'd ever seen—two caves of blue. I shut the door and went into the kitchen.

"Leonard," I said. "It's him. King Death."

Leonard put his hand over the receiver. "Tell him just a minute," he said.

I went back to the door and opened it. "Just a minute," I said. Then I shut the door and sat down near the window, where I could see him standing on the porch. He looked like one of those dogs you see tied to parking meters, waiting for somebody to come back.

Leonard came out of the kitchen. He opened the door and stepped onto the porch. "Here," Leonard said. He handed the bum some money. "Take this and don't come back," he said.

"You're God's own," the bum said.

"Don't come back, now," Leonard said. "You understand me?"

"I got you, friend. Don't you worry," the bum said. I stood up, so I could see through the open door. The bum was walking backward toward the street. "You touched my heart," he called out to Leonard. "Yes, you did."

Leonard came back inside. He shook his head and reached for a cigarette from a pack on the counter. "It's like being haunted," he said. "He's like a piece of the past that nearly happened. It hunts you up and tries to move in."

"Don't give him any more money," I said. "I like your goodness. I admire it. But you can't really do anything for him. Not in the long run."

"No, nothing that lasts," Leonard said. "He'll cash it in out there. He'll just lie down with his bottle, and some morning he won't wake up."

LEONARD'S company needed him a month early, so the transfer went through before I'd sold the house. Leonard drove to Dallas and I stayed behind to supervise the last of the repairs. Dan was doing the work. With Leonard gone, it was good to have Dan around—somebody to exchange a word or two with. I told him he should bring his new wife over for me to meet, and he joked with me, saying he didn't want to do that. She'd be too jealous. He'd never get in a day's work for me again.

One day I asked Dan to help me pick up all the papers and bottles in the fire lane. It was a nasty business.

"Shameful for any human being to live like this," Dan said. "You'd think salvation cost a million dollars, when it's free." That was the one thing about Dan that made me uncomfortable—how absolutely convinced he was about his salvation, and convinced that salvation was within everybody's reach. I'd given up talking to him about anything resembling religious matters.

"It's a shame, all right," I said. "But maybe he's got to pay for his salvation in ways we can't even imagine. Or maybe he asked to be quits with the drink but God turned him down."

"God's not like that," Dan said. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

"But he doesn't say *what* ye shall receive," I said. I'd carried a rake along and I was using it to scrape some broken glass into a little pile. I noticed how even the smallest pieces of glass glittered in the bright sunlight. "You might have to earn your salvation," I said. "You might have to go through some things before God would even turn his face in your direction."

"If he can save little children, he can save anybody anytime," Dan said. He was pulling a large cardboard box full of trash along the fence. He stopped and folded up the bum's cardboard bed and stuffed it into the box. Then he climbed into the box and jumped. He raised his foot up and brought it down hard.

"I don't believe salvation is something you have once when you're a kid, like the chicken pox, and then you're bound for Heaven," I said. "There are times you fail. Times nobody may know about. You've got to set yourself straight again and again." I looked up and saw that the Mad Hatter had come out of his house and was pacing along a row of pineapple palms he'd planted to let us know where his property line was. He walked over to the fire lane and stood with his hands on his hips, looking at the trash we were piling up.

"I'm going to get this grass mowed," I told him.

"Those hoodlum kids use this fire lane as a footpath," he said. "I've warned them. I told them I'll pull the trigger on them without batting an eye if they so much as set their big toe on my property." His face was puffy and he didn't stand still when he talked; he moved sideways, as if he were working up to something.

"You can't shoot to maim anymore," the Mad Hatter said. "You got to shoot to kill. Then you're O.K. If you just maim, they'll sue you for everything you've got. You have to kill them outright to stay within the law." Then he recited the findings of some court case he'd read about in the newspaper. Somebody who'd shot a robber in the arm and had to pay the hospital bill.

I never said anything when I heard him go into his tirades. I just nodded and got away from him as fast as I could. His wife locked him out of the house sometimes. I'd been woken up more than once when he was drunk and pounding on his own door to get in. One time I heard glass breaking over there.

Dan and I carried the trash to the front of the lot. The Mad Hatter was striding along the fire lane with his eyes on the ground. I watched him cross onto his property and make the rounds of his palms, checking with the toe of his shoe to see if they were tamped into the ground firmly.

I FELT better once the fire lane had been cleared. Dan had a friend with a big mower, and I hired him to come over and cut the grass. Then I had Dan stretch a length of barbed-wire fencing along the back of the property. Several people came to look at the house, and one young couple seemed particularly interested. Leonard and I talked on the phone, making plans for me to pack our things and call the movers as soon as the house was sold. I began sorting clothes, getting rid of a lot of winter things we'd kept in case we should ever get sent back to upstate New York. I packed the clothes in paper sacks—Leonard's wool trousers, my neck scarves, several hand-knitted vests, odds and ends of things—and I was planning to take them to Goodwill.

Dan and I had just one more job to do on the house. He was going to help me repair some bathroom tiles. I was making jam on the morning he was supposed to come, when I heard a knock at the front door. I turned the burner off and went into the front room. I opened the door and there he was—King Death himself. But he was clean-shaven now, and he had on a white shirt with a spangled vest over it. He looked like a rich gypsy. His eyes had not changed, though. They were the only young thing about him. They sizzled with energy. I took a step back and pulled the door closed to a narrow opening for my eyes and mouth.

"Your husband, Leonard," he said. "Is he here?"

Before I could think, I'd said it—that Leonard didn't live here anymore. "He's moved away," I said. "He won't be back."

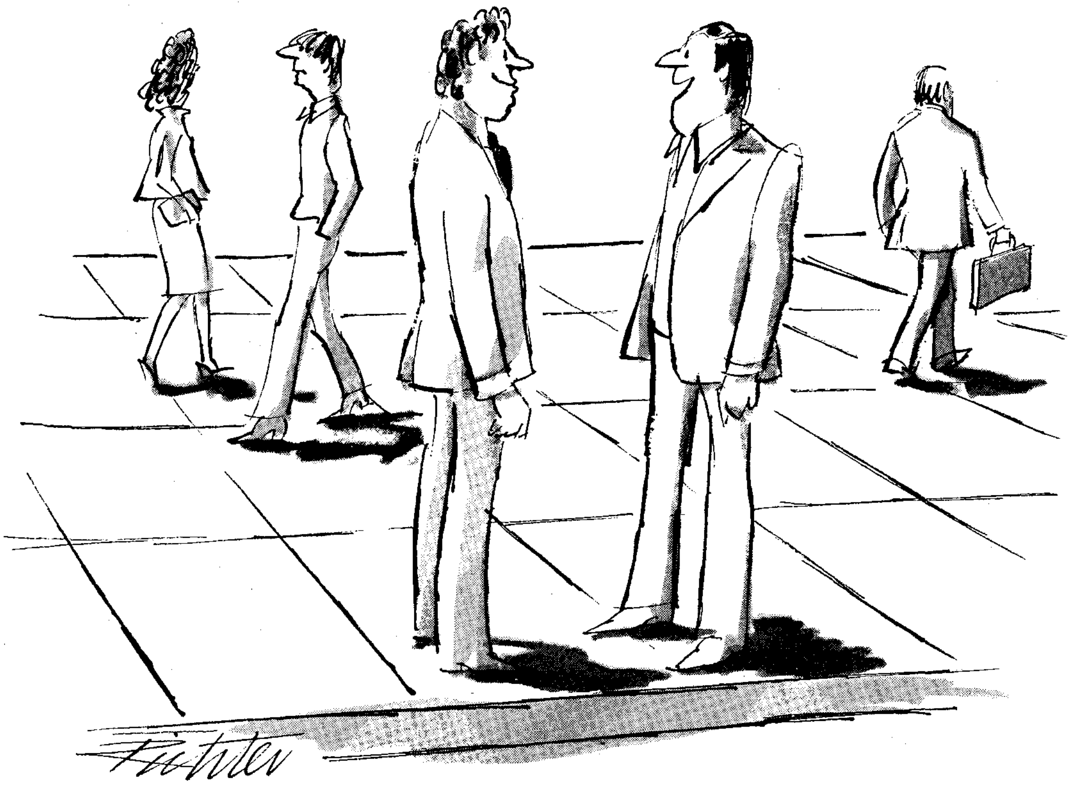
The man looked down at his feet as though he were embarrassed. I was panicky, thinking now he'd know that I was alone. I tried to figure how to put Leonard back in the picture.

"Tell him for me—tell Leonard when you see him—that I didn't want anything," he said. "Tell him I just stopped by to see him."

"Just a minute," I said. I closed the door and locked it. Then I went into the bedroom and got one of the sacks of clothes. There were some of my things in it and some of Leonard's, but I didn't take time to sort anything. I went back to the door, unlocked it, and pushed the sack through until I felt the man take it. "You might get some use out of these," I said. I felt a tightness in my chest. I was afraid and glad at the same time.

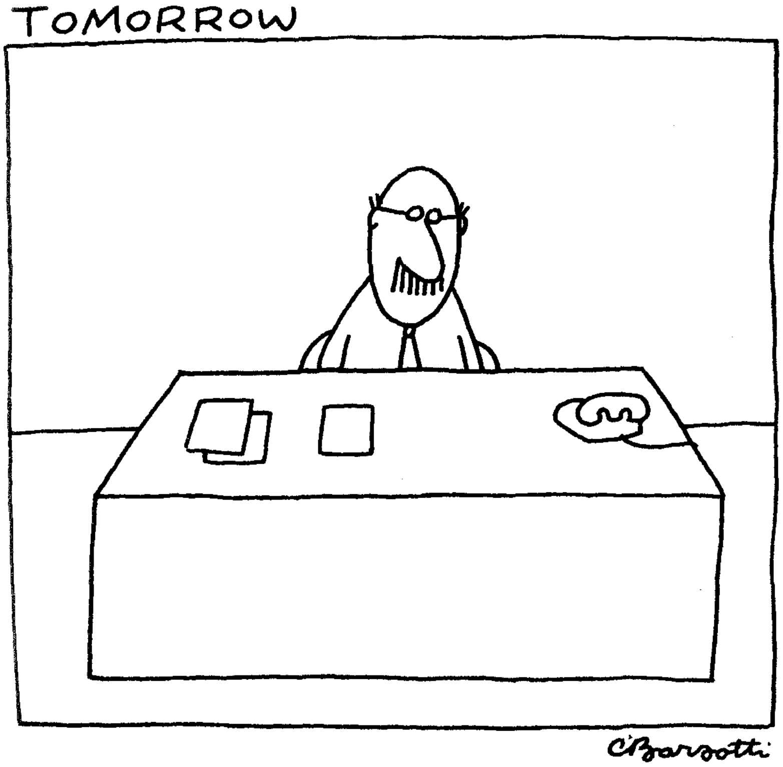
The man made a little bow with the sack in one arm. His eyes snapped down. "Thank you, Ma'am. I thank you."

Then he turned and started down the walk. I watched him pass along the street a little way, then I shut the door and went to



"What are you obsessed with these days?"

heat the jam again. I sat down at the kitchen table. The house seemed very quiet. Soon there was the soft burbling of the jam beginning to boil, but that was all. I thought of the man going somewhere behind a building or into the park and taking our clothes out of the sack, holding them up to himself, trying them on but having no mirror to look into. If Leonard had been there, I'd never have given the man anything.



THE young couple finally decided to buy the house. The man was about twenty-five or so. He climbed onto the roof and said he thought the house should have a new one. I said that if he wanted a new roof he could put it on himself. "This house is for sale as is," I said. When he saw he couldn't get me to put a new roof on, he went ahead and offered what we were asking.

I'd backed the car to the end of the driveway and was about to head for the real-estate office to sign the papers when I spotted the bum again. He was knocking at the Mad Hatter's door, gazing across to our oleander bushes while he waited. He had on Leonard's wool slacks. It was ninety-degree weather. The slacks were drawn up around his waist with a length of white cord. He was wearing my black knit vest over Leonard's blue shirt.

I scooted over to the passenger side and rolled the window down. I sat there a minute waiting to see if anyone would answer the Mad Hatter's door. I think I hoped no one was home. I could hear the dogs barking inside the house, and then the door opened and the Mad Hatter appeared. "You want to get shot?" he said. "You know where you're standing?"

"I need a little help," the bum said.

"Just a minute," the Mad Hatter said. He shut the door. I heard the dogs start up again.

The bum looked up at the sky. Then he clasped his hands behind his back and waited. His having our clothes on made him seem somehow familiar, as if I ought to know his name and be able to call out to him. I thought of Leonard.

The Mad Hatter opened the door again. "You see this?" he said. "This is a Smith & Wesson .38. It's loaded. I'm going to count to ten and on the count of ten I'm going to fire it directly at you."

The bum did not move. He did not say anything, either. I couldn't see his face, but I could see the Mad Hatter's mouth counting. I got out of the car when he reached six. I walked into my driveway on seven and eight. I could see both their faces then. I knew there wasn't time to make it to the phone. I kept remembering what the Mad Hatter had said earlier about not maiming but shooting to kill. I could see the gun pointing at the bum's chest. He was looking straight at the Mad Hatter. The Mad Hatter had said nine some time ago.

"Ten," said the bum.

Then he held there a minute, looking past the Mad Hatter. It was as if he were looking right through the house and out the back. Finally, he turned and began to walk toward the street. The Mad Hatter stood in the doorway holding the gun. He took a step forward onto the porch. The gun was aimed at the man's back. I thought of the bullet going through my vest and through Leonard's blue shirt, knocking him down. Then the Mad Hatter turned in my direction. The gun began to drift slowly toward me. I stood still. I could feel my strength slipping from me. It was as though I were there and not there at the same time. The gun was trained on me. I had nothing, was nothing. I wanted to call out, "It's me! It's me, your neighbor." But I couldn't make any words. The Mad Hatter raised the gun over his head. A bullet cracked out of it. I looked up into the sky where the bullet must have gone. There were no clouds. There was nothing to see.

"It's loaded!" he called. "You better believe it's loaded. All of you!"

I was still looking up at the sky. I heard the door close. It was quiet a minute. Then I heard the yipping and whining of the dogs.

I stood a moment in the driveway, trying to think what to do with myself. I saw my car sitting near the street, where I'd left it. I made my way slowly toward it. I got inside and sat behind the wheel. The seat was hot. I closed my eyes. I put my hands on the wheel and turned it as I sat there. I felt like I'd died and come to life in the front seat of a car in a strange city. I opened my eyes and looked up at my house. It seemed far away and nowhere I'd ever lived. I could hear someone whistling. Down the street, a man in a wheelchair was being lifted into the back of a van by a man who was whistling. He shut the doors and stopped whistling.

—TESS GALLAGHER

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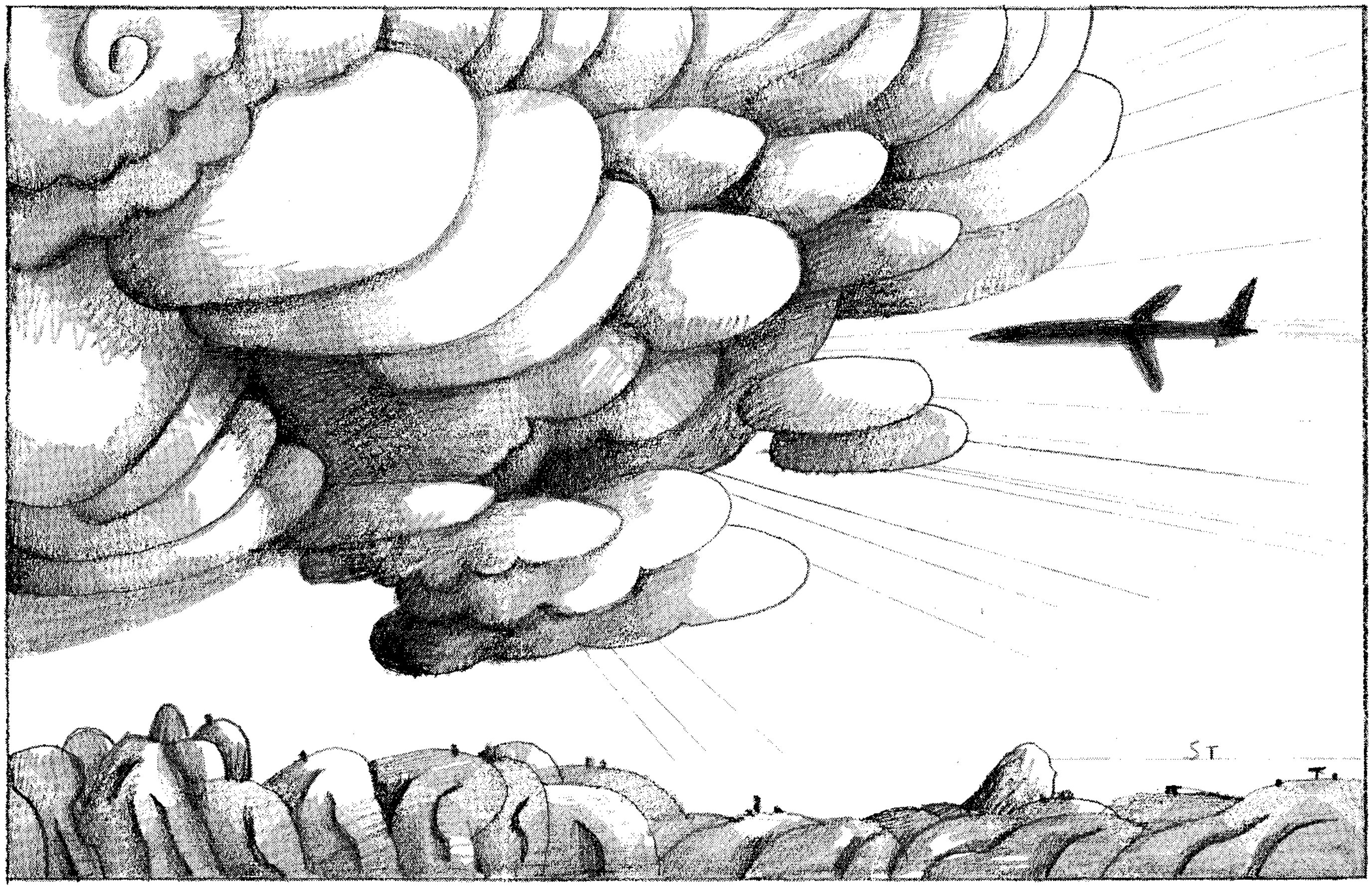
The savings and loan industry, undergoing one of the shakiest periods in its history, will rebound once inflation and interest rates are controlled, one expert predicted this week.—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Oh, to be an expert, and able to predict.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SPORTY GAME

II—TURBULENT



FOR an aircraft manufacturer, the goal of selling even a few airliners justifies whatever means fertile brains can devise. Because there are so few customers, the stakes are always high, and there is a perhaps unavoidable tendency to exaggerate the importance of a single negotiation—to equate the company's fortunes with the outcome. Many, probably most, senior executives are figures in a continuing saga; their quest is for a sustained cash flow and a respectable return on investment. Charles (Pete) Conrad, the former lunar astronaut, is the vice-president for marketing of the Douglas Aircraft Company, the McDonnell Douglas Corporation's commercial-airplane subsidiary; he travels about two hundred days a year. The Boeing Company has only one corporate airplane, mainly because even a sizable fleet of airplanes wouldn't meet the needs of its globe-trotting salesmen. Boeing people almost always fly commercially; their company is the largest corporate user of the world's airlines and spends more than sixty million dollars annually on travel.

By and large, the sales forces are made up of engineers, who are as familiar with numbers and contractual minutiae as with the performance characteristics of the airplanes they sell. In competitive situations, however, they usually have supporting roles. Some senior figure—a board chairman or a president, whichever is better suited to the role or to a particular customer—intervenes either in the early stages of negotiations or later on, if only to offer the major (and usually painful) concession on price or financing, or both, that competitive situations normally require. A company's still unproved claims for a new airplane's performance tend to be more convincing when they are put forward by someone with over-all responsibility for the equipment. Daniel Jeremiah Haughton, who ruled Lockheed as its chairman for many years, was as good an airplane salesman as the industry has seen; any potential customer for the L-1011 who asked a question about one of its features might very well find Haughton turning up in his office the following day with the answer. The late James Smith McDonnell, who was the absolute ruler of McDonnell Douglas, had few equals in the art of capturing the Pentagon's business, but he didn't understand the relationship between airlines and suppliers and so was not a good salesman. Most senior company executives, whatever their functions, do a good deal of selling. In some periods, E. H. (Tex) Boullioun, who directs Boeing's commercial-airplane operations, does little besides sell, or try to sell. Malcolm Stamper, the president of Boeing, takes part in pivotal deals. And so does the chairman and chief executive officer, T. Wilson. (The T. is for Thornton, but he is known throughout the aviation world simply as T.) Some executives develop a special relationship with an airline customer; Wilson, for example, manages Boeing's relations with United Airlines, and Boullioun those with Delta Air Lines.

Over the years, risks and competitive pressures have thinned the ranks of the suppliers of airliners and engines. From the mid-nineteen-sixties until the late nineteen-seventies, when

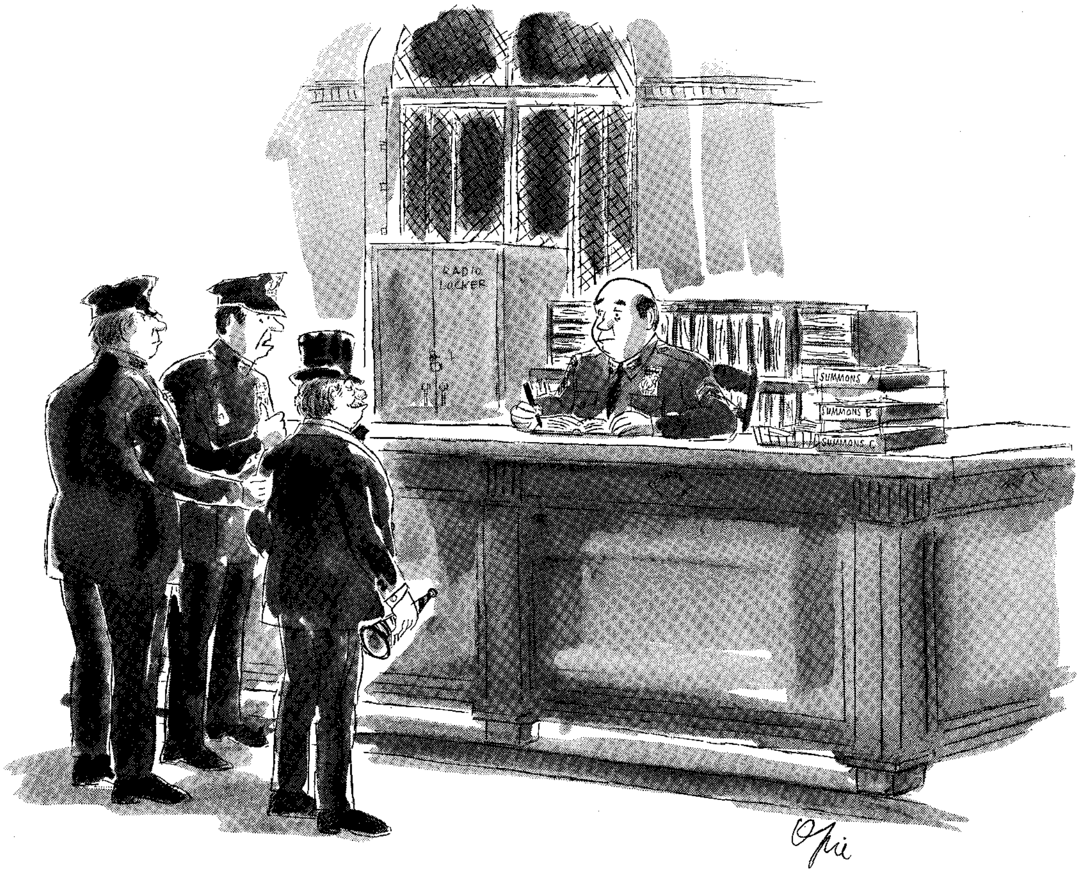
Europe's Airbus Industrie consortium became a force, only six companies—five of them American—were judged to be bona-fide competitors in the world market. These were Boeing, Douglas, and Lockheed, the three makers of airliners, and Pratt & Whitney, General Electric, and Rolls-Royce, the three main engine manufacturers. They are all big. In 1982, *Fortune* listed Boeing as the thirty-first-largest American industrial corporation, which means that it has become the biggest of the airplane-makers, even though all but about twenty-five per cent of its earnings come now from the sales of airliners. (The rest are largely from the sales of weapons.) McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed lag well behind Boeing on *Fortune's* list—being forty-fifth and fifty-seventh, respectively. The relative size of the three companies clearly reflects the increasing importance of the sales of airliners compared with other products of the aerospace industry. The two American engine-makers are larger than Boeing but are more diversified than any of the three aircraft suppliers. The General Electric Company's place on *Fortune's* list ranges from eighth to eleventh, depending on the year. The United Technologies Corporation, of which Pratt & Whitney is the largest component, ranked twentieth on *Fortune's* 1982 list. Both are exceptionally strong companies—a bit too strong for Boeing's taste. The ailing Rolls-Royce, however, whose engine plant is in Derby, England, has for many years been a ward of the British government.

The five American companies are very different in style. McDonnell Douglas, which has its headquarters in St. Louis, is a blend of two companies; McDonnell acquired Douglas in 1967. McDonnell was a family-controlled company then, and it still is. So was Douglas, but there the resemblance ended. McDonnell was always well and tightly managed, and Douglas—in its later years, at least—much less so. McDonnell Douglas has never mastered the ins and outs of the airliner business, and communication between it and its once-illustrious subsidiary, Douglas, has never been good; in fact, it is often characterized as extremely poor. The dominant role of the McDonnell family in the management and direction of the company is widely thought to be a major handicap.

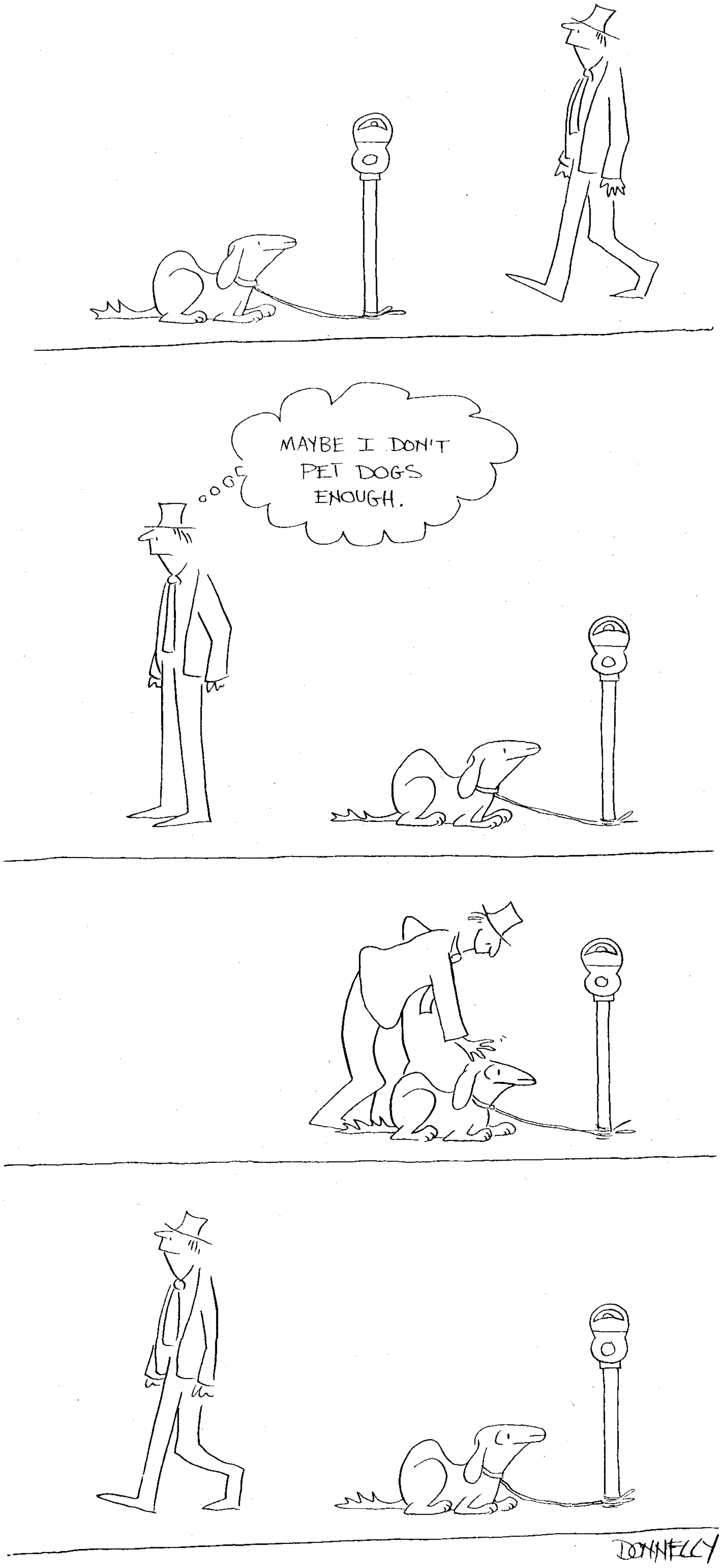
Lockheed, in Burbank, California, had a vivid style when its fortunes were in the hands of Dan Haughton, but he was forced out by the board of directors in 1976. In his day, it was a bold and exceptionally innovative company, more worldly than its competitors but somewhat less rigorously managed than Boeing or the engine manufacturers. Haughton is perhaps the most interesting figure his industry has produced. He is sometimes described as a red-clay aristocrat, both because he has a naturally gracious and modest manner and because his beginnings, in rural Alabama, were modest, too. Yet he was also an inspirational leader, and was often said to be evangelical in promoting Lockheed's interests. Lockheed has lost much of its lustre since Haughton's retirement, although it is argued, not least by bankers, that he contributed to a situation that forced the company first to reduce its sales and then to quit the airliner business altogether.

Boeing is rather insular. The corporate headquarters, just south of Seattle, are in a smallish, recently remodelled structure with an old Union Pacific rail spur running directly in front of it. In size and décor, T. Wilson's office is well below the standards of other chief executives of large companies. Actually, Boeing's current style is a reflection of Wilson, who has been running the company since 1969. He is capable, confident, and single-minded, and *Dun's Review* has judged Boeing to be one of the country's five best-managed companies. Wilson, now sixty-one, is clearly dedicated to his company. He is a native of a small town (Sikeston) in Missouri, he is an aeronautical engineer, and he is plain-spoken and often earthy. He still occupies a house—now remodelled—that he bought thirty-two years ago, when he was a junior engineer at Boeing.

Boeing benefits from being where it is. Wilson's predecessor, William Allen, says, "People tend to stay in Seattle once they are there, whereas in Southern California they can drift from one aerospace company to anoth-



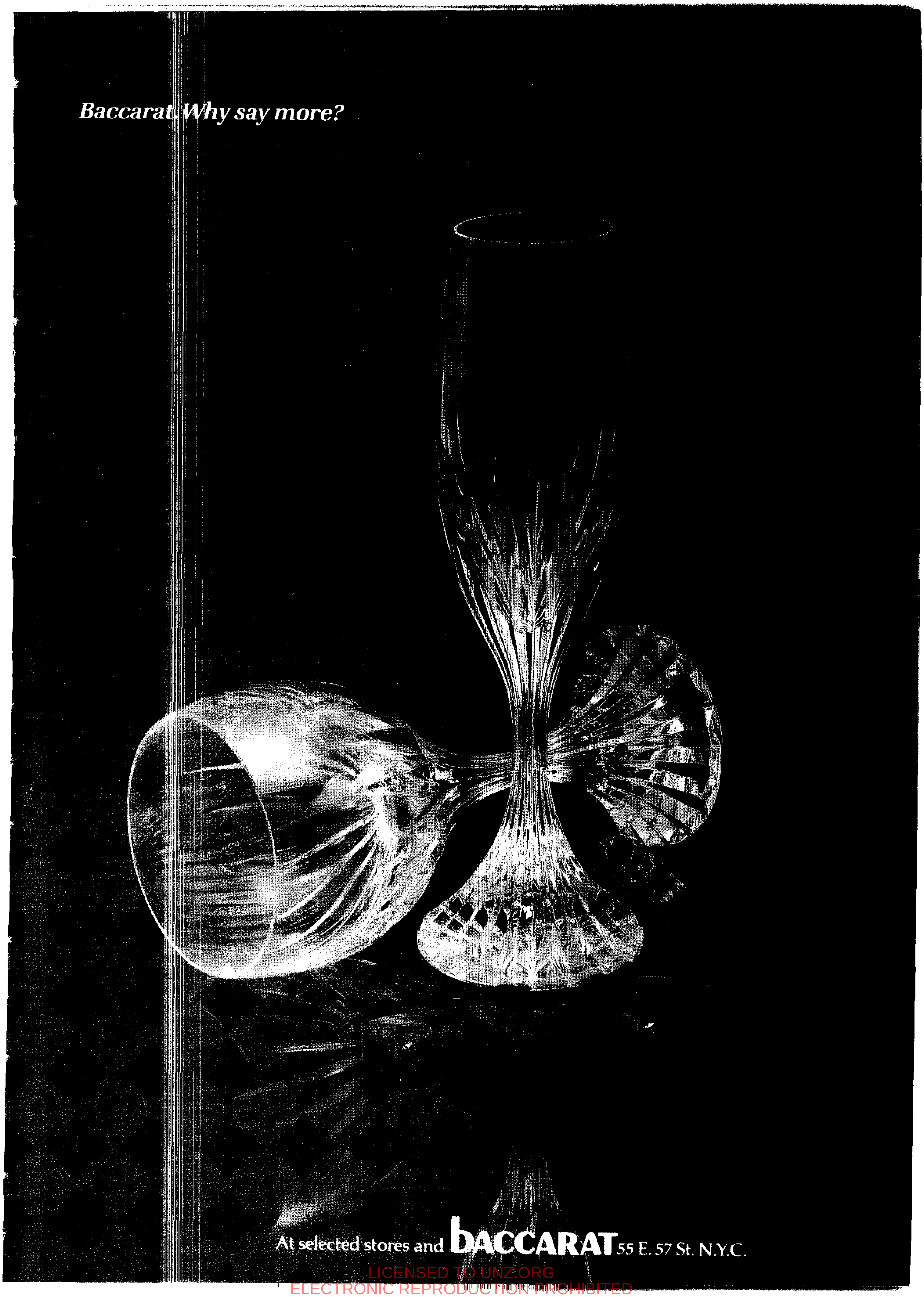
"We picked him up outside Carnegie Hall. He says he was celebrating Stravinsky's one-hundredth birthday."


MAYBE I DON'T PET DOGS ENOUGH.
DONNELLY

er." Because aircraft manufacturing is an industry with periodic shortages of skilled engineers and labor, the distinction is important. Allen also comments favorably on Seattle's "environment," suggesting that easy access to water and mountains and the fact that the city has few sharp edges are advantages that attract and hold people. And he thinks that the climate of the Pacific Northwest, with its absence of extremes, enhances productivity.

The General Electric Company, whose commercial aircraft-engine operations are in Cincinnati, is another of the companies cited by *Dun's Review* as among the best managed. And when *Fortune* polled the top leaders of the five hundred largest industrial corporations to find which of them was considered the best chief executive, the winner, chosen by a third of the respondents, was G.E.'s Reginald Jones (who retired on April 1, 1981). Still, there are differing views of G.E. Many industry-watchers greatly admire it. One of them says that G.E. isn't really a conglomerate, because its interest lies not just in acquiring profitable companies but, rather, in expanding into areas that involve high technology, high growth potential, and high cost of entry. This last criterion, he explains, means that G.E. "doesn't wish to compete against little fellows." He adds, "Instead, G.E. tracks the technology and patiently awaits opportunity." The makers of airliners, and especially Boeing, are less impressed by G.E.'s style, feeling that the company is too cautious in its aero-engine operations—a tendency that has, in fact, occasionally harmed G.E. and helped its competitors.

G.E.'s chief competitor is Pratt & Whitney, which is based in East Hartford, Connecticut, and which for many years had the airliner-engine trade largely to itself, with a well-deserved reputation for making high-quality, reliable products. Pratt & Whitney ran its own show until its parent corporation, United Technologies, brought in as its chairman and chief executive Harry Gray, an energetic, somewhat controversial figure, whose specialty is taking over other companies. Even in the strenuous aerospace business, there is no one more aggressive and competitive; indeed, it is probable that no one there comes close to matching Gray in these qualities. He arrived at a time when Pratt & Whitney was slipping. Gradually, the slippage stopped, but not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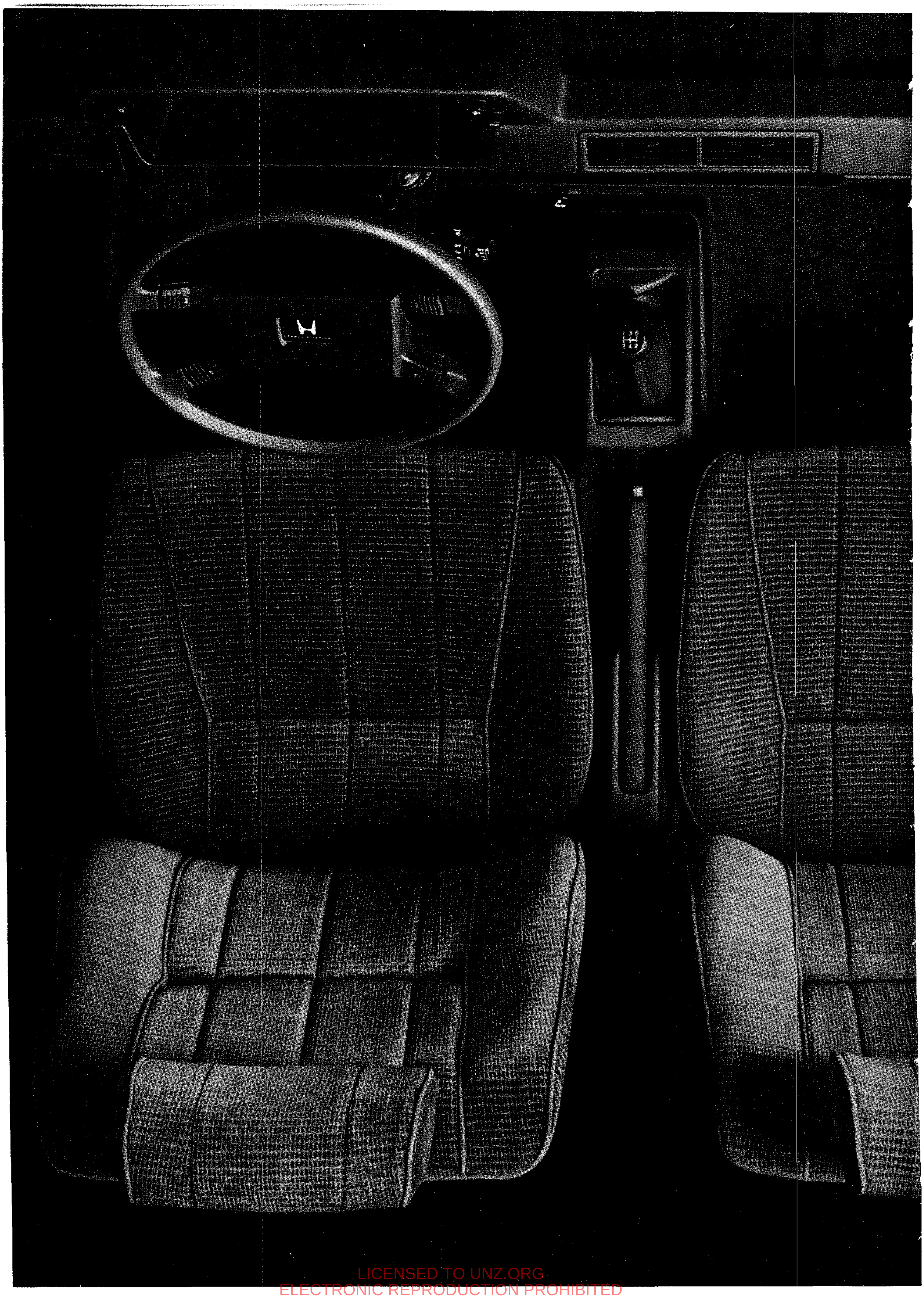

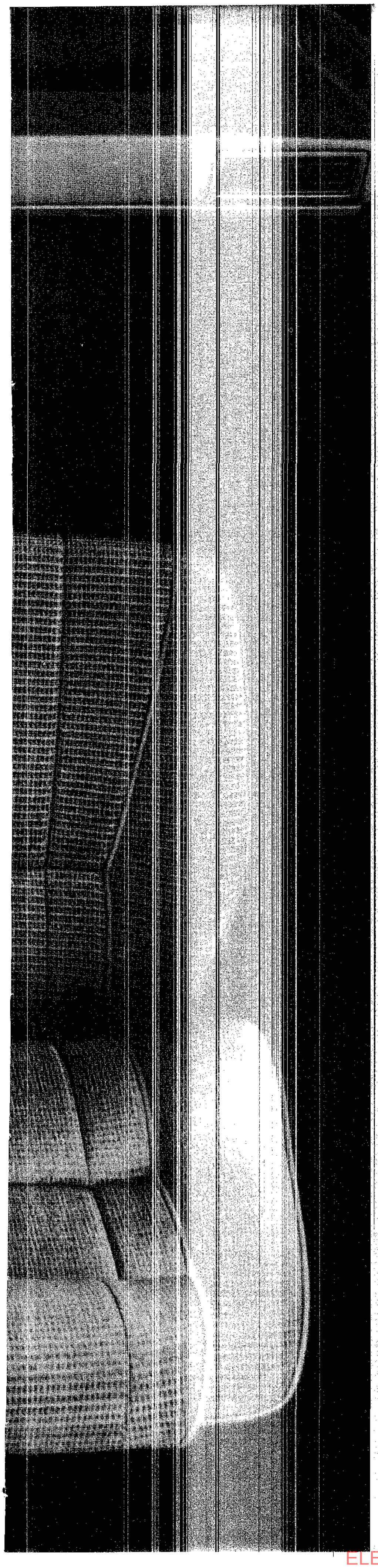

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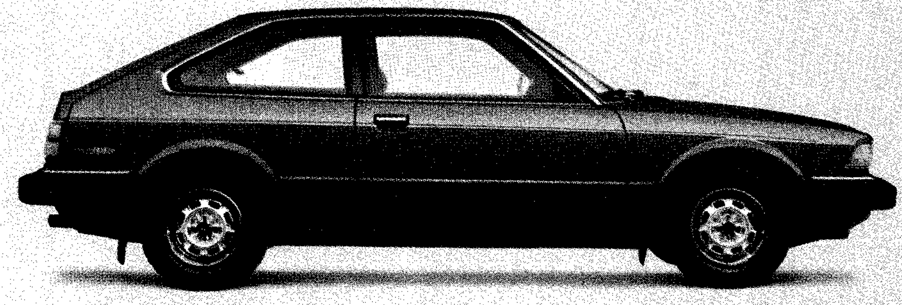

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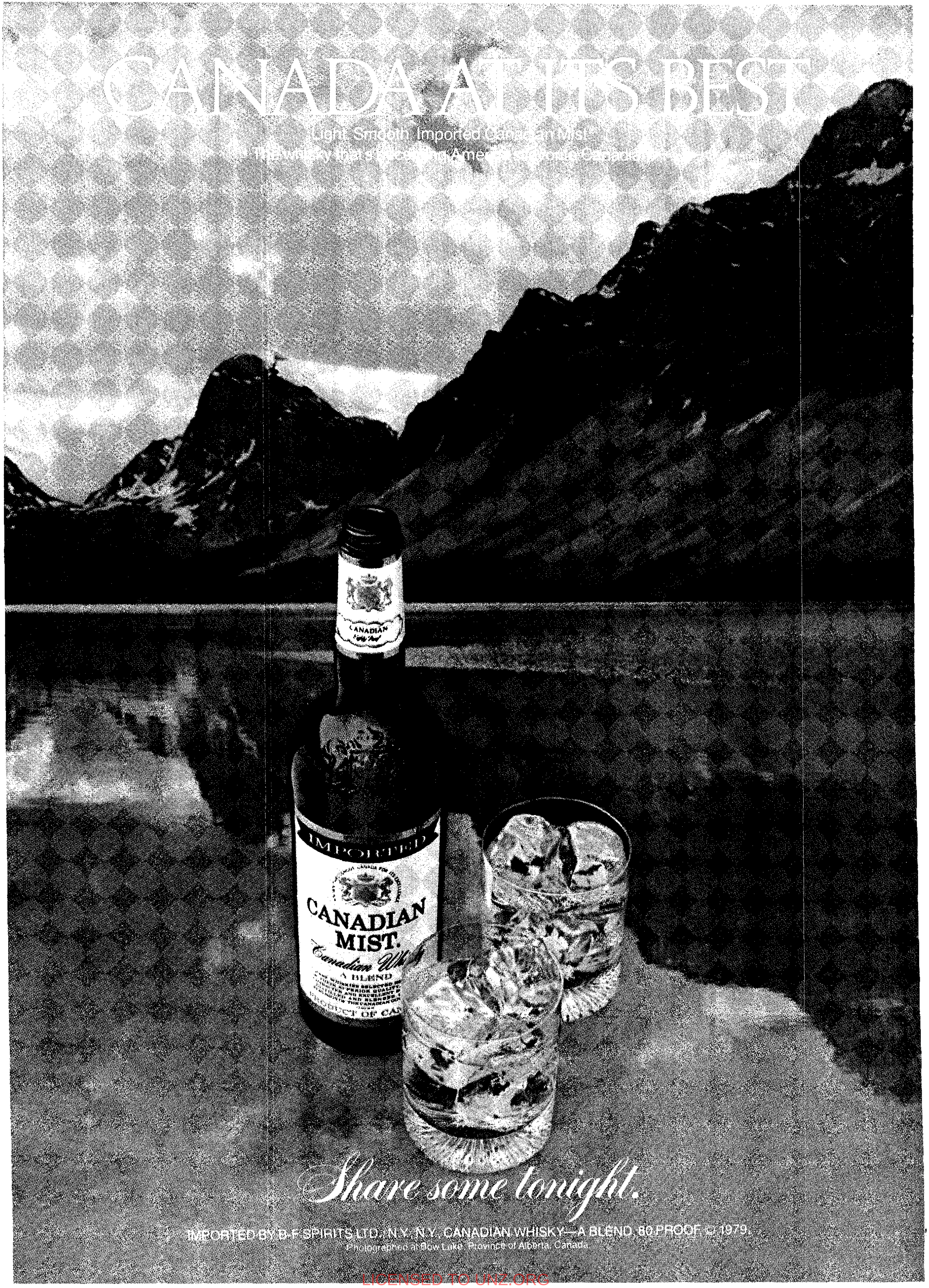
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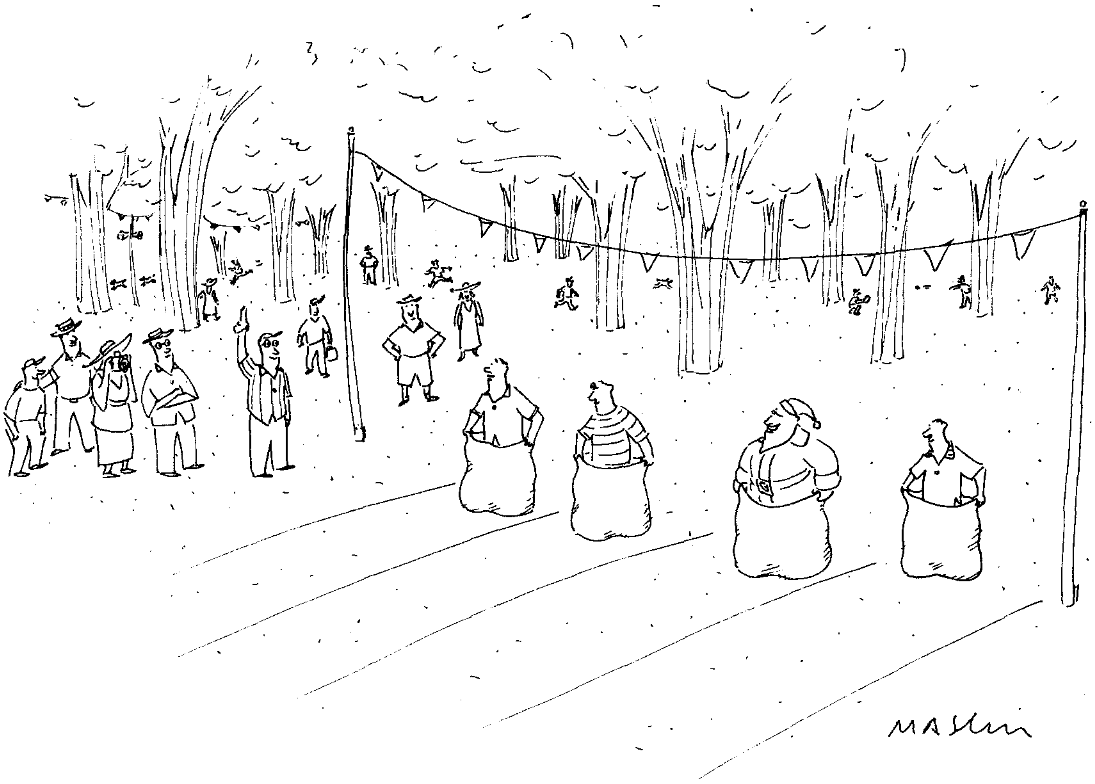
before the company had lost its supremacy. Within the aircraft business, it was feared that Gray might neglect Pratt & Whitney—deemphasize it—and concentrate on enterprises less chancy than engine-making. That fear hasn't been borne out, although misgivings about Gray remain. If Boeing seems to reflect Wilson, United Technologies surely reflects Gray. Today, Pratt & Whitney is more aggressive than G.E. or Rolls-Royce and is as innovative and competent as either of them.



The Sentimental Favorite

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THE air-transport industry is literally being transformed by new forms of competition, the most prominent of which concerns engines. Not long ago, a supplier would design an airplane for a specific engine. Customer airlines either bought the airplane with that engine or, in a few isolated cases, chose a different engine and split the heavy costs of adapting the airframe to it with the supplier. Today, the airframe manufacturers offer new airplanes with a choice of two, or even three, different engines—an artful sales device that has forced the engine suppliers to compete as fiercely as Boeing and Airbus Industrie do. By placing the engine suppliers in that position—obliging them to accept a sacrificial price and to help unhealthy, or even, in some cases, healthy, airlines finance purchases of aircraft—airplane suppliers can lighten their own burdens. Indeed, with Boeing's success depriving America's airlines of two reliable domestic sources of airliners, the actual battle has shifted to the engine business. The chief antagonists are General Electric and Pratt & Whitney. Rolls-Royce, the aristocrat of Britain's government-controlled companies and the protector of its claim to leadership in aero-engine technology, is a contender but is running a poor third. In 1980, each of the three companies was spending between five hundred million and a billion dollars to develop an engine for Boeing's 757, and in November of 1980, when Delta Air Lines ordered sixty 757 airplanes, the three competed vigorously for the enormous engine purchase to follow. The stakes were high—probably unprecedented. Only two airlines of any consequence—Eastern Air Lines and British Airways—had at that point bought the 757; in fact, they were the launch customers, having, on August 31, 1978, announced the orders that Boeing needed before developing the airplane. The two airlines had at the same time initiated a new Rolls-Royce engine, by choosing it for their 757s. In the two years following the launch orders, however, Boeing sold just nine 757s, to one airline—Transbrasil. It was expected that Delta's announcement would start the cascade of 757 orders on which Boeing was counting heavily. It was also expected that whichever of the three engines Delta chose would crowd one of the two others out of the competition. And that is what happened. Delta selected Pratt & Whitney's engine. A few weeks later, American Airlines ordered fifteen 757s and took options for fifteen more. It, too, selected the Pratt & Whitney engine. The same week, G.E. decided to discontinue the development of the CF6-32, its contender for the 757 engine. G.E. had by then invested about two hundred and fifty million dollars in that engine. It wasn't enough. The G.E. engine was more derivative—a smaller, modified version of a larger engine—than Pratt & Whitney's successful entry, which was wholly new, and which in the end will cost a billion dollars to develop. An unwillingness to put opportunity ahead of the big risks and uncertainties can be as injurious to suppliers of airliners and engines as audaciousness; the right balance between caution and boldness is hard to find. Delta's order was worth about six hundred million dollars, and losing it was a heavy blow to G.E.; the full market for 757 engines may reach several billion dollars. G.E. reacted to the loss by wondering whether it should develop a new engine for a hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane that several airlines say they want but that may not be developed until there is an engine for it. Delta wants to buy a hundred of these—an order that would be worth about five billion dollars. G.E. isn't likely to go forward with the new engine, even if doing so would gain it a step on its competitors. Instead, G.E. will battle to hold its solid position in the wide-bodied-airliner market. G.E. currently has more engines on double-aisle airplanes—European as well as American—than either Pratt & Whitney or Rolls-Royce. And yet stepping away from the new engines may harm G.E.'s long-term interests.

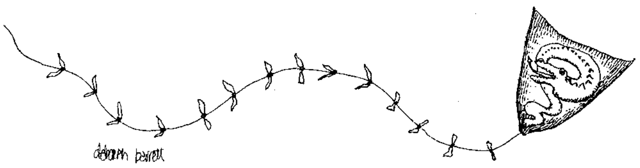
The struggle for the engine business has reached a level of intensity that domestic airlines haven't seen since the time of the DC-10 and L-1011 competition, in 1968, when Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas fought for a limited market with nearly identical airplanes. Each individual order for engines now seems to be invested with even greater significance than the airplane purchases. Richard Maurer, Delta's vice-chairman, described the competition for his company's 757-engine order as "the toughest and most unbelievable we've ever seen." He also indicated that the concessions Delta would extract from its purchase of the 757s would come largely through the engine order—from Pratt & Whitney, that is to say, and not from Boeing. The airlines are delighted by the increased competition. Besides making the equipment less expensive to buy, competition is improving the engines of each of the three suppliers, and this means that more often than not the airlines are free to base their decisions on price and financing. They have gained the upper hand in a relationship that is often likened to marriage, because of its closeness and the range of its complexities. Normally, engines are the chief source of tension between the airlines and their suppliers. Engines are expensive, complex, and vulnerable. The frequency-of-repair rate is much higher for engines than for other parts. Engines require a far greater degree of after-sales service, which is called product support. Engine suppliers earn much more money from the sale of spare parts than airframe manufacturers do. More than half of what an airline spends on equipment goes to the engine suppliers. About a fourth of the price of an airplane includes the installed engines together with a number of spares, but over the life of the airplane—fifteen years or more—the carrier will spend two to three times that amount on spare parts for the engines together with more new engines. An airplane manufacturer's contract with a carrier guarantees certain performance characteristics of the engines—the amount of fuel they consume, for example. The carrier signs a separate agreement with the engine supplier, which covers such matters as the cost of spare parts and the length of time—typically three thousand hours—for which the engines must perform reliably.

This system promotes strife between the airplane companies and the engine companies, which tend to blame each other when problems develop. If a customer complains that the costs of flying an airplane are unreasonably high, the manufacturer usually maintains that the engine has too little thrust or consumes too much fuel. The engine supplier is likely to blame the aircraft's designers for having allowed too much drag. The resentment against the engine companies runs especially deep at Boeing, probably because its large family of airplanes has exposed the company to an exceptionally wide variety of engines. Since an airplane can be no better than its engines, Boeing points out, inferior engine performance is damaging to the integrity of the airplane. Boeing people like to say that "the best of the three engine manufacturers is the one you aren't dealing with at the moment." The claims regarding thrust and fuel consumption which the engine companies put forward in their competing proposals always generate disputes. Boeing, since it must guarantee the performance of the entire airplane, engines included, treats these claims skeptically. Thrust can be only approximated, not measured exactly, and each of the three engine companies measures thrust differently. Boeing engineers speak acerbically about "a Hartford pound of thrust" (Pratt & Whitney), "a Cincinnati pound of thrust" (G.E.), and "a Derby pound of thrust" (Rolls-Royce). Estimating the fuel consumption of an engine still in its development stage is chancier still; at the moment, such estimates are the most disparate of all, because restricting fuel consumption has become far and away the top priority of the airlines and so is the focus of the engine competition. The estimates are based on the weight of fuel consumed per pound of thrust per hour—a measurement known as specific fuel consumption, or S.F.C. In selling an airplane, Boeing provides its own assessment of the claims of competing engine suppliers regarding fuel consumption. There is a group of Boeing engineers whose full-time job is analyzing the efficiency of engine fans, turbines, and compressors; these engineers draw on the data submitted by the three companies and also on information from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Almost always, Boeing's estimate of an engine's S.F.C. is higher than the supplier's estimate. The engine companies resent this "Boeing audit," as it is known in the industry, but they nonetheless respect it, and the airlines rely on it. It helps to protect them from the not unlikely prospect that a new engine will burn more fuel than it should. And it protects Boeing from penalty costs that it would otherwise confront.

On the issue of inflated claims, Boeing is critical of both G.E. and Pratt & Whitney. Kenneth F. Holtby, a senior Boeing engineer and a senior corporate vice-president, says that in the battle for 767-engine orders "each company has been fudging, and fudging quite a lot." Under the lash of competition, engine companies are adopting bolder ploys: a customer may be told, in effect, that "anything the others can do I will do better;" that is, a company will guarantee in writing that its engines will consume less fuel than any competitor's. Pratt & Whitney, in its campaign for Delta's 757 order, guaranteed that its engine would consume six to eight per cent less than either G.E.'s or Rolls-Royce's.

A CURRENT of disingenuousness runs through the entire aircraft industry. All the suppliers, whether of engines or airplanes, make claims for their products that they cannot be certain of fulfilling. An airline like Delta has engineers who can make competent evaluations of suppliers' claims, but most airlines will not discover how good or bad their equipment is until they begin flying it. "This is a sporty game," says Jack S. Parker, who directed G.E.'s aircraft-engine group for nearly twenty-five years. "Both airframe people and engine people will very frequently represent something that turns out to be somewhat beyond their reach in order to get a job."

A more exigent world market for airliners has pro-



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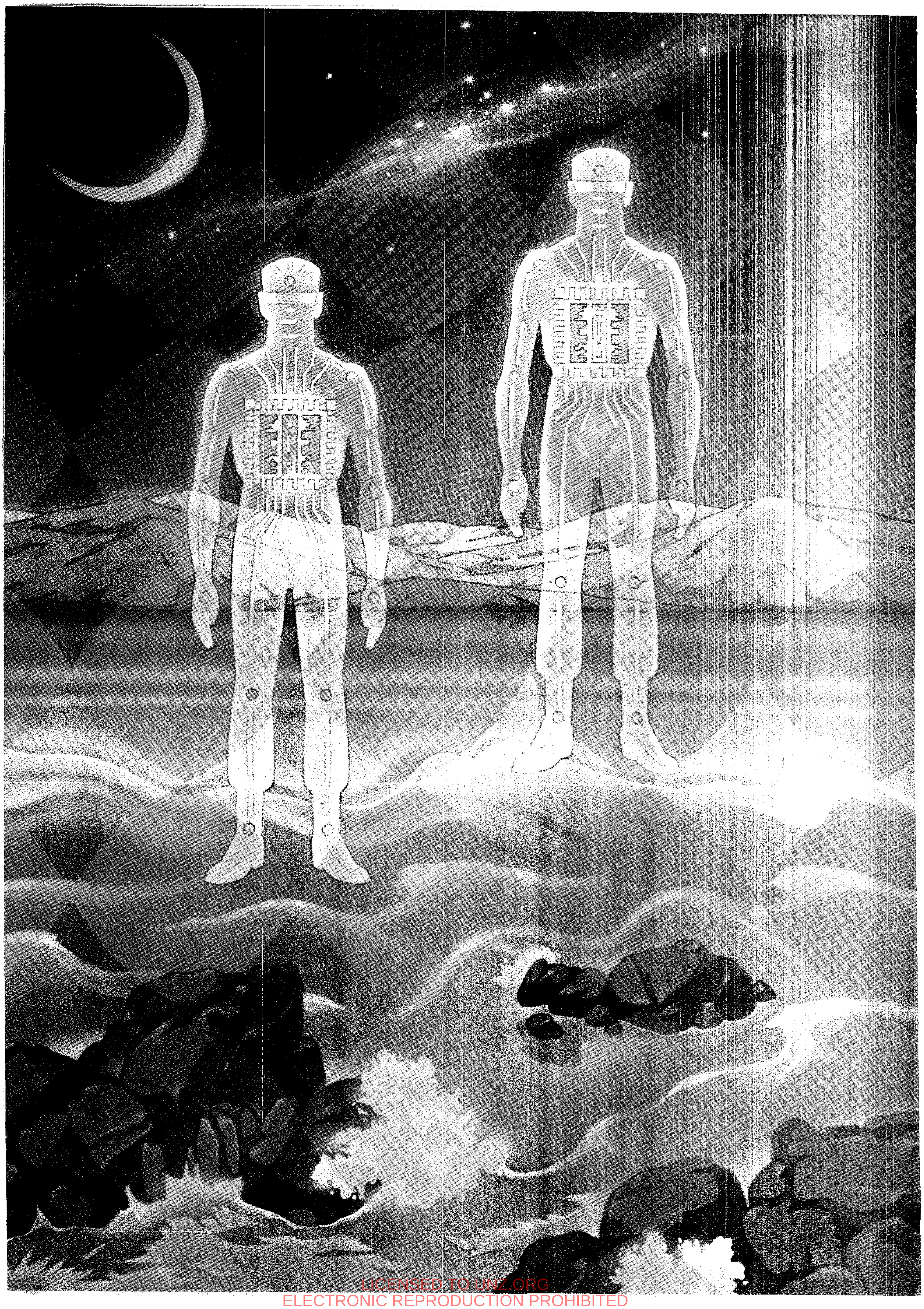

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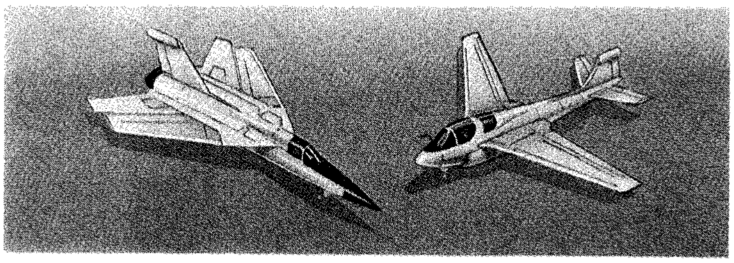

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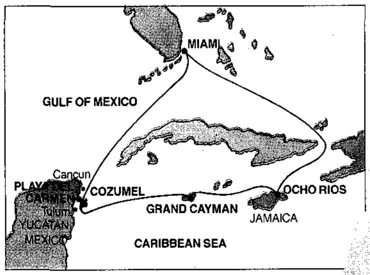

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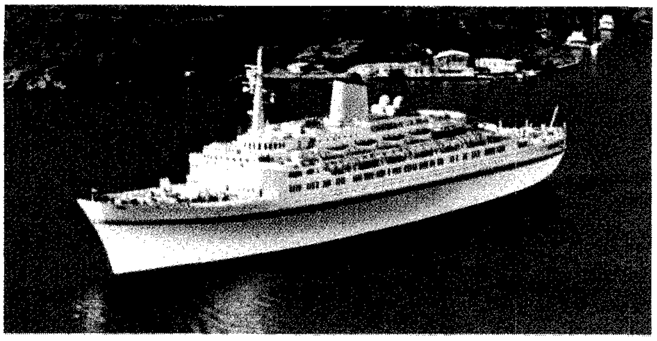
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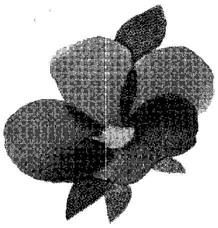
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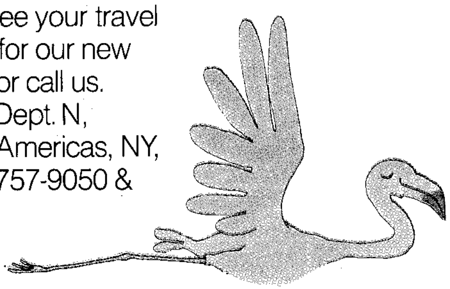
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duced a more aggressive marketing style. Most sales contracts now contain a variety of side agreements designed to lower the cost of the equipment to the airline. There may be a simple allowance on each aircraft. Multimillion-dollar credits for spare parts are a popular means of reducing the carrier's heavy maintenance burden. Under another arrangement, the airline, having taken options for additional aircraft of the type being bought, is authorized to exercise those options at a later date at a price not fully adjusted for inflation or to use them to acquire improved and more expensive models. (Since the price of airplanes is rising even faster than the price of fuel, this sort of thing has obvious importance.) At Boeing, these devices are called green stamps. A sales contract that was entered into by Lockheed and Pan American covering the purchase of twelve L-1011s, with an option for fourteen more, offers a good illustration of how financially weak airlines soften the pain of buying the equipment they need. There are eight side agreements, the first of which is a simple credit, or allowance:

> Because of the prestige Buyer enjoys in all countries connected by its global system, Lockheed expects that the purchase by the Buyer of the airplanes and option airplanes will favourably influence other international carriers' equipment acquisition decisions in the near future. In consideration of this anticipated beneficial impact on the TriStar program, Lockheed hereby agrees to provide Buyer a credit memorandum in the amount of $1,000,000 for each of the airplanes and option airplanes purchased pursuant to the sales contract. Each such credit memorandum shall be applied to the final installment payment due upon delivery of the respective airplane and option airplane to Buyer in accordance with Article II of the sales contract.

Other side agreements in this contract include a twelve-million-dollar credit on spare parts; a credit of half a million dollars per airplane and option airplane to help Pan Am dispose of old Boeing 707s that the L-1011s were to replace; a grant by Lockheed to Pan Am of ground-support equipment and spare parts worth three million dollars for use by the carrier in Latin America and Africa; another three-million-dollar credit, which "releases" Lockheed from an obligation to find an airline willing to lease two additional L-1011s to Pan Am; a half-million-dollar credit per airplane "to assist Buyer in the acquisition of an airplane flight simulator required to support Buyer's flight training program;" and a six-hundred-thousand-dollar "promotional support allowance." The effect of the eight side agreements was to lower the cost of buying twelve L-1011s by about forty-two million dollars—significantly more than the original purchase price of one airplane.

This was indeed a sporty agreement—more so than some, less so than some others. The European consortium Airbus Industrie, when it sold Eastern Air Lines twenty-three A300s in the spring of 1978, was accused by American companies and government officials of having given the airplanes away, in a move to penetrate the American market. The charges were provoked by the financial arrangements, which were certainly the most concessionary that any airline had obtained in a long time. However, it was a side agreement that was not noticed—not in Washington, at any rate—that led the parties out of an impasse in their negotiations and made a deal possible. The device, which was simplicity itself, and was invented for the occasion by Roger Béteille, the Airbus group's executive vice-president and general manager, was called an operating-cost guarantee. It noted the seller's recognition that the buyer, Eastern, really wanted a hundred-and-seventy-seat airplane, not a two-hundred-and-forty-seat A300, which would cost considerably more to operate. "Accordingly," the agreement reads, "the seller agrees to compensate the buyer for the difference in operating costs between the desired one-hundred-and-seventy-seat-capacity aircraft [and the A300] by paying the Buyer a stipulated amount which shall be determined in direct proportion to the difference in the number of seats."

It is now a media event when a major airline orders new airplanes and the engines for them. The size of the purchases, many of which range between one billion and three billion dollars, assures prominent newspaper coverage. The details of a given transaction, however—the contractual arrangements that can mean the difference between winning or losing the deal—are normally treated by the seller and the buyer as proprietary information. The seller usually tries to conceal, or at least obscure, them from other potential customers, especially since many airlines try, often successfully, to obtain what the industry calls "most favored nation" clauses. These have the same meaning—what is available to one is not available to others—in the commercial-aircraft business as in trading arrangements between governments. The green stamps, or sweeteners, have the sole advantage to suppliers of allowing them to lower negotiated prices without appearing to do so. As often as not, however, the negotiated price is itself a substantial concession to the customer. The Europeans, who have government backing, can afford to be sporty. So can Boeing, which obtains a cash flow from its airplane sales and, over all, a healthy return on its investment; but some Boeing airplanes, such as the 747 and the 727, have little serious competition, and the company normally sells them on reasonably unsporty, straightforward terms. The directors of McDonnell Douglas, however, increasingly regard the commercial-aircraft side of the aerospace business as a mug's game, and the goal of a cash flow and a respectable return on investment as fantasy. Still, the company struggles to remain part of a scramble in which ends—airliner sales—not only justify means but frequently dictate them. The scramble has inspired the spread of certain marketing techniques that were used only sparingly, if at all, before the nineteen-seventies and the start of the era of wide-bodied airplanes. These include heavy bribes in countries where such practices are considered essential, and direct intervention by governments.

The beginning of the wide-body era coincided with a change in Administrations, from Lyndon Johnson's to Richard Nixon's. It also coincided with, and helped to cause, a sweeping alteration in the aerospace industry's marketing operations in other countries. During the nineteen-sixties, Washington encouraged weapons sales, relying on them to offset some of the costs of stationing American forces abroad. A large office in the Defense Department promoted sales and exercised close supervision over them. President Nixon told Third World countries early in his Administration that the United States would not intervene directly in their disputes but would help friendly governments protect themselves from aggression and subversion. This so-called Nixon Doctrine was interpreted by American industry to mean that the Administration would cut back government supervision of weapons sales. It was the right interpretation. The Pentagon sales-promotion office was pushed into the background; the laissez-faire spirit of the marketplace took over as the big corporations, feeling liberated, closed in on the sprawling arms trade. They quickly learned what other American businesses operating abroad already knew—that in some countries commercial success is tied to bribes and kickbacks. Businesses tend, understandably, to adapt to the rules, standards, and practices of a particular market. American aerospace companies not only adapted to this custom but also enlarged it. In competing for major weapons contracts, they paid "commissions" and "consulting fees" that exceeded the normal boundaries of the trade. They kept special files on the funds disbursed to purchasing agents and on the agents themselves—files that were restricted to a few key executives with a presumed "need to know." Most of the largest aerospace companies operated abroad in this fashion; they justified it, as other businesses have, with the argument that either the game is played as others play it or the business is lost. Losing the business to a foreign competitor, the argument continues, penalizes the economy, hence America itself. Before long, this marketplace realpolitik spilled over from the arms trade into the competition for foreign airliner sales. The marketing of America's wide-bodied airliners had started. The size of each company's stake in the airplanes was in line with their jumbo dimensions. Boeing was literally betting the company on its 747. Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas were treating each competition, domestic or foreign, between the L-1011 and the DC-10 like a strategic war zone. In this environment, numerous middlemen, some of them government employees and officials, in numerous countries got rich as a result of their role in aircraft-purchase decisions. Because there was no federal statute that forbade bribing foreign officials, the American companies did not feel constrained. And because doing business in this fashion was considered a fact of life the practice did not trouble corporate consciences.

As the pace of the competition quickened, the amounts needed to buy reliable intermediaries rose; in effect, things got out of hand. A series of scandals erupted in the mid-nineteen-seventies. Some of these involved weapons deals, others the sales of airliners. In both cases, but especially the latter, the standard argument that certain practices, however distasteful, are justified by their beneficial effect on American trade rang false: there was no foreign competition in the airliner business. The European Airbus was not yet a factor. Any carrier interested in buying a long-range or medium-range airliner, whether narrow- or wide-bodied, had a choice of Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, or Lockheed airplanes. A high point of notoriety was reached early in 1976, when a Senate subcommittee revealed a list of bribes and commissions totalling twenty-two million dollars which Lockheed had covertly disbursed in several countries. More than half of that sum was spent in Japan, in an effort to persuade the government there that All Nippon Airways should buy L-1011s and not DC-10s. The twelve million six hundred thousand dollars apparently cleared a path to the highest reaches of Japan's government; it turned out that seven million had gone to an ultra-right-wing *éminence grise* named Yoshio Kodama, a man noted for making and breaking prime ministers. The disclosure caused a violent political storm in Japan; it put great pressure on the country's not so deeply rooted democratic institutions and seriously disrupted relations with America. Actually, Lockheed's indiscretions were similar to those committed by most of the other aerospace compa-

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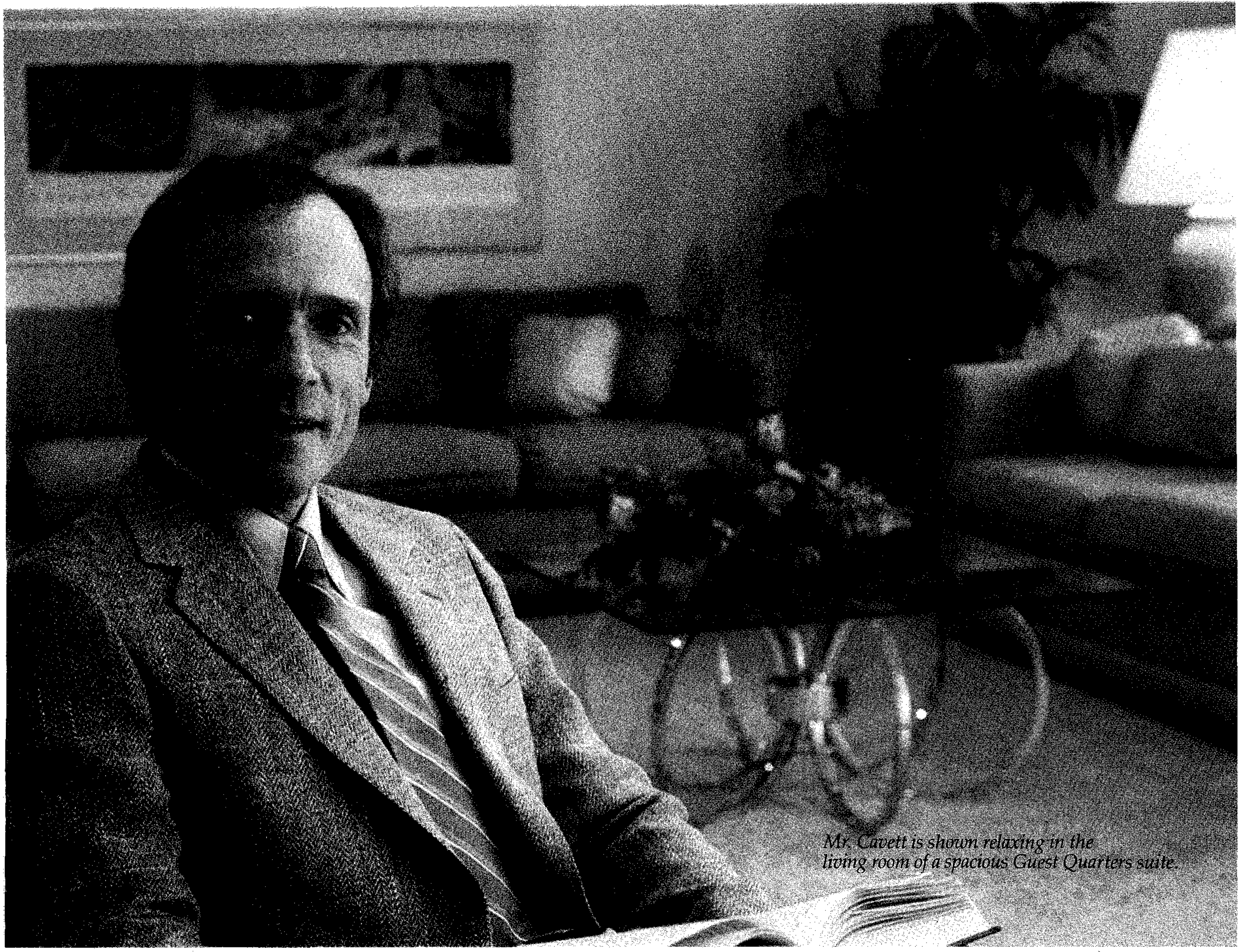

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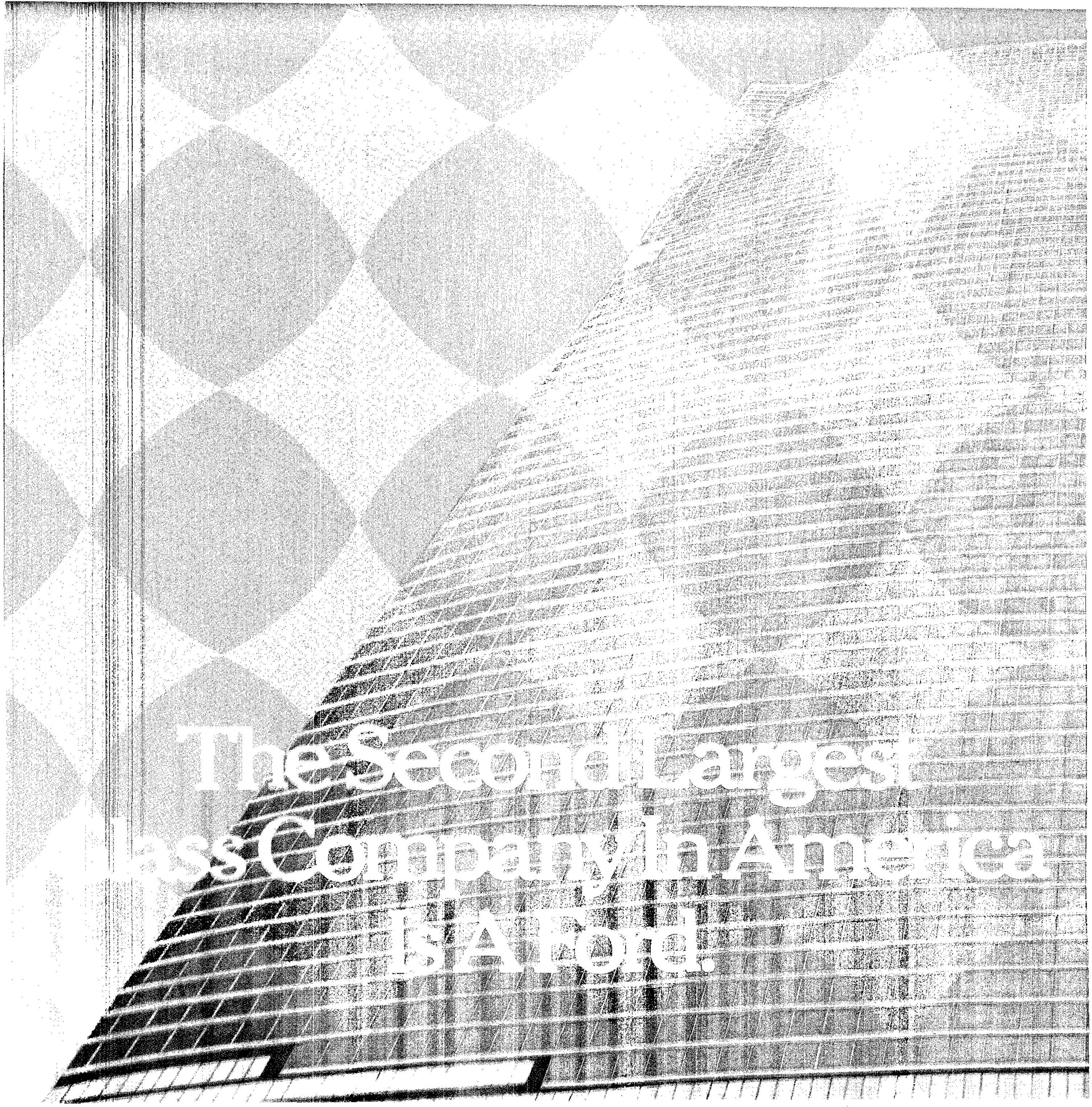

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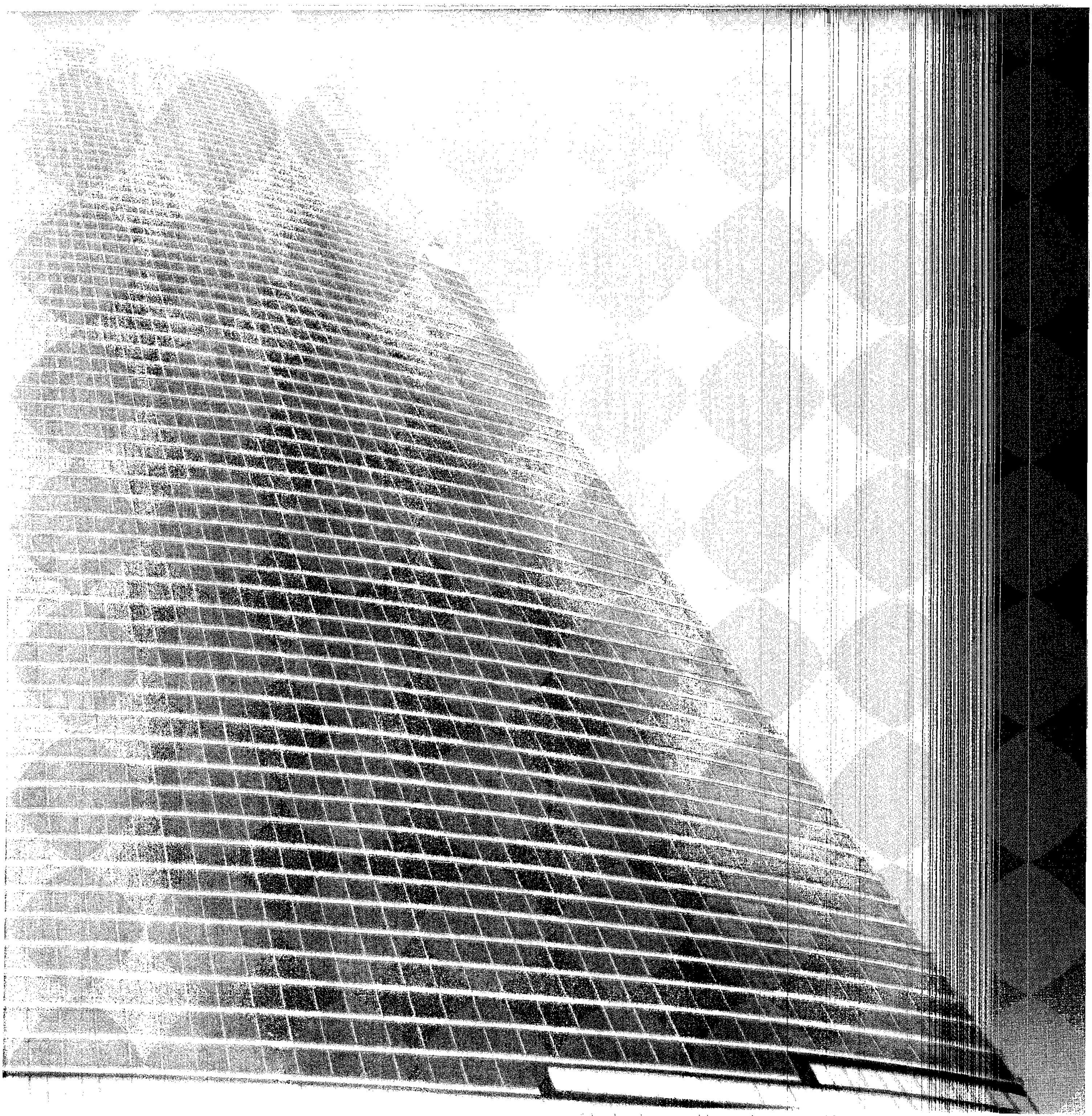

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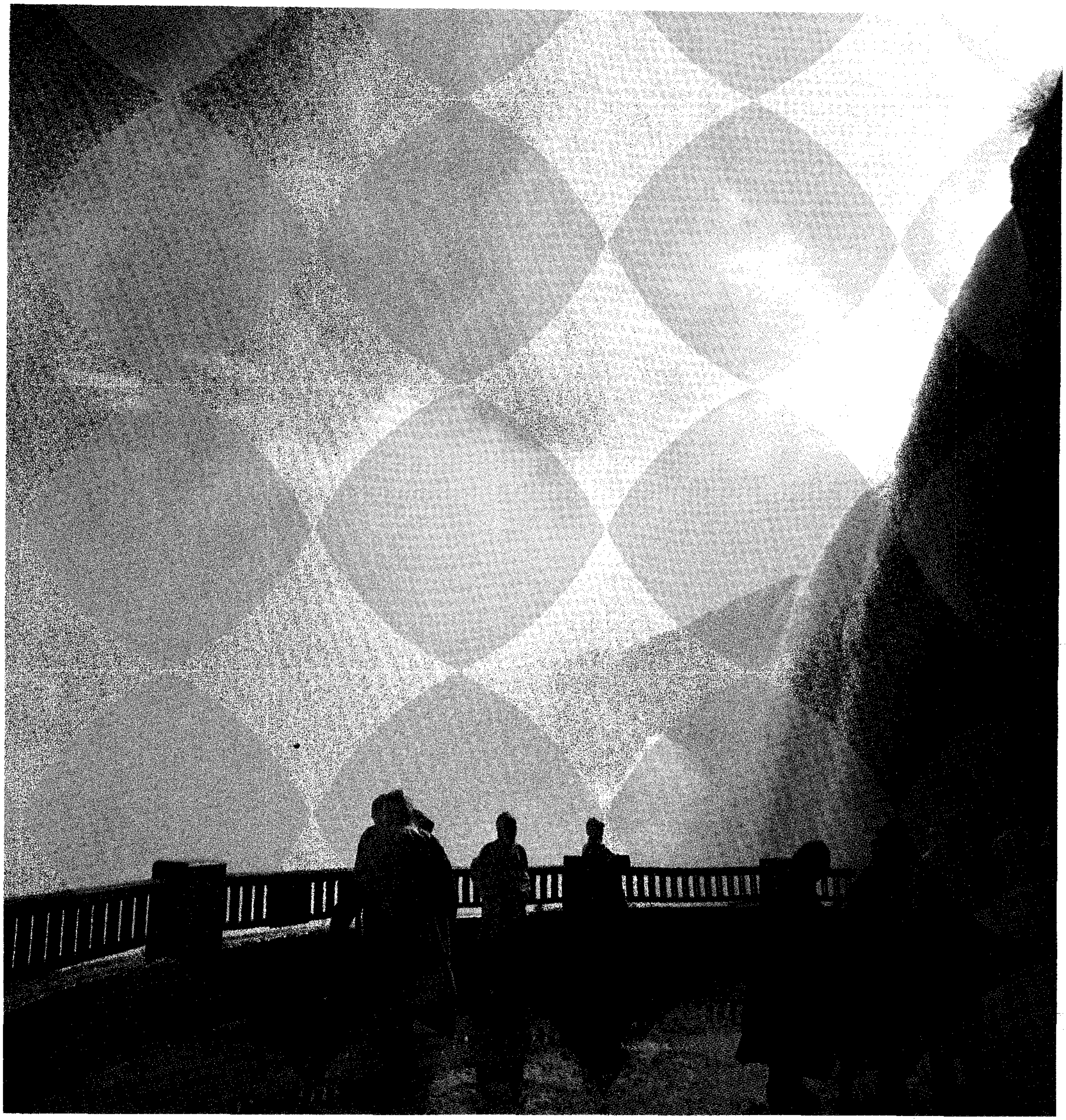

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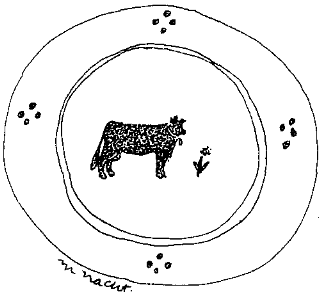
nies, but Lockheed's had a wider and more lasting effect. They deeply embarrassed the governments of Italy and the Netherlands in addition to Japan's. Around the same time, Boeing announced that it had made seventy million dollars in commission payments connected to foreign sales over a five-year period. The sales in question amounted to five and a half billion dollars. A company spokesman said that none of the payments violated the laws of the countries in which they were made. In its annual reports for 1976 and 1977, Boeing informed stockholders of several separate federal investigations of the company's overseas activities, and said the company believed that "it will be advisable for it to continue to engage consultants and pay commissions and financing and consulting fees in certain countries for assistance in selling its products in those countries." But assurances were given that all payments relating to foreign sales would continue to be "accurately and properly recorded in the accounts of the company."



The employment of foreign agents for sales promotion is not illegal if the practice is not misrepresented to officials of another country and if the amounts disbursed in this fashion are adequately reported in company records. Lockheed ended its ordeal by admitting to violations of law; the company's lawyers plea-bargained with the Justice Department, and as a result no one was prosecuted, but the company paid fines of six hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars. The federal investigations of major companies continue. The first, though possibly not the last, of the aerospace companies to find itself in court was McDonnell Douglas. In November of 1979, the corporation and four of its senior executives were indicted on fraud and conspiracy charges. The executives included James S. McDonnell III, the vice-president of the corporation and a son of the company's founder, James McDonnell; and John C. Brizendine, the president of the Douglas Aircraft Company. The four were charged with concealing from Pakistan's government payments of more than a million and a half dollars in connection with the sale of four DC-10s to the country's government-owned airline. They were further accused of adding these concealed sums to the purchase price of the aircraft—in effect, of passing them on to the airline. And, because America's Export-Import Bank financed thirty-five per cent of the sale of the DC-10s to Pakistan, McDonnell Douglas was accused of defrauding the bank, a United States government institution, by causing it to lend more money than it would otherwise have lent. Finally, McDonnell Douglas was accused of concealing material information from the Export-Import Bank in connection with six million dollars in payments to airline executives in South Korea, the Philippines, and Venezuela and to government officials in Zaire. It does not appear that the corporation's management stumbled into these difficulties unaware of what it was doing. A memorandum from Douglas's director of commercial contracts, dated August 23, 1974, warned that concealing the secret arrangements from Pakistan's government and its airline "could well be the beginning of our own Watergate as far as future sales in that part of the world are concerned." The case was settled in September of 1981, when McDonnell Douglas agreed to plead guilty and to pay more than one million two hundred thousand dollars in civil and criminal penalties. In return, the government dropped its criminal charges against the four company executives.

Governments provoke one another by the manner in which they intervene in behalf of their aircraft companies. All parties distinguish between fair and unfair forms of intervention. Usually, the distinction is arbitrary and self-serving, if not self-righteous. France is accused of being unfair when senior members of its government intervene in the marketplace in favor of the Airbus. However, France's British and German partners, who privately share America's disapproval of this practice, do benefit from it and, in any case, use their own embassies in trying to accomplish similar objectives. The United States has not used its embassies in this fashion to the same degree, because until recently most competitions pitted American companies against one another. France has been accused of offering landing rights in Paris to at least one potential Airbus customer, and the United

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States of tying airliner sales to military aid on at least one occasion. Americans complain about having to compete against European companies that have direct government backing. Europeans complain about having to compete against Boeing, G.E., and United Technologies, which are very large and have exceptional productive skills, easy access to a huge capital market, and, when required, government support in some form. Each side exaggerates the other's strengths.

Curiously, the most disruptive form of government intervention at present is also the most solidly established; it lies in the frequent use and occasional misuse of government lending institutions, which exist solely to promote the sales of their country's products abroad. America's Export-Import Bank, Britain's Export Credits Guarantee Department, France's COFACE (Compagnie Française d'Assurance pour le Commerce Extérieur), and Germany's Hermes routinely provide financial arrangements that make the difference between winning and losing airliner sales worth enormous sums of money. These institutions extend loans, which may cover as much as eighty-five per cent of a total purchase, for as long as ten years at interest rates that are well below market rates. Airplane sales absorb a high proportion of their assets. America's Ex-Im Bank, as it is known, has for a long time devoted a major portion of its resources—as much as half, recently—to financing purchases by foreign carriers of American-made airliners and engines. In a time of consistently high interest rates, combined with persistent rises in the price of fuel and of the airplanes themselves, airlines are generally less impressed by minor differences in the price of competing products than in the terms and conditions of their purchase. And as the competitive stresses have shifted toward finance the involved governments have become nervous and, at times, confused. Every government has an obvious interest in promoting the fortunes of its aircraft companies and engine companies, and is often under great pressure to help out wherever it can, particularly in financing deals. In both Washington and London, however, treasury departments and the bureaucrats of the lending institutions themselves resent being exploited, as they have sometimes been, by airlines shopping for new equipment. As the struggle between American companies and Airbus Industrie developed, accusations of "predatory financing" were hurled back and forth across the Atlantic; Americans and Europeans continue to accuse each other, not unreasonably, of lacking restraint and of flouting the so-called "standstill agreement"—the few officially agreed-upon rules, such as a limit on the duration of loans, that are supposed to govern the terms and conditions of financing new airplanes.

Over the years, American suppliers have made eighty to eighty-five per cent of the commercial airplanes and engines sold in the world market. Nearly half of these airplanes are flown by airlines in the United States, which also has about half of the world's airports. Those figures, while they suggest America's preëminence, also point up an American vulnerability. Since Ex-Im was not established to promote commerce at home, American carriers, if they wish to buy American-built airplanes and engines, are not eligible for the attractive lending arrangements that their government can offer to foreign users of American equipment. However, an American carrier obviously does qualify for this sort of help from European versions of Ex-Im—provided, of course, that the equipment being bought is European. Thus, American manufacturers, in confronting competition from Airbus Industrie in the American market—the major market—have sometimes had to invent ways of matching the concessionary financing available to American carriers in Europe. That is not a simple task. Neither, for the moment, is it an urgent one, because the Europeans are not yet a serious competitive threat in the American market. They will probably become one, though, and then Boeing and any other American suppliers still in the struggle could find themselves foraging in the capital markets for devices with which to protect their natural domain; it is a prospect that explains some of the current angst in America's aircraft industry.

The more competitive environment puts government lending agencies under pressure to do more for their aircraft exporters, and some airlines have exploited this situation. One way they have done so is by manipulating suppliers in a manner that victimizes lending agencies and governments. Take an airline that is neither American nor European and is therefore eligible for financial support from the lending agencies on all sides. This airline, in comparing the financial terms being offered by competing suppliers—Boeing and Airbus Industrie, say—might give each an exaggerated impression of the other's offer, a tactic likely to send the companies back to their government lenders in search of greater flexibility. In Washington, an interagency committee run by the Treasury Department normally handles such matters. Typically, an American exporter under heavy pressure from a foreign competitor takes his problem to the appropriate loan officer of the Ex-Im Bank, who will have already accumulated a thick file on the case. More often than not, a sense of urgency is created, and unhappy Treasury Department officials find themselves with forty-eight hours, at most, in which to review the material and reach a judgment on what ought to be done. Both in Washington and in European capitals, decisions made in the heat of a competitive struggle have agitated transatlantic relations and left a residue of bad feeling.

THE best example of how exploiting a government lender may generate confusion, misunderstanding, questionable precedents, and ill will is an incident that occurred in the spring of 1978 and that involved Pan American and Britain's Export Credits Guarantee Department, known as the E.C.G.D. At issue was Pan Am's purchase of twelve L-1011s—more precisely, of a new and longer-range version of the L-1011. Pan Am needed new airplanes to replace old Boeing 707s then being flown on routes that are less heavily travelled than, say, New York to London or New York to Frankfurt, and therefore do not justify the use of 747s. (Not replacing the 707s would have forced Pan Am to give up a third of its route structure and become a much smaller airline.) After considering a number of airplanes, Pan Am narrowed the field to the long-range versions of the DC-10 and the L-1011. By the end of 1977, Pan Am strongly favored the L-1011. Its management revealed nothing, however, deliberately keeping all sides guessing about its intentions. Pan Am was in financial trouble (as it is now) and expected to have severe, possibly insuperable difficulty in raising all the money it would need. It was determined to make the best possible financial deal. I asked Pete Conrad why McDonnell Douglas lost the Pan Am order, and he replied tersely, "We didn't get Pan Am because we weren't sporty enough." But only an exceedingly sporty offer from McDonnell Douglas could have made a difference. Lockheed was under unusually heavy pressure to sell L-1011s, especially the new version, and Pan Am knew that it could buy the airplane on very good terms. And some Pan Am executives reckoned that playing off the engine companies might yield a truly exceptional financial package. As it turned out, they were right.

With the L-1011 informally selected as the airframe, Pan Am executives next had to choose the engine. The choice was neither difficult nor particularly complicated. Every airline in the world that flies L-1011s uses Rolls-Royce engines. Buying L-1011s with Pratt & Whitney or G.E. engines would require redesigning certain features of the airplane and recertifying it with the Federal Aviation Administration. Estimates of how much that would cost varied with the engine and ranged between thirty-five and a hundred million dollars. The job of evaluating the three engines and recommending one of them belonged to John G. Borger, who was then the vice-president for engineering at Pan Am (the only company he ever worked for). Borger is a strong and convincing man in a business that no longer has many such men in its top echelon. He is universally respected and admired; at the time, he was also feared by some executives of some aircraft companies, partly because of his directness and partly because of the strong influence he had with Pan Am's senior management—particularly with Juan Trippe, at one time the airline's chief executive. Borger had worked closely with Boeing in developing the 707 and the 747; T. Wilson, reminiscing about those days recently, described Borger as a frequent irritant to Boeing but also as a constructive force and a critic who was

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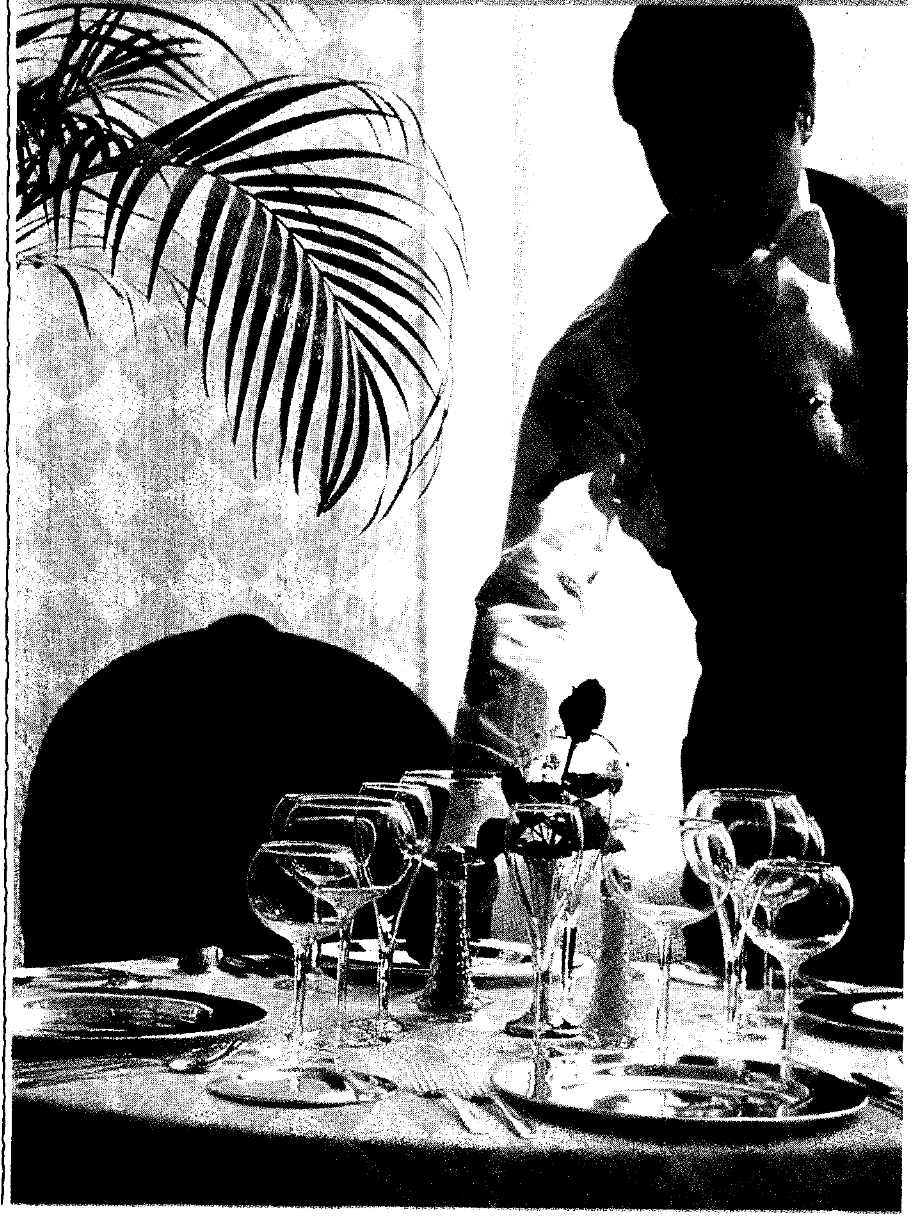

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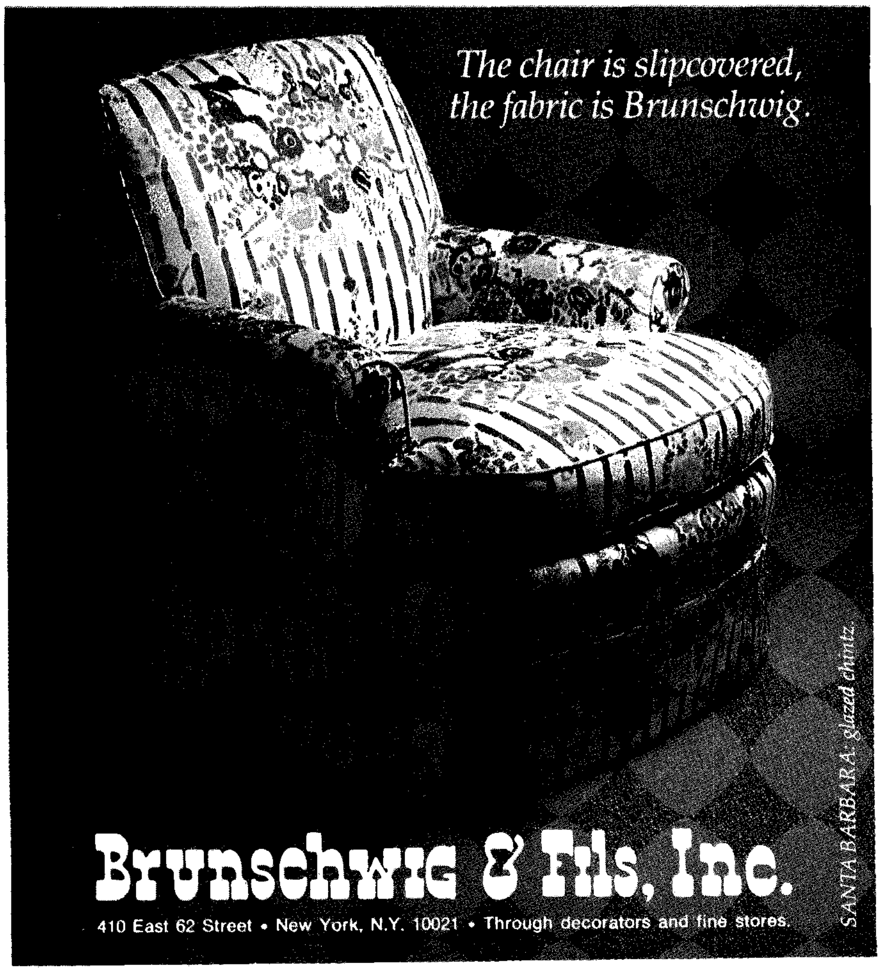

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far more often right than wrong. Borger is one of a small group of airline engineers who have been held in especially high esteem throughout the aircraft industry. Others are the late Franklin Kolk, of American Airlines; Robert Rummel, of Trans World Airlines; and Charles Froesch, of Eastern Air Lines. Rummel and Froesch have retired from the airline business.

Borger recommended buying the Rolls-Royce engine. He recalls that he did so on the night of December 30, 1977, a Friday. He and his colleagues in Pan Am's engineering department saw no attractive alternative. G.E. had taken little interest in the L-1011, partly because it was the rival of the DC-10, an airplane that is flown only with G.E.'s engines—except by Japan Air Lines and by Northwest Airlines, which as a matter of company policy uses only Pratt & Whitney engines. According to Borger, almost all the performance guarantees and other data put forward by G.E. related to the DC-10, not to the L-1011. (Pan Am, if it had bought the DC-10, probably would have selected G.E.'s engine for it.) Pratt & Whitney, again according to Borger, had been almost equally unaggressive about the L-1011 up to the time of his recommendation. The company's marketing people felt that there were too few potential customers for the new version of Lockheed's airplane to justify the heavy cost of hanging an engine on it. Moreover, Pratt & Whitney was so heavily involved with Boeing and McDonnell Douglas that, like G.E., it apparently hoped, or had convinced itself, that Pan Am would select anything but the L-1011. In these circumstances, Rolls-Royce was the obvious source of engines for Pan Am's L-1011s; Pratt & Whitney was a rather poor second choice, and G.E. a distant third.

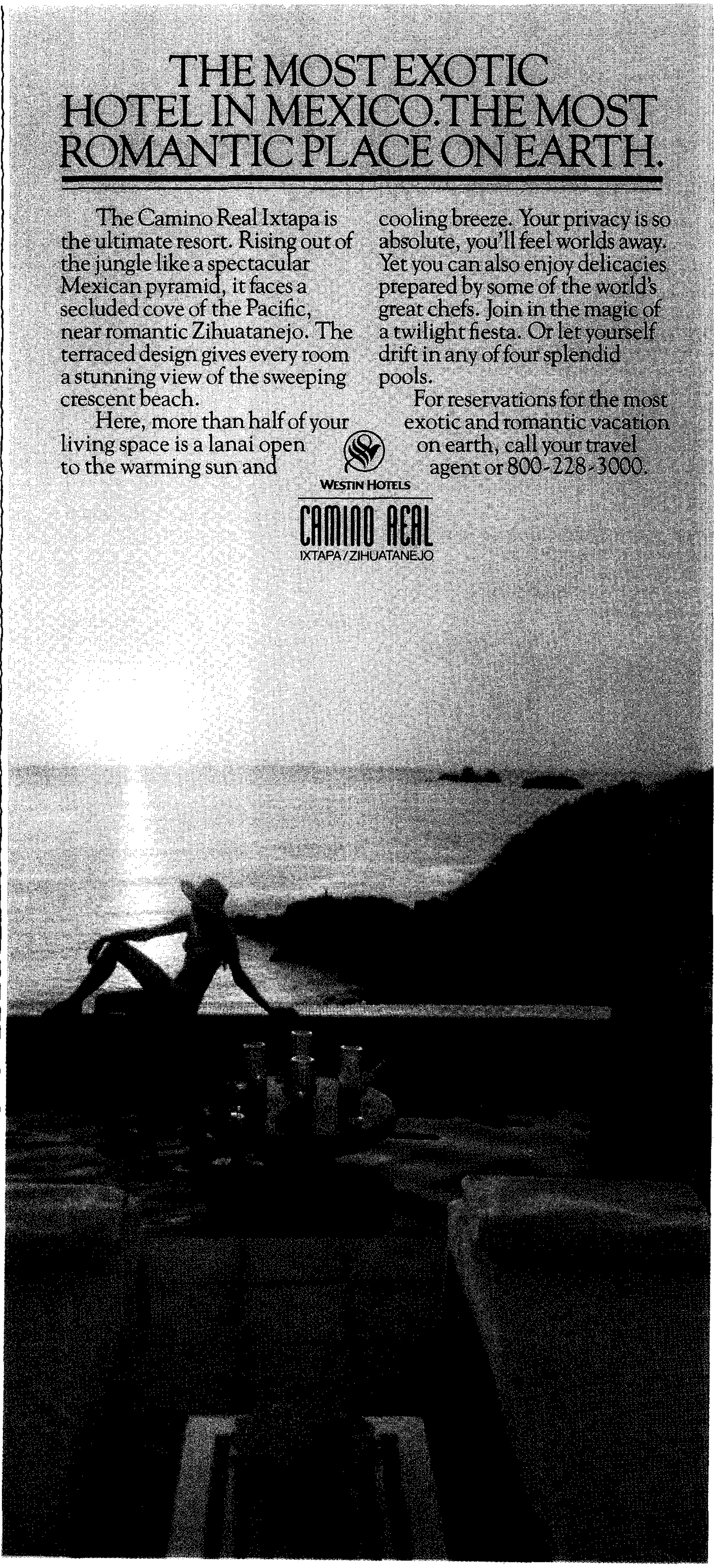
It was generally known that Pan Am's board of directors would approve the choice of new equipment at a meeting scheduled for early April of 1978. As the winter wore on, maneuvering on finance took control of the situation. J. Kenneth Kilcarr, then Pan Am's vice-president for finance, says, "What I wanted was supplier financing. Lockheed was willing to do some, but not a lot. G.E. and Douglas made very attractive proposals." Kilcarr and other members of Pan Am's financial team were trying to combine the company's intention of buying equipment from Lockheed and Rolls-Royce with a deal that would secure the entire purchase with other people's credit. With

Lockheed unable or unwilling to oblige its customer to that extent, the only target of opportunity was Rolls-Royce. In London, the Pan Am deal was a subject of considerable concern in the government as well as at Rolls-Royce. In the competition with Pratt & Whitney and G.E., Britain's government-owned company was not doing well; its position as the exclusive source of engines for the L-1011 was one of its few major assets, and losing the Pan Am deal would be a disaster. At one point during that winter, Prime Minister James Callaghan asked Sir Kenneth Keith, Rolls-Royce's chairman (he has since retired and is now Lord Keith), how things were going, and offered to help if he could. Little did either of them know, Keith says now, what lay ahead.

The maneuvering in New York had left Rolls-Royce confused as well as anxious. It had been led to believe that G.E. was the chief threat. Samuel Higginbottom, a former president of Eastern Air Lines, who is now president of Rolls-Royce of North America, had most of the contact with Pan Am at the time, and he says, "Pan Am had a slight preference for the Rolls-Royce engine but found both the engines acceptable. It was between G.E. and Rolls-Royce. And since the engines were quite even the issue turned on the financial aspect."

William T. Seawell, then Pan Am's chairman and chief executive, remembers the situation quite differently, and much as Borger does. He says, "G.E. was not quite as good, not quite as aggressive on the financing. United Technologies was more aggressive. It was primarily a competition between Pratt and Rolls-Royce at the end. G.E. did not push as hard on the L-1011. G.E., however, was pushing hard on the DC-10."

Kilcarr's immediate boss at the time was James H. Maloon, a Pan Am executive vice-president, who has since left to become chairman of the Itel Corporation. He, too, was heavily involved with financing equipment purchases, and he says, "We were also looking at the G.E. engine and the DC-10 airplane. But we could have comfortably chosen the G.E. engine for either airplane. We had a slight preference for the Rolls-Royce engine." Maloon did not mention Pratt & Whitney. In short, there are within Pan Am two versions of the state of play in the early months of 1978; Seawell and Borger, the chief executive and the chief engineer for Pan



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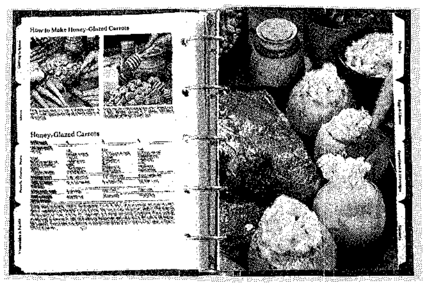

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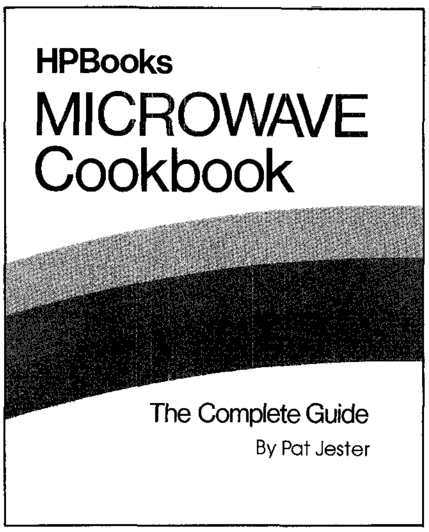

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Am, remember matters in a way that diverges on key points from the account given by Maloon and Kilcarr, who were the main sources of information for Rolls-Royce.

On March 9, 1978, Keith met with Seawell in New York; it was apparently a good meeting, and Seawell says that at that point he "lost track of it." The board of directors' meeting was less than a month away, and the exact financial details remained to be worked out. On March 15th, six days after Keith and Seawell met, Kilcarr convened a meeting with Higginbottom, at Pan American. Besides Kilcarr and Higginbottom, two other people from Pan Am and four others from Rolls-Royce were present. The purpose of the meeting was for Kilcarr to make a statement to Rolls-Royce about Pan Am's position. The statement shocked Rolls-Royce and, hours later, senior members of the British government, including the Prime Minister. It warned Rolls-Royce that Pan Am had an "operational preference . . . for the General Electric engine on the Lockheed airplane," and then it said that this operational preference "is substantially small, so that it could be offset by a superior financing package." But, the statement continued, G.E. had just come forward with a new financial offer, which "is an extremely attractive proposal to Pan Am because it permits to use [sic] its own credit for other purposes which they desire to do." According to the statement, G.E. was offering fifteen-year financing, and in a fashion that Rolls-Royce interpreted, not unreasonably, as guaranteeing the whole purchase—airframes and engines. Rolls-Royce was told that winning the competition would require "a proposal that is equivalent" but with a lower rate of interest on the money. The statement spelled out a set of conditions that included one-hundred-per-cent financing; a term of fifteen years; no involvement of Pan Am's own credit; and a commitment from Rolls-Royce "by Wednesday, March 22, to cover the initial 12-plane order." Rolls-Royce was also told that its chances of selling engines to Pan Am for use on 747s would depend on whether it "is the successful bidder on the L-1011 competition."

Rolls-Royce had been given a week in which to put together a financial package of unexampled scope and benevolence. Higginbottom telephoned Keith in London as soon as the meeting at Pan Am was over. He also cabled a written summary of the meeting. Keith instantly informed Prime Minister Callaghan of the new development. Keith, who was also chairman of the Hill Samuel Group, a large commercial bank, is a pillar of the British establishment. He had been placed in charge of Rolls-Royce by a Conservative Prime Minister, Edward Heath, but was on good terms with Callaghan. A prominent and somewhat controversial banker, known for his determination and his bureaucratic skills, Keith was determined to win the Pan Am deal. He called Peter Jay, Britain's Ambassador in Washington at the time. He stressed the importance of matching—not exceeding, just matching—the G.E. offer. He also indicated that there might be a row in London, and asked Jay if he would support him in that event. Jay said that he would, and he later did. However, Rolls-Royce had already convinced successive British governments that its future lay with American-built airplanes flown by American carriers. Callaghan, predictably, was sympathetic, even though he was being asked to take an action that flouted the standstill agreement among the handful of governments that have large aircraft industries to protect. Most important, he was being asked to guarantee the financing of the airplanes as well as their engines. Using the E.C.G.D. to underwrite the engine purchase would accord with the established practice of helping one's own industry in the overseas market, but using it to help an American airline buy an American airplane would go far beyond the normal and accepted boundaries. Fifteen-year financing would also exceed the bounds of the standstill agreement, which fixed ten years as the maximum.

Armed with Higginbottom's summary of the meeting at Pan Am, Callaghan put the matter before a committee of senior Whitehall figures, which met over the weekend of March 18th and 19th; the decision was to push ahead. Clearly, Callaghan and his colleagues, along with Rolls-Royce, believed sincerely that they were matching, not exceeding, an offer put forward by G.E., seemingly the chief competitor. Drawing back would have amounted to accepting the idea that a government-owned company cannot be as sporty, and as competitive, as a privately owned company. Given Rolls-Royce's position as a large employer of skilled workers and a major national asset, it is unlikely that any British government would have, or perhaps could have, done differently.

When Keith had his decision, he called Higginbottom and asked him to inform Seawell that matters were on track. Then, on March 22nd, Keith went to New York, arriving in time for a lunch with Seawell. They spent the rest of the day and part of the evening negotiating the outline of the entire package. Pan Am's board of directors met on April 4th and approved the arrangement. Then the trouble began. The Treasury Department cried foul; it was mightily stimulated by Harry Gray, who seems to have taken the Pan Am deal as a personal affront. Pratt & Whitney's initial lack of vigor regarding a potential user of L-1011s had been superseded by Gray's personal zeal to win the Pan Am deal—to discourage Pan Am from moving outside the Pratt & Whitney fold. When Gray heard that Pan Am was on the verge of buying Rolls-Royce engines, he came directly to Seawell, hoping that it might not be too late to put together a new package. It was too late; he saw Seawell on March 21st—the day before the final settlement with Rolls-Royce was scheduled. At Pan Am, it was said that "Harry Gray was a day late and a dollar too high;" the comment circulated widely. The term "predatory financing" began circulating even more widely when a hearing of the Subcommittee on Trade of the House Ways and Means Committee—inspired by the combination of the Pan Am deal and the purchase by Eastern Air Lines of Airbuses—got under way, on July 14, 1978. The United Technologies witness was a vice-president named Clark MacGregor, who had served ten years as a representative from Minnesota. He accused the British of violating the rules. He said, "In choosing Rolls-Royce engines, Pan Am was able to get terms they would not have been able to get in choosing the Pratt & Whitney engines. A seventy-five-million-dollar down payment would have been required. Our company did not lose to Rolls-Royce on the Pan Am deal; rather, we were beaten by a no-money-down, full-purchase-price guarantee by the British government."

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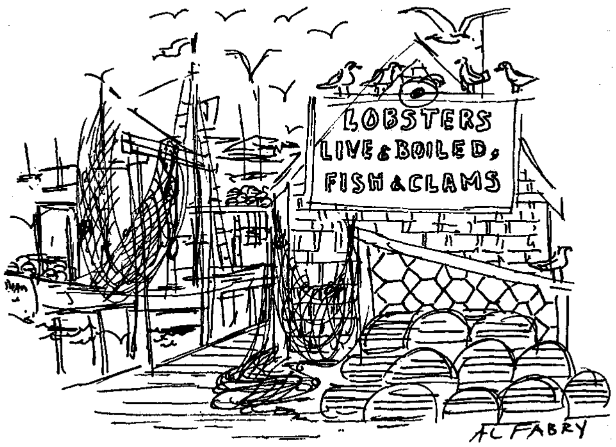
The impression left by the hearing was that the British government, too clever by half, had interfered intolerably in an essentially American competition. An official from the Treasury Department told the subcommittee that "the government of the United Kingdom—through its export credit agency (E.C.G.D.)—induced Pan American to select Rolls-Royce engines for its new Lockheed L-1011s by offering highly concessionary terms." The record, of which he was not aware, supports no such interpretation. The record does show that Pan American "induced" the outcome so deplored by many, mainly by implying that an offer it had from G.E.'s Credit Corporation (the company's lending unit) was better than it actually was, and then soliciting an "equivalent" offer.

The British took little satisfaction from their victory, because of the row it created. Apart from the turmoil in Washington, some of their own partners were upset by what had happened; the Germans, who were no more aware of the background than the Treasury Department was, blamed the British for having done something that would make it more difficult for all sides to live within sensible rules. The British, of course, justified their action on the ground that they had matched, not exceeded, G.E.'s offer; that is what Callaghan told the Americans—notably, President Jimmy Carter and his Secretary of the Treasury, Michael W. Blumenthal. Matters therefore became more confused when G.E. people began denying that the company had ever made an offer of the kind the British claimed to be matching. On April 27th, shortly after Pan Am's board meeting, G.E.'s board was in London; Jack Parker, then the vice-chairman of the board, had lunch with Sir Kenneth Keith, and told Keith that his company resented the British statements about matching the G.E. offer, because G.E., he said, had never made any such offer and never would. He said that from G.E.'s point of view Pan Am was not worth the risk. Parker was undoubtedly speaking sincerely. It appears that the G.E. directors were wholly unaware of any far-reaching offer to Pan Am by the company's lending body.

Keith summarizes his position by saying, "I trusted Sam Higginbottom, and the Prime Minister trusted me. It's not conceivable that I would have done what I did if we hadn't been convinced that the G.E. offer was exactly as described to us." What G.E. or individual members of the company actually offered Pan Am is even now not altogether clear. Maloon says that G.E. did offer to guarantee a hundred per cent of the financing of the entire purchase, but on terms that were not as good as the British ones. The Treasury Department, under heavy pressure from Harry Gray to do something, sought to find out from G.E. precisely what had been offered to Pan Am. For some weeks, nothing happened. Then, during the summer, the Treasury Department received a memorandum from G.E. dated July 14th, the date of the trade subcommittee's hearing. The memorandum enclosed a piece of paper, undated, with no letterhead or anything else to indicate its origin; the paper purported to describe General Electric's last, best offer to Pan Am. Assuming, as the Treasury Department does, that the document is authentic, Pan Am was being offered, as Maloon said, a one-hundred-per-cent guarantee of the entire purchase (airframes and engines) and fifteen-year maturities. Under G.E.'s proposal, however, about forty per cent of the total value of the purchase (roughly two hundred million dollars) would have been required as a deposit. Pan Am's arrangement with the British did not, of course, require a deposit or a down payment. The balance (sixty per cent), under G.E.'s offer, would have been repayable in twenty-eight semi-annual installments at an annual interest rate of about eleven per cent—slightly above the cost of the money that Britain raised on Pan Am's behalf. The paper, or proposal, also expressed a willingness to pay the large cost of adapting the L-1011 to G.E.'s engine.

To a degree, Britain's action exceeded rather than matched G.E.'s offer, particularly with regard to the down payment. Still, what the British did was neither more nor less than what Kilcarr had insisted upon on March 15th; and what he had insisted upon amounted, by clear implication, to an "equivalent" offer. A chaotic quality runs through the entire affair. By early 1978, Pan Am was virtually certain to buy an engine from Rolls-Royce; the only real competition, according to the Pan Am people who are in the best position to know, was from Pratt & Whitney. But because Pan Am's financial department apparently put matters in a different light Rolls-Royce was convinced that General Electric was the company to beat. General Electric, according to Pan Am, produced a far-reaching financial offer; the Treasury Department has seen it. Yet the vice-chairman of General Electric's board of directors was apparently not familiar with it, nor was Walter Wriston, who is the chairman of Citibank and Citicorp and also a member of the General Electric board. Wriston says, "I never heard of any such proposal, and therefore presume there was none, since, presumably, it would have been brought before the board." One can only guess at the actual origins of the incident. Possibly, some of Pan Am's people persuaded some of General Electric's people that a sufficiently sporty financial offer would lead to a mating of Lockheed's airplane with General Electric's engine. If so, it isn't likely that any of these people ever discussed the idea with John Borger.



The fallout from the incident produced an amendment to the Export-Import Bank Act. It is known at Ex-Im and the Treasury as "the Harry Gray amendment." It allows Ex-Im, under certain circumstances, to help American "sellers" by matching the financing that agencies of other governments may be offering in the American market. As for Pan Am, having obtained a truly exceptional financial package, it still needed the actual funds—five hundred and twenty million dollars. Rolls-Royce, which had agreed to raise this money, was advised by Lockheed to ask Frederick W. Bradley, a senior vice-president of Citibank, to find it. Bradley agreed, and found himself in the odd position of serving as both Pan Am's agent banker and the financial adviser to Rolls-Royce. Bradley and Keith obtained two hundred and sixty million dollars from a consortium of eleven banks, consisting of their own—Citibank and Hill Samuel—and two other British banks and seven Japanese banks. Bradley and Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, the investment bank, placed the balance, another two hundred and sixty million dollars, with American insurance companies and pension funds.

This episode suggests that as domestic airlines tighten their belts and foreign airlines turn less to Ex-Im the aircraft and engine suppliers will become sportier still. Moreover, those few rules which were established to impose restraint on aircraft financing by governments appear to have lost whatever relevance they had. Pan Am's deal with Britain, in one form or another, is the model for the future, according to many senior executives. All interested parties learned from it.

NOT long ago, the governing priorities of long-distance travel were comfort and speed, in that order. Passenger ships and railroad trains were designed to move travellers between distant points in some style, or the illusion thereof, as well as comfort. Automobile-makers emphasized comfort and a sense of well-being as they sought, with great success, to develop an affinity between the motorist and his car. Back in 1961, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, in urging his Cabinet to approve Britain's participation with France in the devel-

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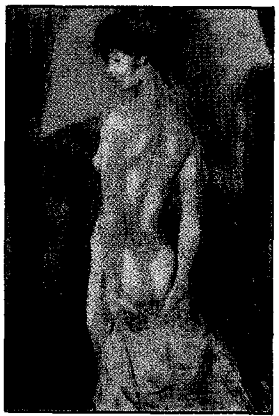
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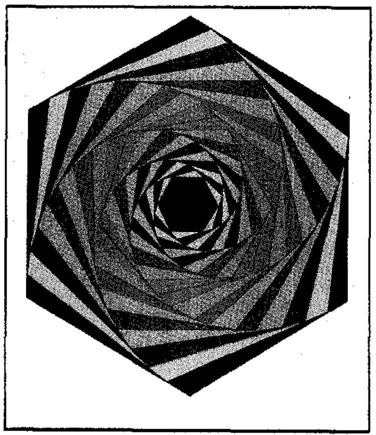
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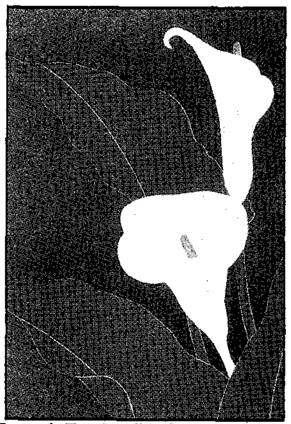
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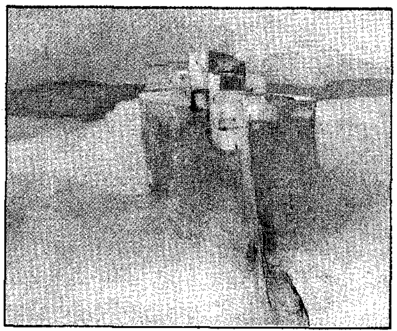
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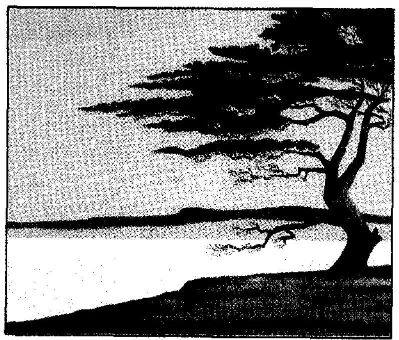
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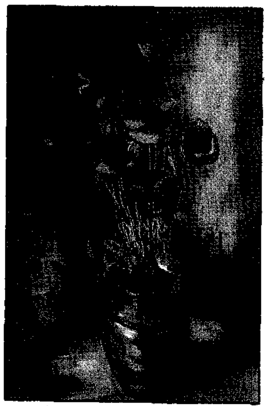
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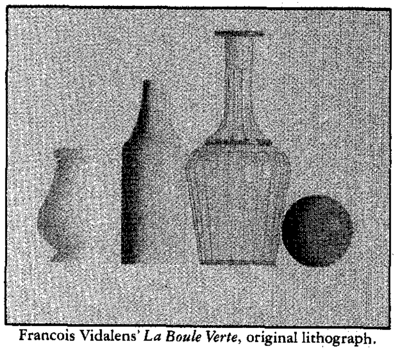
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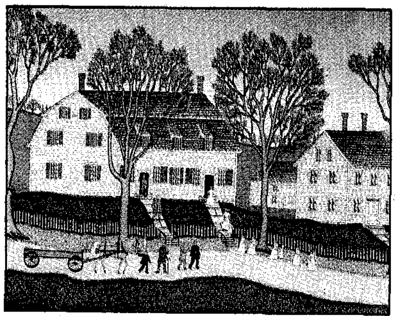
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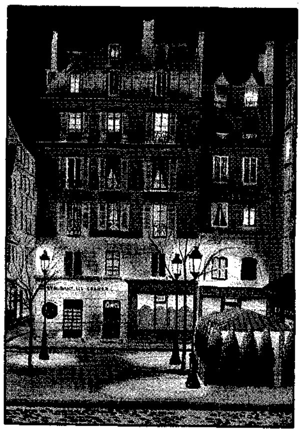
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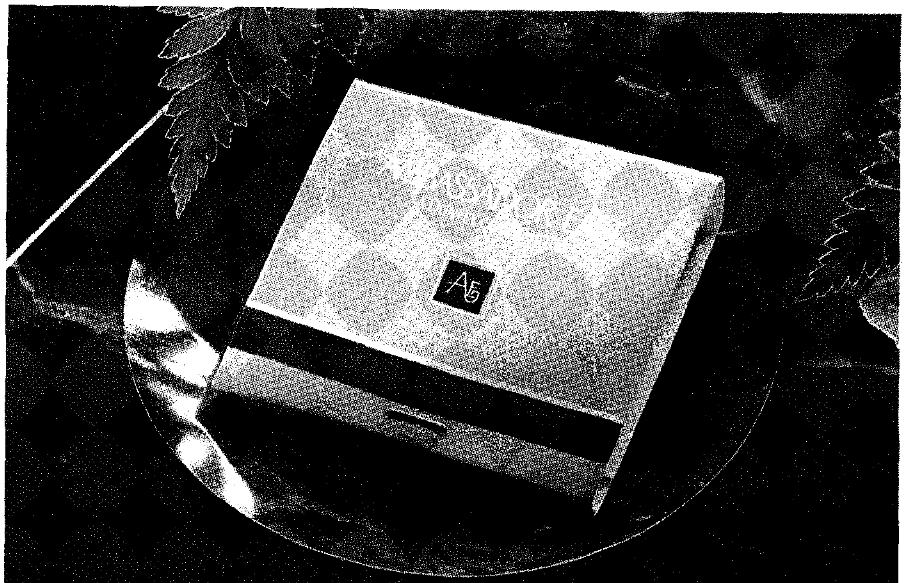
opment of the world's first (and so far only) supersonic transport, the Concorde, said that he had found his great-aunt's Daimler to be the ideal means of locomotion. It did not, he recalled, exceed the sensible speed of thirty miles per hour, and a gentleman could enter it without removing his hat. But, he continued, times had changed; people wished to travel faster, and Britain, he felt, should proceed with the Concorde.

Ships and trains—the modes of travel that many people still feel are those which God intended them to use—have been for the most part replaced by airplanes as conveyors of travellers and their goods. Ships are becoming fewer, and in the United States talk of fully modern high-speed rail service in densely populated corridors, such as the Northeast, has proved to be mostly talk. The Reagan Administration has sharply reduced Amtrak's subsidy—an action that will abridge rail service and raise ticket prices significantly. An Administration budget document says, "Passenger trains, while part of the country's heritage and history, have little place in a federal budget which is heavily in debt." Longer-distance travel by automobile is also declining, as the trend toward smaller cars lessens comfort and as the price of gas has risen. In virtually all parts of the world, the personal and professional lives of growing numbers of people are organized to a large degree around air travel. In America, eighty-five per cent of all intercity public transportation is by air. About half the airline routes are aimed at business travellers, the other half at vacationers.

Whatever may be said against the world's air-travel system, it does manage each day to move vast numbers of people from place to place in considerable harmony with schedules, and with an exceptionally high degree of safety. Some airline public-relations people like to say that a voyager in any country, using scheduled air service, can plan to dine in any of the world's major cities, however distant, on the day following his departure. The system is clearly a marvel of coördination and technology. A former NASA official who is now involved in air safety thinks that routinely moving large numbers of people from point to point through the air is a more formidable enterprise than putting a few people on the moon. Indeed, the passenger in a commercial airliner is undergoing an experience that is somewhat comparable to flying in more exotic air-



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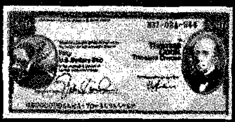

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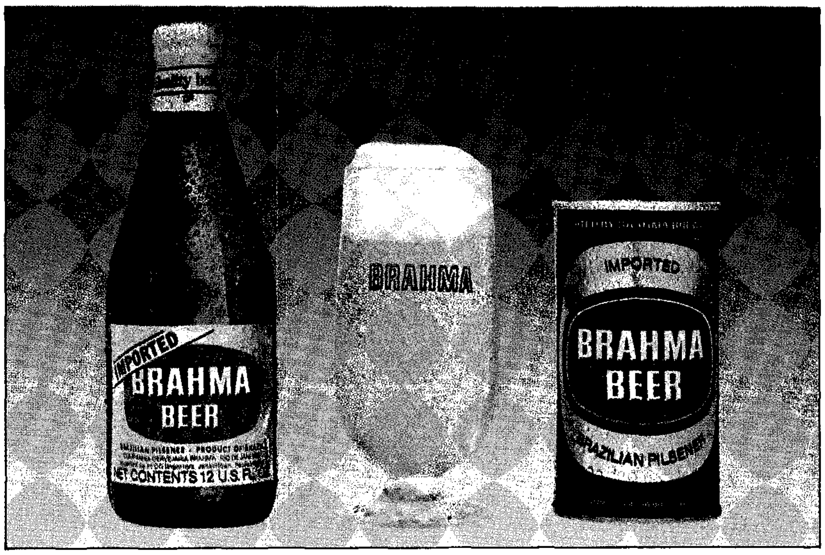

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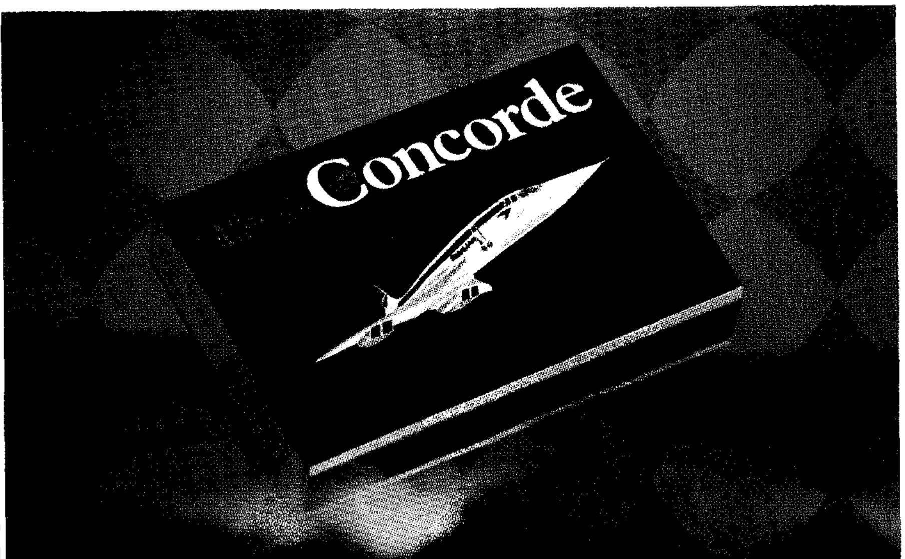
ships. Inside a modern airliner, he is as close as most people can ever be to the outer edge of today's technology. The space program and the aircraft industry have interacted to the benefit of each. Astronauts and fliers of high-performance combat aircraft are, of course, on intimate terms with the most advanced products of modern technology. The passenger on a commercial jet transport becomes a part of an environment that embodies much of the same high technologies—computers, electronics, advanced techniques in metallurgy. Moreover, the airliner must meet standards of endurance and reliability that exceed those of combat aircraft.

Most people, however, find nothing strange or memorable about an airline flight. The experience can be and frequently is disagreeable, especially if the airplane is crowded or is behind schedule. It is going to become even more disagreeable, partly because of the apparent inability of several major American carriers to buy the new equipment they need. Most of them will have to retire a number of airplanes, which consume too much fuel and, in most cases, do not meet impending federal noise regulations. The effect will be fewer flights and a tendency to cram the airplanes. The former astronaut Frank Borman, who is now the chief executive of Eastern Air Lines, says that he is optimistic about the future of his industry, but also that he foresees, "beginning in the middle eighties, a severe shortage in capacity in the domestic trunk industry," and he adds, "I look for very vigorous business, perhaps with some discomfort to the travelling public, because of a lack of capacity, starting in the 1983-84 period." A situation of too few modern airplanes available for the number of air travellers is likely to last well beyond the mid-nineteen-eighties. The seating is already becoming denser, as airlines try to offset rising operating costs by adding rows of seats. And there is a trend toward slightly narrower and lighter seats, even though people are gradually becoming larger.

The airlines have many worries, but the possibility that less comfort will inhibit the growth in traffic is not one of them. On the contrary, what the airlines see tells them that convenience has already dulled the average customer's concern with comfort. People who think that getting there is half the fun are a shrinking company. One of a number of examples of changing



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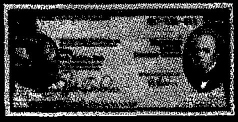

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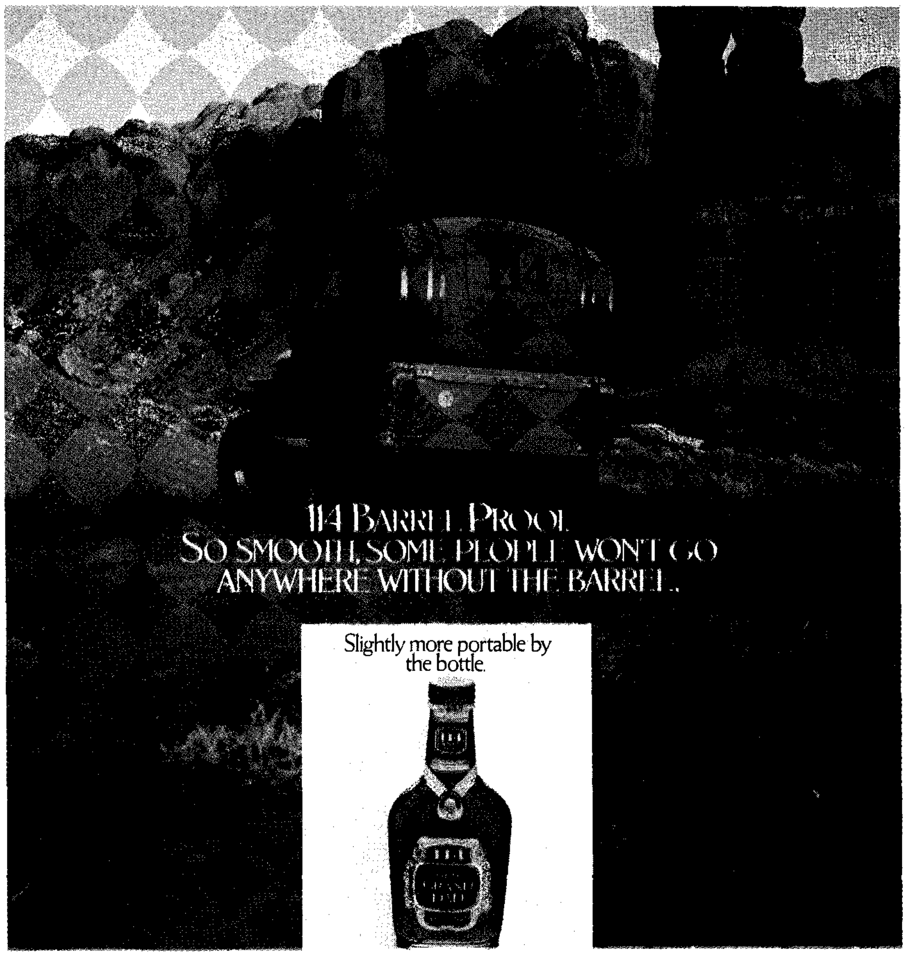
preferences is the service to Western Europe from big American cities: whereas many such flights once left in the morning and, because of the time change, arrived late in the evening, virtually all of them now depart in the evening and arrive in European cities the following morning. A day flight allowed the passenger to have dinner and a night's sleep in the city to which he was travelling (or at a hotel en route). A night flight, because it rapidly overtakes the sun and does not provide the combination of comfort and duration that most people require for a decent night's rest, is wearisome. (There is, admittedly, a core of seasoned travellers for whom flight is a soporific, and who claim to hit the ground running after a short night in the air.) Still, if the flight is on schedule they are in time for connecting flights, or for meetings, or whatever. As more and more people chose the convenience of the night flight over the relative comfort of the day flight, the carriers did what they really wanted to do—they discontinued their day flights. Night flights, because they arrive in the morning, provide "feed" —a stream of people moving into hub airports and out again on connecting flights throughout the day. The feed, or stream, if it can be made big enough and can be sustained, creates profitability.

Making a profit is an experience that has eluded most of America's, and perhaps the world's, larger airlines in recent years. These years, it is true, have been unusually hard ones for the airlines, but there is no assurance that better times, or even good times, will remove their financial woes. Congress, in deregulating the airline industry, four years ago, accepted the proposition that it resembles a universe of corner grocery stores more than it does a public utility. And perhaps in a fully competitive environment the airlines will find the sustained prosperity that eluded them with federal franchises. Whether or not they will cannot now be predicted. What is clear is that the industry is undergoing deep changes as a result of deregulation and may be transformed by it. It is far from clear that these changes will benefit the travelling public. The issue of whether an airline is like a corner grocery store or like a utility cannot be banished by legislation, because the airline industry unquestionably is a utility; moreover, the service it provides is a particularly difficult and exacting one to deliver. The industry is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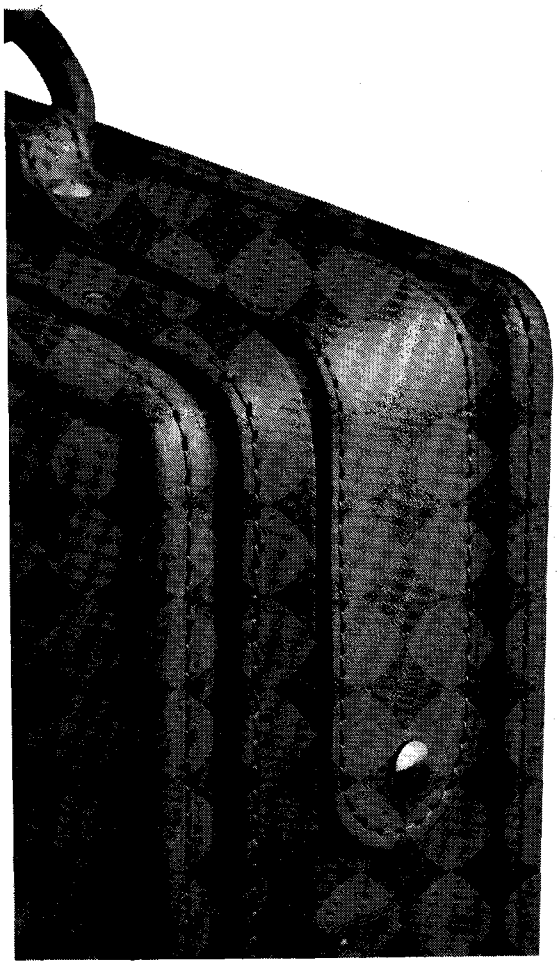
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and always will be regulated. The Federal Aviation Administration must certify its equipment, control its flights, license its flight crews and mechanics, and approve and monitor its maintenance procedures and everything else relating to flight operations. How much other protection in the form of regulation the public should have is a hard question—or, really, a number of questions. With rail and sea transport declining, does the public require a guarantee of safe, reliable, and efficient air service, along with a rational fare structure? Can the airline industry, fully deregulated, supply such service? Will it rise above the mistakes to which it has always been prone? More precisely, can the industry provide adequate service while continuing to satisfy its appetite for cutthroat competition?

These questions have been sharpened by the early returns on deregulation, which include much higher fares generally, mindless competition, and disruptions in air service. There has been a predictable retreat from the old proposition that operating some less profitable routes is the price a carrier pays for flying more profitable ones; the effect is an excess of service on some routes and the abandonment of others. This pattern has been enlarged by a wave of new and smaller airlines, which have either started up or been reborn under deregulation. The new entrants, called "cream skimmers," have tended to concentrate on a few profitable routes, thereby pushing larger competitors to work even harder to protect their shares of the market. Working harder often means, among other things, cutting fares on the contested routes and raising them on others.

The returns, in fact, are mixed. Some of the smaller carriers, such as USAir, have clearly profited from deregulation, and, as a result, are doubtless providing better service in their markets. These carriers, for the most part, have fleets of reasonably modern, comparatively small aircraft, which can be operated more economically than the longer-range airplanes with which many of the big carriers are overloaded; there is nothing more uneconomical than a wide-bodied airplane transporting a handful of people. The new freedom also benefits some of the larger carriers by allowing them to adjust their operations to seasonal peaks and lows. In the winter, for example, they can shift some aircraft from transcontinental routes, which

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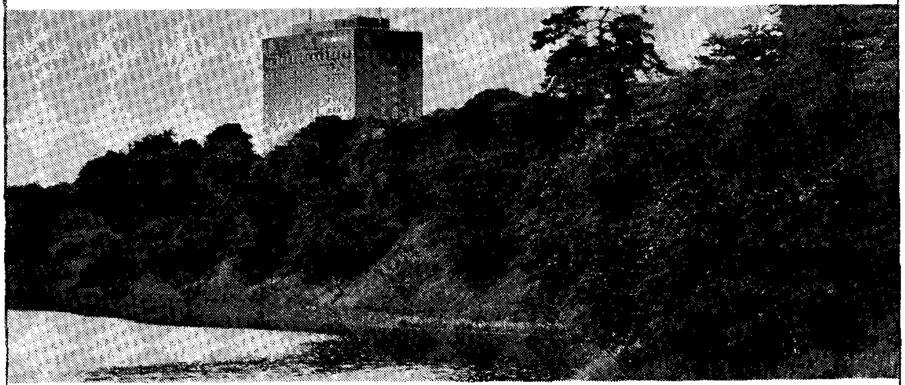

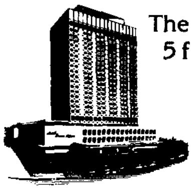

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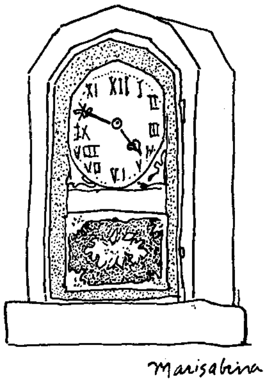
peak in the summer, to the North-South vacation routes, such as New York to Florida. Also, under deregulation some carriers are creating business by expanding connecting flights in their route systems. In varying degrees, they are influenced by Delta Air Lines, the premier "hub and spoke" airline; a hub is a major airport at which an airline gathers passengers and disperses them in many directions, along the "spokes" of its routes. Delta, which some people call the world's largest commuter airline, has become the strongest and most profitable airline by relying on this technique (and through good management). Delta has several hubs, of which Atlanta is much the most important; flying from one point to another in the rapidly growing Southeast usually means flying to and from Atlanta on Delta. Each of the major carriers has its hub or hubs. United's main hub is Chicago, American's is Dallas–Fort Worth. American deplores the new freedom, and has *suffered from irrational competition on* its profitable transcontinental routes; but it is trying to make the best of the situation by expanding its route system—especially the number of Southern and Southwestern connections to the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport. Delta, although it, too, mistrusts deregulation, is confident that it can thrive in any environment. It is expanding now, but gradually. It has not moved into new markets impetuously or without feeling sure of what it was doing. (The impetuosity of other airlines was curbed, if temporarily, by the strike of the country's air-traffic controllers last summer; in restricting the number of flights, the government dissolved some of the excess competition.)



Each airline's moves are noted by the others, and no airlines are being more carefully monitored than the two most fervent advocates of deregulation—Eastern and United. Frank Borman initially improved Eastern's position through a series of shrewd moves, mostly involving new equipment, but his invasion of the transcontinental routes has caused heavy losses both to Eastern and to its competitors. Borman's tactics are much discussed. United is even more interesting to industry-watchers, partly because it is the largest of the airlines but mainly because it has embarked on a course that other airlines—Delta, for example—and some airline analysts in the banks just don't understand. United has reduced feed by eliminating a large number of short-haul flights. And it has increased the number of long flights. The obvious risk is that United's long flights, without the passenger feed supplied by short connecting hops, will lose money. United's chief executive officer, Richard Ferris, who, like Borman, is youthful and vigorous, is convinced that he is on the right track. He says that United is not abandoning the hub-and-spoke technique but only lengthening its spokes. "A hub is a precious resource," he says. "There are only so many gates at Chicago, so South Bend is a lot less valuable than Phoenix or Tucson. We are not a commuter airline." Ferris makes a good case, but he is not making converts. Some of United's critics suspect that in abandoning *short flights and increasing long ones* the airline is simply being sporty—running some risks in order to weaken a few competitors, particularly its chief rival, American, on such profitable long routes as Chicago to Houston, Chicago to Phoenix, and Chicago to Tucson, the last of which it recently added to its system. With its resources, United can play that sort of game.

Deregulation was intended to produce better and cheaper service at the expense of the least fit and least adaptable airlines; these, in theory, would disappear. Each of the big carriers would like to hasten this Darwinian process by weakening its competitors. So far, the indications are that they will succeed in weakening each other, but in most cases not fatally. Braniff has collapsed, and one or two of the other major trunks may fold—Pan Am, Continental, and Western are especially vulnerable—but the number of airlines will probably grow, not decrease, under deregulation. And the newcomers, by their presence in major markets, could weaken established carriers, while not becoming strong enough themselves to set in motion the beneficial trends that full-blown competition was supposed to bring about. As new entrants expand their route systems, they will acquire some of the same problems that the established carriers have. Running an airline—keeping dozens or scores of airplanes on a complex schedule in a time of rising competition for airspace and for ground facilities as well as for routes—is formidably difficult. Moreover, the big carriers have major investments in terminal facilities, and they guarantee revenue bonds that are used to maintain airports. Investment on that scale restricts flexibility; a carrier cannot easily walk away, or be driven away, from a terminal because increased competition in a given market is causing losses. The newcomers can and do offer lower fares for a number of reasons, one of them being their labor costs, which are much lower than those of longer-established rivals. With time and more unionization, however, that advantage will fade, and, with it, some of the fare-slashing potential. The big carriers bitterly resent the newcomers to lush markets, and their lament is worth hearing, if only for its cautionary sound. In a recent speech, American's president, Robert Crandall, linked much of his argument to service:

> The established carriers provide a great *many services that consumers have come* to expect from airlines. In fact, many of these things have become so routine and pervasive that they are taken for granted. . . . A passenger can call American Airlines and make a reservation from Syracuse to Singapore. When he's ticketed, we'll handle the entire itinerary in a single transaction and divide the revenue with the other carriers involved. And when the passenger gets to the airport we'll check his baggage through to final destination and handle all other check-in activities with high-speed automated equipment. We do these things at great cost. That is why airlines like Southwest and Air Florida and Midway and World will not do them. These carriers are a breed apart—not contributing members of the integrated air-transport system. They are simply point-to-point operators who refuse to involve themselves in the industry's service system, because they recognize that these conveniences are both costly and complex to provide and would erode their low-fare capability.

The effect of pushing the airlines into a free market has been a rippling one, hard to measure. They were always highly competitive, even in a regulated environment. The danger is that the industry, and eventually its service, will suffer from what could prove to be an excess of competition. A macho tendency runs through the senior management of many airlines. Enlarging the company's shares of the market—contesting other carriers on a variety of routes—is the absorbing priority task, but one that often conflicts with the conventional pursuit of earnings. Heavily discounted fares, lotteries, and other gimmicks may increase load factors, but usually temporarily and at the expense of earnings. The target of such devices is the opposition, not necessarily increased revenues. A senior Boeing executive who spends most of his time with airline people says, "The marketing guys care about market shares, and do not stress earnings. The finance guys are going to have to step in and assert themselves against the marketing people."

The finance people have intervened effectively in the case of a few stricken airlines, but the marketing people, by and large, seem to be in command. The idea is that an airline is selling a schedule. It offers flights at various intervals with one or several stops, or no stops. That is the nature of the business, and it is to a considerable extent a marketing function. Curiously, the most successful big airline, Delta, does many things differently from the others; while it is respected by all and feared by some, it is not emulated. Delta's management is more interested in earnings than in competition for its own sake. Delta dislikes promotional gimmicks, and either doesn't go along with them or does so reluctantly and disapprovingly (Delta's people refer to the lotteries as Bingo in the Sky). It has the resources to take on all comers on any routes but expands cautiously and gradually. Other airlines are groping for ways to buy new equipment; Delta recycles its fleet at regular intervals, because it doesn't want to keep airplanes beyond the point at which they are fully depreciated. Most of the other big airlines need long-term financing, and will surrender title to the airplanes in order to get it. Delta buys its airplanes with earnings and some short-term credit; it has no interest in long-term financing or in leasing airplanes. Its style—conservative and unchanging—contrasts sharply with that of other trunk airlines and many newcomers. Its chronic profitability provides a still sharper contrast.

A *Wall Street Journal* article on airline price wars offered this glimpse of the kind of approach to merchandising that a newcomer to a large market may adopt:

> "People didn't realize that we fly from Dallas to Houston," says a spokeswoman for Air Florida. Southwest Airlines, Texas International, and Braniff all fly that route. In the clamor of competition, the voice of tiny Air Florida went unheard. So the airline decided to offer standby seats for a kiss. Because most of the seats probably wouldn't have sold otherwise, it cost the airline little to make the offer. The airline stationed lissome models as Air Florida "Kiss Misses" at boarding gates. It worked. "We got a hell of a press coverage," says Larry Herndon, vice-president for advertising and public relations. "We made the newspapers and every TV station in Dallas and Houston." During the one-week promotion, more than 600 passengers flew between Dallas and Houston "for the cost of a simple smooch," as the airline put it.

Less than five years ago, Air Florida was a small local airline. Now it is one of the fastest-growing airlines, mainly because of aggressive marketing and various expansion techniques. The energy and imagination were supplied by C. Edward Acker, who was the company's chairman until August of 1981, when, typically, he surprised the industry by letting himself be persuaded to take charge of Pan Am's rapidly sinking fortunes. Acker is fifty-three, a veteran of the airline business, and rather controversial. His first move as Pan Am's new chairman was to set off a fare war on the profitable New York-to-Miami and New York-to-West Coast routes. He then slashed fares from several American cities to London; these include some of the most heavily travelled international routes in the world. It is hard to see how any carrier, least of all Pan Am, which has an especially large load of debt and overhead, will benefit from wholesale fare slashing and the huge advertising campaigns that must go with it. And of all the airlines dragged along by Pan Am's move Air Florida was probably the least affected. One of its executives said, "We have lower overhead than the others. We're in a better position than the other carriers to survive all this craziness that's out there."

AIRCRAFT suppliers, in surveying their market, worry about certain trends. They see persistent financial weakness complicated by uncertainties. They wonder how airlines, if they are unsure of the routes they will be flying a few years ahead, can make coherent plans for modernizing their fleets. What size airplane do you buy if you are unsure of the average length of most of your route segments? The suppliers hope that deregulation, instead of increasing these uncertainties, will create profitability, growth, and confidence. They have serious doubts, however—not because they oppose deregulation in principle but because their confidence in the airlines is declining. They also wonder whether fewer people may elect to fly if the cost, inconvenience, and discomfort of air travel continue to grow appreciably; companies and individuals might begin to choose the telephone over the airliner for some transactions, and videophones, when they are available, would strengthen such a tendency.

The suppliers often generalize in discussing their customers, and they may exaggerate some of what they see as defects in airline management. Still, their relationship with the airlines is a close and continuing one, and they do have special insights. They see the marketing side of the airline industry as becoming dominant, and the engineering departments of most airlines as declining; they complain that some of the big airlines no longer have engineering departments capable of evaluating competing airplanes. A decade ago, senior engineers such as Frank Kolk, of American Airlines, and Robert Rummel, of T.W.A., were nearly as prominent within industry circles as their chief executives, and had a lot to do with the development of new airplanes. A role of that kind is no longer available within most airlines, according to engineers on the manufacturing side. Boeing's Edward C. Wells, an engineer who is retired but serves as a consultant to T. Wilson, is well qualified to discuss this. Wells has been with Boeing since 1930; he was the chief designer of many airplanes, commercial and military, starting with the B-17 bomber. For much of his career, he was a senior vice-president, and until recently he was a member of the board of directors. His office is just a few steps away from T. Wilson's, and even now he is perhaps the Boeing chief's closest adviser—his guru, according to some colleagues—on engineering matters. "There is a tendency to downgrade the engineering element in the airlines and leave it to the manufacturers," Wells says. "Frank

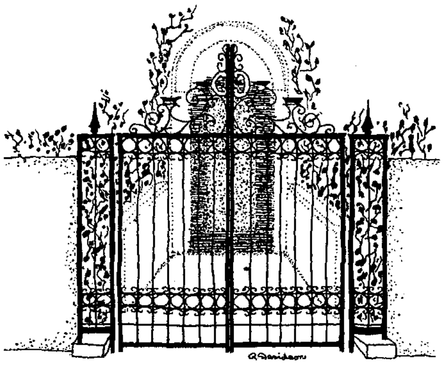
Kolk and the others are disappearing. Rummel is gone. Borger has retired. These people have not been replaced. The engineers thus become a smaller and smaller element in a bigger and bigger business. And the customer who says everyone is equal can be misled."

John Borger doesn't think that his successors will have as much influence as he and some other airline engineers had. He cites a tendency to impose economy programs, to keep cutting back on engineering personnel. "We need backup people," he says. "We can't do everything ourselves. We have to be able to deal with the Boeings and the Lockheeds on equal terms. Many of our competitors have no engineering staffs at all." Hard times have caused most of the major airlines to cut back all their departments, including engineering and maintenance. Crandall recently said, "If the Wright brothers were alive today, Orville would have had to lay off Wilbur."

Maynard Pennell, a former Boeing vice-president for product development, whose career at Boeing was very similar to Edward Wells', worries about the rising influence of marketing people, particularly to the degree that it affects aircraft design and size. Pennell, who retired in 1974, observes that "in Detroit auto design was taken over by the sales and marketing people, so cars stayed larger and inefficient." A number of airline analysts in the banks share his concerns, including a belief that the airlines have been buying "too big." Instead of pushing the suppliers to build airplanes suited to routes of four to six hundred miles, carriers have been ordering longer-range aircraft, which are too large to be operated profitably in a great many short-haul markets. Pennell also worries about a tendency of the general public to take airplanes for granted. He blames the suppliers for some of that. "The industry dislikes talking about all the innovations and refinements of the planes, because the public is apprehensive about flying in complicated machines," he says.

Taking airplanes for granted is a tendency that troubles a great many technical people in the aircraft and airline industries (and non-technical people as well). Joseph Sutter, executive vice-president of Boeing's Commercial Airplane Company, feels strongly about this. "An airplane is a compromise," he says. "People have to understand that." He means that there is no such thing as a wholly safe airplane. One cannot anticipate everything that could go wrong with an airplane in flight. John Borger agrees with Sutter. He recalls that one of his predecessors and former bosses at Pan Am had a cautionary saying for everyone, high and low: "Aviation is not inherently unsafe, but, like the sea, it is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness or neglect."

Airline maintenance operations, obviously, cannot be cut back as much as engineering departments have been. Still, economy programs have put maintenance sections under heavy pressure to find ways to cut their costs. This, too, is a tendency that worries people. They see the style of the airline industry changing, and rapidly. Experienced people recall a time when the top management in airlines understood the equipment and had a feel for it. In the case of many airlines, that is no longer true. Willis Player, who until his recent retirement was a prominent senior executive at Pan Am—and not an engineer—says, "Philosophically, senior management in the airline industry has moved two levels up from direct equipment considerations. These levels are marketing and finance. It didn't use to be that way." Two of the most conspicuous airline executives are Richard Ferris and Robert Crandall; their companies, United and American, are the largest and second-largest of the domestic airlines. Ferris and Crandall are alike in that both are in their mid-forties, are aggressive and voluble, and are known as marketing people. Ferris came to United from a subsidiary, Western International Hotels, and after serving as head of the food-services division became chief marketing officer, then president, and, finally, chief executive and chairman. Crandall was American's senior vice-president for marketing before he became president, in July of 1980. Ferris and Crandall are considered typical of the executives who are taking over much of the airline industry. Deregulation, because it intensifies competition and puts additional stress on marketing considerations, will strengthen the trend toward marketing people in airline management.



Another experienced airline executive, also a non-technical person, talks with feeling and eloquence about a problem that he says he cannot define. "The industry is heading toward a watershed, but we don't know what it will be," he said recently. "I worry that the 'dirty fingernail' people are being squeezed out by the marketing and financial types. We are losing that cadre of people who care first about the airplanes and their quality. I'm worried that deregulation will erode standards. I'm worried about the human factor. You can't entrust all the questions of safety and reliability just to the people who operate the airplanes and maintain them. Standards of safety and reliability should concern all of management. The manufacturers are making and delivering much better airplanes, which are easier to operate. But within the airline industry I sense a declining concern for standards. I haven't seen concrete evidence yet. If I do, I will get out of the business."

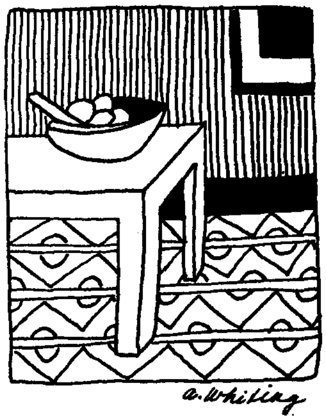
A tendency to take the equipment for granted and to put greater emphasis on marketing did not begin with deregulation. It is hard to say exactly when the current style took over, but it does seem that nothing has been quite the same since the era of wide-bodied airplanes began. In May of 1968, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* printed an article about the competition among the DC-10, the L-1011, and the 747. The article, which appeared about two weeks after United Airlines had decided to buy the DC-10, reported the views of George Keck, its president at the time:

> Keck noted the industry has changed from a "technically oriented" venture to a marketing and merchandising business.
>
> He explained that the technical efficiency of the jet transport, longer daily utilization of aircraft and improved flight schedule completions now permit a change of emphasis from operational problems to passenger service.

The perverse irony is that the quality of air service is declining, despite the rising influence of marketing people and the availability of highly reliable, somewhat more comfortable, jumbo airplanes. Indeed, part of the problem is the presence of too many jumbo airplanes in many fleets; and, as I have noted, the fleets also contain an excess of older, inefficient airplanes. The over-all effect is a contraction of air service. The simple truth is that the airlines, however devoted they may be to marketing strategy, are in no position to promote business by enhancing comfort, or even convenience. Ferris illustrated this point in a conversation with me about the background of his decision to buy Boeing's 767, for which United is the launch customer. Boeing had been considering alternative body designs, and had consulted United to see if it had a preference, particularly between eight-abreast and seven-abreast interiors. Boeing reckoned that a seven-abreast arrangement would have certain advantages, including comfort: a double-aisle airplane with seven people seated abreast in a two-three-two pattern would have just one passenger—in the center row—placed between two other passengers; everybody else would be seated either on an aisle or by a window. Ferris recalled telling Boeing, "Don't bug me about double-aisle or seven-abreast. I want the most efficient airplane. Just guarantee the seat-mile performance. As for customer preference, I couldn't care less. Thirty-two per cent of our cost today is in fuel." Given the problems—some unavoidable, some self-inflicted—that the carriers face, the attitude that Ferris reflects is, regrettably, reasonable.

THE passenger may not be comfortable, let alone happy, but he is secure. By any statistical measurement, the safety record of the airlines is, as both the airlines themselves and government agencies maintain, very good and improving. A person's chances of safely completing a scheduled flight are said to be higher than his chances of avoiding misfortune while travelling in a car, on a bicycle, or on foot. It is also true, as industry people say, that the equipment is constantly improving. Because of improvements in aerodynamics, electronics, components, and engine technology, airliners are becoming more reliable, as well as more efficient. These refinements have also made them easier to operate.

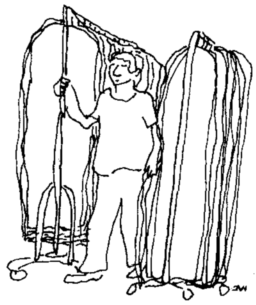
Increasing attention is being paid to the hazards of congested airspace. It is not clear, though, that this problem is as manageable as other threats to air safety have been. Langhorne M. Bond, who was the F.A.A. administrator under President Carter, feels that government efforts to control the threat of midair collisions have kept pace with the growth of the problem. A number of air-safety experts are less sanguine than Bond, who as administrator was strong and respected—more so than many of his predecessors—but also controversial. Bond says that during the years from 1968 to 1972 there were ten midair collisions involving air carriers—an average of two a year. Since then, he says, there has been just one collision—involving a small private plane and a Pacific Southwest Airlines 727 on its approach to San Diego in September of 1978. And, as Bond says, that accident was officially attributed to crew error. It is his feeling that the technology on which air-traffic control relies has been adequate to the task at a given moment, and will before long be considerably better than it is today. He thinks that if enough money is spent in the right way at the right time the air-traffic-control system will continue to live up to its supremely demanding role.



Some equally qualified people worry that there are too many airplanes flying around the United States. They see a risk of system overload—of airports, airport-access roads, and the traffic-control system being overwhelmed by the growth in aviation. One of the F.A.A.'s senior professionals, Charles Foster, who is director of the Northwest Mountain Region and is in charge of certifying a great many airplanes, says, "The problem is the amount of airspace, which obviously won't be any greater until the airplanes can fly higher. That isn't happening. The over-all number of airplanes flown by the major airlines doesn't change much; there are about three thousand of them. But the number of business jets, which also fly in the upper atmosphere—at the same speeds and at the same altitudes—is increasing a lot. Also, the number of runways isn't increasing." He could have added that until the recession took hold sales of corporate aircraft had never been brisker; the appeal of business jets is growing as commercial air travel becomes less comfortable and less convenient. In April of 1980, Bond noted in a speech that "there are about two thousand five hundred business jets flying today, and the industry expects that fleet to grow to six thousand by the end of this decade." He added that sales of noncommercial airplanes—the area known as general aviation—amounted to two billion dollars in 1979 and "could reach three billion in 1981." He also pointed to the soaring growth of commuter airlines—"twenty-two per cent more passengers last year than the year before."

Nowhere is the problem of crowded airspace as severe as in congested areas of the United States. Business jets and private airplanes are incomparably fewer in Western Europe than in America; and because the airspace in Europe is less crowded the intervals that airliners flying near each other are required to maintain are greater there than in America. There are, in fact, fewer business jets in all of Western Europe than there are in Mexico. Bond warned that "certain types of traffic might have to be barred on the high-density routes and in crowded airports—particularly within the so-called golden-triangle area, bounded by Chicago, Washington, and Boston." He also put Southern California and Florida in this category.

Both commercial and private operators of aircraft worry more about congestion on the ground than in the air. In both cases, however, the problem lies in the pattern of airline operations; because arrivals and departures are not evenly spaced throughout the day but peak in the early morning and the late afternoon, congestion at those times is considerable. It is a costly problem for the airlines and an inconvenience for passengers. Some experts, agreeing with Bond, say that the F.A.A.'s new air-traffic-control technology is adequate, though barely so, but they see a need for substantial growth in the capacity of both commercial airports and the so-called "reliever" airports, which are for general aviation. In neither category is the rate of growth responsive to the increasing pressure on airports. The high-density airports used by airlines are widely believed to require about nine per cent annual growth in capacity, but only five new runways have been built in the past ten years in the entire United States, and some of the largest commercial airports cannot satisfy the needs of all the airlines wishing to use them. The reliever airports are being expanded even less; in recent years a number of them have become shopping centers. Political and environmental—noise—constraints, together with a lack of funds, have held up the growth of these airports, which in metropolitan areas are jammed with airplanes. Private airplanes, if they are denied access to overcrowded reliever airports, are entitled to use commercial runways, thereby complicating airline operations. There are frequent complaints of airliners' being held up or diverted in order to allow private planes, which are slower, the time they need to descend and land.



The government has freed the airlines to fly where they please, and is even helping some new carriers acquire access to certain heavily used airports. The new freedom, by creating a less coherent and more haphazard pattern of airline operations, adds to the pressure on the system; but, ironically, it comes at a time when numerous experts insist on the need to ration airspace and restrict growth in general aviation instead of encouraging it, as in the past.

THE knowledge that commercial airplanes are not accident-proof burdens their designers, who also know that the people who operate and maintain them are more fallible than the machines. Making an airliner as accident-proof as possible means designing and fabricating it in a fashion that assures its bodily integrity—its airworthiness in all conceivable conditions. It also means minimizing human error by anticipating problems that pilots and mechanics might encounter and, to the degree possible, solving them in the design stage. However, as Boeing's Sutter says, any airplane is a compromise—in the case of an airliner, a compromise between singularly rigorous structural criteria and commercial potential. The airliner is a commercial product, intended to give its operators a healthy return on their investment. If there were such a thing as a wholly safe airplane (there isn't), it would be so heavy—so burdened with redundancy—that it would be too costly for commercial use. An airliner's weight must not reach a point at which the passenger-seat-mile costs are so high that they deny profitability. Yet there must be more than enough redundancy—hence weight—to guarantee the airworthiness of the machine beyond any reasonable doubt. The designers know that things can—and do—go wrong. Thus, most of any airliner's systems and components are organized on a fail-safe principle—so-called because if one system fails, another should perform its job. If one element fails under exceptional stress, its "load" will shift automatically to another element; in the case of hydraulics, for example, there are multiple systems, and in the case of structural parts there are "alternate load paths." There are a few key variations in the manner in which the principle is applied. Certain components—engine mountings are one striking example, landing gears another—can break in unusual circumstances. The solution to that kind of problem is a "breakaway point"—a bracket or fitting that, by design, is weaker than the others. If an engine is going to fall off the wing, it should separate at the predesignated breakaway point, and so do no injury to other parts of the airplane or otherwise threaten its airworthiness. There are a few systems, notably landing gears, that, because they have to be replaced at regular intervals, are governed by a criterion called safe life, as distinct from fail-safe.

The techniques for building these essential values into an airliner vary from one supplier to another. Each has what it calls a "design philosophy." And each feels some superiority to the others. In a business as exacting as this one, the companies must have faith in their remarkable products, and they do. Boeing is convinced that its airplanes are better than anyone else's. Lockheed believes that its commercially failed L-1011 not only is better than the DC-10 but is the most technically advanced airliner of them all. McDonnell Douglas feels strongly that the DC-10 has advantages over the L-1011, the DC-9 over Boeing's 737. Europeans feel that the Airbus is every bit as good as any American airplane, if not better. Each supplier compares the competition's airplanes unfavorably with its own, but only in terms of seat-mile costs or technical refinements or, perhaps, maintenance costs. It is unusual for a supplier to throw doubt on the integrity of another supplier's airplane. The same requirement impartially confronts each of them: to design and build products that can forgive the occasional errors or lapses of their designers, their fabricators, and their operators.

An airliner that crashes for a reason that raises questions about its integrity—its airworthiness—is a problem for everyone, and not just for its manufacturer and its users. The plight of a supplier fending off charges of design defects or of sloppy quality control in production doesn't entertain its competitors. After a major accident, all suppliers are deluged with calls and press inquiries about their airplanes. The management of each, suddenly nervous, will probably wish to review certain features of a blameless design. The F.A.A. may ask all the companies to make costly modifications as a result of one airplane's failure to forgive one mistake. Sutter says that an accident "generates a fear of flying and has a traumatic effect on the whole industry." When a wide-bodied airplane falls, the reaction is deeper and longer-lasting than it is to disasters involving smaller airplanes. So large a loss of life leaves behind a more horrified public, a more concerned industry, and a flustered bureaucracy. The crash of an American Airlines DC-10 in Chicago on May 25, 1979, was the worst of America's airplane disasters; all the passengers and crew died—a total of two hundred and seventy-one people. The immediate effects were similar to some that the accident at Three Mile Island had on the nuclear power industry. They included a decision by the F.A.A. not just to ground the DC-10 but to withdraw its airworthiness certificate—the first such action taken against a commercial airliner since 1946. Moreover, the questions that were raised about the airplane put the F.A.A. under considerable pressure from Congress and elsewhere. The F.A.A. is charged with establishing the criteria that assure the public that every airliner meets high standards of airworthiness. After the Chicago accident, the F.A.A. was obliged to defend the procedures by which airliners are certified. A great many people, some connected with the aircraft industry, wondered whether the Chicago crash was a rare, though terrible, exception to a ruggedly stable pattern of safety in the skies or a disastrous accident that was waiting to happen. Serious questions arose not just from the circumstances of the accident but also from the inauspicious career of the DC-10.

Millions of words have been written about disasters involving the DC-10, entire books about a DC-10 that crashed near Paris in March of 1974, killing three hundred and forty-six people. The Chicago crash, according to travel agents and airline marketing people, caused a decline in public confidence in the DC-10. All along the line, its status fell. Several airlines, domestic and foreign, cancelled the options they held to buy DC-10s. Some carriers tried to sell theirs. Others, which had been considering the DC-10, chose instead to buy from Boeing, Lockheed, or Airbus. A few big airlines have taken account of the DC-10's problems in full-page newspaper ads. T.W.A., which doesn't have DC-10s, made a point of that by calling attention to its L-1011 and 747s, the wide-bodied airplanes that it does operate. American Airlines stressed its "747's, Only 747's, and Nothing But 747's" routes, particularly its bread-and-butter New York-to-Los Angeles route. Heavy users of the DC-10, such as American, United, Continental, and Western, have suffered in varying degrees from popular apprehension about travelling in it. Foreign users had far less difficulty; despite the Paris crash, Europeans seem generally indifferent to the widely publicized troubles of the DC-10.

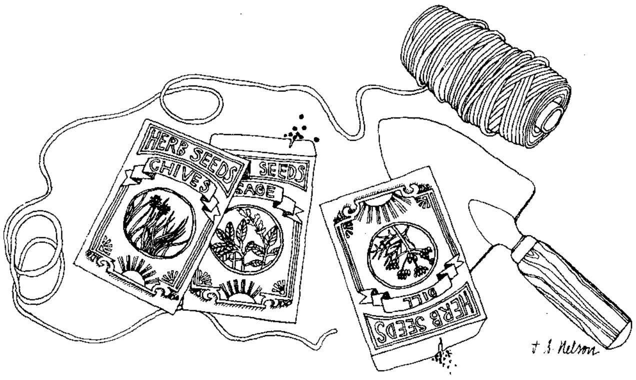
Aside from the victims of the crashes and their families, the heaviest losers are, of course, the McDonnell Douglas Corporation, of St. Louis, and its subsidiary, the Douglas Aircraft Company, of Long Beach, California. Douglas once dominated the airliner market the way Boeing does today. Now its role is declining, doubtless irreversibly, in large part because of the DC-10 program, which, among other things, has caused the parent corporation to become skeptical about the commercial-airliner business. It is a commonplace within the aircraft industry that St. Louis and Long Beach are far apart—too far for reliably good communication, let alone harmony, between headquarters and a subsidiary that remains committed to building airliners. The two entities do have in common keen disappointment and frustration arising from their experience with the DC-10, and some bitterness toward its critics. They remain proud of the airplane and somewhat defensive about it; they feel that it has been very unlucky—"snakebit," as some company executives put it. They were irritated and somewhat surprised by the newspaper ads that seemed directed against the DC-10.

From a public-relations point of view, the Chicago affair was badly handled, according to airlines that fly the DC-10. The decisions were made not in Long Beach but in St. Louis, by a management whose knowledge of the commercial-aircraft business is limited. There was, according to many who were involved in the episode, too much defensiveness and too little initiative and unsolicited coöperation on the part of McDonnell Douglas. At one point shortly after the crash, McDonnell Douglas wanted to launch a public-relations campaign to support the DC-10. Its largest users, United and American, were consulted, and successfully opposed the idea, mainly on the ground that such a campaign would cause people to remember the accident, rather than forget it. A year later, the idea of the campaign was revived, and United, though not consulted, was informed, and again opposed it. American says that it was not consulted the second time. In any case, McDonnell Douglas launched the campaign in July of 1980, and even held a press conference announcing its intentions. The campaign included a series of television commercials featuring Pete Conrad, Douglas's vice-president for marketing. The press conference bore out the fears of DC-10 users, because the television news programs that broadcast it tended to revive memories of the accident by showing pictures of the wreckage and describing the occurrence. Dominic Renda, the former chief executive of Western Air Lines, disagreed with American and United; he thought that McDonnell Douglas waited too long. "The campaign didn't do any harm, but to have been effective it should have started after the F.A.A. gave it [the DC-10] a clean bill of health," he said. "We wanted to do something. We thought it would have been better if the airlines flying it did something on their own." Renda said that Western proposed that a campaign be jointly financed by McDonnell Douglas and its customers. "We thought it would be more credible if the carriers did it," he said. McDonnell Douglas's effort, he said, was "too picayune," so the idea was abandoned. Renda has no concern about the DC-10's safety, and thinks it is a fine airplane, but, reflecting on other problems that developed, he said, "There won't be many more DC-10s ordered after what we all went through. If you were starting from scratch, you wouldn't order it."

McDonnell Douglas is convinced that the campaign was better late than never, and that it has worked well. "We had to do it," a public-relations executive in Long Beach said. "Our passenger surveys and reports from travel agents indicated that the problem had not gone away. We didn't formally consult the airlines this time, as we did the first time." Pete Conrad agrees, saying, "The public memory was not short, and the situation was getting worse. Our ad agency said that we would remind some people of the accident but that the company's image needed this kind of thing."

Langhorne Bond, who as head of the F.A.A. made the decision to withdraw the DC-10's airworthiness certificate and, later, to restore it, feels that McDonnell Douglas did not distinguish itself in the aftermath of the Chicago disaster. He says that the corporation did not "dig into all possible alternatives in getting to the bottom of the problem" that caused the crash, and adds, "They were trying to limit the investigation, whereas the F.A.A. was principally determined to eliminate all rational doubts about the DC-10. Some of the DC-10 operators felt the same way. They didn't like the way McDonnell Douglas handled the public relations, and felt it wasn't vigorous enough in going after the problem and fixing it."

With the DC-10s grounded and fleets of them parked in a conspicuously idle state at major airports, the impression of a flawed airplane took hold. Congressional committees scheduled hearings. Interest in past accidents involving DC-10s was revived. The



net effect was the most exhaustive study of an airliner in the industry's memory, or at least in the jet age. Deciding how or what to think about the DC-10 is challenging, if only because there are different opinions about it in the aviation world. There are a few points on which most experts agree, however: the DC-10 is fully airworthy in the sense that it meets all federal standards for airworthiness; from a statistical point of view, it has been, like the other jet-powered airliners, a very safe airplane; it is, like all the wide-bodied airplanes, a pleasure to fly, with fully powered and very responsive controls; and the airlines that operate DC-10s appear satisfied that it does the job for which it was intended.

The DC-10 is not the only wide-bodied airplane to have crashed. In December of 1972, an Eastern Air Lines L-1011 crashed in the Florida Everglades with a heavy loss of life. The accident was caused not by the airplane itself but by the flight crew. In May of 1976, a Boeing 747 flown by the Iranian Air Force exploded in the air over Spain, for reasons that are still not clear. (A few eyewitnesses said that it was struck by lightning.) Actually, the wide-bodied airplanes have not achieved a better safety record than the smaller jet transports, which are obviously involved in many more takeoffs and landings; the record of the wide-bodied airplanes is about the same as that of the others. According to the National Transportation Safety Board's figures, although the DC-10's record is statistically impressive—0.172 fatal accidents per one hundred thousand aircraft hours flown—it has the worst fatal-accident record of the nine jet airliners flown by American carriers. In any case, statistical overviews are not impressive to the families of people lost in commercial-airline disasters, or to the lawyers who may represent them in damage suits—especially if there is a presumption of negligence on the part of the airplane's manufacturer or operator. DC-10s flown by American carriers have been in five accidents that caused loss of life (one life in one of them, two lives in each of two others). In two of these, the airplane can in no way be blamed. One airplane was landed on the wrong runway as it approached Mexico City's airport, and collided with a truck. The other, in a landing at Boston's Logan International Airport, slid off a slick runway into the harbor. The Paris crash, because it involved a foreign carrier—Turkish Airlines—doesn't figure in the Safety Board's statistics, although the loss of life was the largest ever.

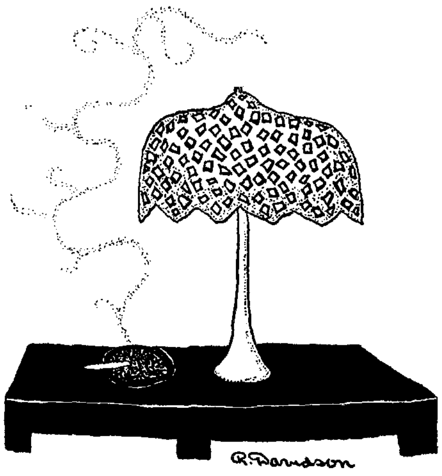
If in inspecting an airplane the F.A.A. sees a need to repair or modify something, it issues what is called an airworthiness directive. Once issued, such a directive has the force of law, and, depending on the urgency of the situation, the required repair or modification may have to be carried out within a short time. If so, the airlines usually have to take the airplanes affected by the directive out of service while the work is done; the inconvenience is costly—a nonworking airliner is a major financial nuisance. Each supplier of wide-bodied airplanes has collected airworthiness directives that vary in scope and gravity. As of May 25, 1982, McDonnell Douglas was well ahead, with eighty-three directives for the DC-10; Boeing's 747 had drawn fifty-eight, Lockheed's L-1011 fifty-six. Europe's A300, the Airbus, has drawn only sixteen—probably because the airplane has not been in service nearly as long as the other wide-bodies and because so few of them (a total of twenty-five) are being flown in the United States. In most ways that matter to airlines, the DC-10 is similar to and does not compare unfavorably with the other wide-bodies. The untrained eye would see little exterior or interior difference between it and the L-1011. Each of the wide-bodied airplanes, though it has much in common with the others, has its individual attributes. A question for which there is no obvious answer is whether subtle differences between the DC-10 and the other airplanes are significant from an airworthiness, or safety, point of view. Among experts—engineers who have designed and worked with modern airliners, and understand them—there are many who say that the differences have no significance; others say that a few variations are significant only for ease of maintenance; still others take the more complicated view that the differences, though marginal for airworthiness, can acquire significance under unusual or exceptional circumstances. It bears repeating that no company is prone to cavil at another's airplane on safety grounds. Also, other manufacturers have had some sympathy for McDonnell Douglas in its difficulties with the DC-10; they see the difficulties compounded by a streak of bad luck—accidents for which the airplane could not be blamed and freakish incidents that occurred during the process of certifying another of the company's products, the DC-9 Super 80, a modernized version of the DC-9. But underlying the sympathy in the aircraft industry is a frankly critical attitude arising from reservations about certain design features of the DC-10 and some questions about the circumstances in which it was built. There are even some experienced people in this special world who say privately that they do not, in the words of one of them, "feel comfortable in the airplane," and so avoid it. Charles Foster, the director of the Northwest Mountain Region, says that the F.A.A. "had reports of engineers who felt uncomfortable about flying the DC-10 shortly after the accident" in Chicago. Foster added, however, that it "has had a scrutiny unlike any other." He often travels in it, and considers it as safe as any other airplane. The scrutiny to which he refers revealed no major design flaw in the DC-10's airworthiness; it did, as did some of the literature on the Paris crash, attribute negligence to McDonnell Douglas. In short, the accidents seemed to reveal more about the company than about the airplane.

The Paris crash occurred twelve minutes after the airliner had taken off and had reached an altitude of thirteen thousand feet; its rear cargo door blew out, and this caused an explosive decompression, which, in turn, caused the collapse of the cabin floor; the collapsing floor severed flight-control cables that passed through tubes in the aircraft floor to the cockpit. Deprived of these cables, the pilots lost control of the airplane, which crashed in the forest of Ermenonville, about thirty miles northeast of Paris. The door blew out because it was not securely locked. A reconstruction of the episode revealed that the DC-10's cargo door had a history of this kind of thing. It also showed that McDonnell Douglas and the F.A.A. had been remarkably laggard in dealing with a design flaw —a defective locking system in the cargo door—whose gravity should have been apparent to any technician who was aware of it. And if it hadn't been apparent it was made so by a near-disaster over Windsor, Ontario, in June of 1972, nearly two years before the Paris crash. An American Airlines DC-10 en route from Detroit to Buffalo and New York, and flying at twelve thousand feet, lost its cargo door. The explosive decompression severed or disabled most of the control cables, but, thanks mainly to the ingenuity and skill of the chief pilot, who assumed that a collision had occurred, the airplane made it back to Detroit.

The literature on the Paris crash focusses heavily on what should have happened just after the incident over Windsor but didn't. The F.A.A., instead of issuing an airworthiness directive that would have obliged McDonnell Douglas and its customers to repair the defect in the locking system, did next to nothing; the agency merely agreed that the company should issue an appropriate service bulletin—a notice to airlines that provides information and makes recommendations but has no force. A kind of gentleman's agreement was reached. Modifications of the locking system were devised, and gradually—far too gradually, in the circumstances—found their way into the airplanes, or most of them. Inexplicably, two DC-10s, including the Turkish one, did not receive certain modifications that the F.A.A. had recommended. The company's manufacturing records showed, however, that the modifications had been made on these. The fact that it had not been made, besides causing an otherwise avoidable accident, embarrassed McDonnell Douglas. A cloud in the form of questions about quality-control procedures gathered over the company. Recalling the episode, Eugene Dubil, a senior vice-president of the Douglas Aircraft Company and the chief of the DC-10 design team, says that he "takes responsibility for the cargo doors not getting fixed up fast enough after the Windsor incident." He is right in suggesting that the work should have been done more quickly, as it would have been under the pressure of an airworthiness directive. But it's not clear that a more resolute approach to the cargo-door problem would have prevented the lapse in quality-control procedures which victimized the Turkish airplane.

AN airliner, however well designed, is only as good as the quality of its production and, later, its maintenance. Quality-control procedures account for about fifteen per cent of an airliner's cost. A quality-control plan for every new type of airplane must be submitted to and approved by the F.A.A., which maintains an inspection team at the various plants. Maintaining an airliner properly after it enters service is the other side of the coin. The airlines conduct daily checks, regularly scheduled maintenance procedures, and periodic overhauls of the airplanes. Most fatal accidents are traceable to mistakes by flight crews, but careless maintenance is also a significant, if underrated, source of in-flight difficulty. Although most problems encountered in the air are minor and uneventful, every so often a lapse in maintenance does cause a disaster, and is not necessarily thought of as having caused it. An example was the crash of an Eastern Air Lines Lockheed Electra in Boston on October 4, 1960. It fell like a stone into Winthrop Bay just seconds after taking off. There were seventy-two passengers and crew, of whom ten survived. The government's official accident report, issued by the Civil Aeronautics Board, confirmed the general impression that an act of God in the form of a flight of small birds caused the accident. The report said, "A few seconds after becoming airborne, the aircraft struck a flock of starlings. A number of these birds were ingested in engines Nos. 1, 2, and 4. Engine No. 1 was shut down and its propeller was feathered. Nos. 2 and 4 experienced a substantial momentary loss of power." The loss of power, according to the report, caused the airplane to yaw to one side and lose speed. The report goes on to say, "The nose pitched up, and the aircraft rolled left into a spin and fell almost vertically into the water. . . . The Board determines that the probable cause of this accident was the unique and critical sequence of the loss and recovery of engine power following bird ingestion, resulting in loss of airspeed and control during takeoff."

Actually, the airplane could and should have survived its chance meeting with the starlings. That was established by a suit filed by families of the victims against the airline and the manufacturers of the airframe and the engine. What caused the flight crew to lose control of the airplane, allowing its nose to pitch up and the deadly spin to develop, was a seemingly trivial, even banal, problem created by indifferent maintenance. The plaintiffs' lawyers (who were members of Philadelphia's largest firm, Morgan, Lewis & Bockius) had long tried in vain to find proof of negligence on the part of the defendants. Then, late one evening in the fall of 1966, shortly before the trial was to begin, two of the lawyers met in the firm's offices with a pilot employed by National Airlines who had acquired considerable experience with the Lockheed Electra. After listening to the lawyers describe the relevant details of the incident, the pilot declared that none of it made sense. No pilot, he said, would put an airplane's nose up after losing power. The Eastern pilot, he said, need not have worried about his airspeed, because one of the engines had not ingested starlings and two of those which did had recovered power almost instantly. The airplane's altitude could have been maintained with just two engines functioning. Why, then, the pilot from National wondered, didn't the Eastern pilot maintain a level course and fly the airplane out of trouble?



The pilot asked about the airplane's maintenance record, a copy of which the lawyers had. One of them, Ralph Earle II, summarized it, and then the pilot, who was to become an expert witness, read the record. None of what it reported seemed other than routine to the lawyers—there was no history of serious malfunctions—but the pilot was instantly struck by evidence of a persistent problem with the co-pilot's seat. The flight crew's seats, like automobile seats, are adjustable. The airplane's maintenance record showed that on August 19, 1960, about six weeks before the crash, the right-hand seat, the co-pilot's, had accidentally slid backward during a takeoff and again during a landing. Instead of replacing a defective rod, a mechanic had substituted a strand of wire, which was slightly shorter than the rod and couldn't lock the seat into place. During a maintenance check on September 19th, two weeks before the crash, the seat would not lock in any position, forward or rear. Nothing was done about it.

This was all the pilot needed to

know. Earle recalls that the pilot said, "I know what happened." He surmised—correctly, it turned out—that Eastern's pilots had followed the same procedure as National's would if anything went wrong: the pilot's task was to find the problem and take care of it, the co-pilot's to fly the airplane. According to the expert witness, the unfortunate co-pilot must have tried to correct his airplane's sudden yaw to the left by pushing hard against the right rudder pedal. The co-pilot's seat slid backward and his foot fell away from the rudder pedal, and this caused the plane to yaw again. Much more serious, in sliding backward he involuntarily pulled back on the wheel, and that was the fatal action in the brief sequence. It caused the airplane to stall and then fall into the water. The lawyers for the plaintiffs put their case before the jury mainly on the issue of deficient maintenance. The jury agreed, and judged Eastern Air Lines, not fate or the manufacturers, responsible, and hence liable for damages.

Today's high-technology airliners require more maintenance than their predecessors, yet because they are more advanced they are more reliable—more forgiving of human error and abusive treatment than airplanes were in the days when Borger's ex-boss was warning against carelessness and neglect. A grievous exception was American Airlines Flight 191, the DC-10 that crashed in Chicago. An ill-advised maintenance procedure was judged by the F.A.A. and the National Transportation Safety Board to have been the chief cause of that crash. The Safety Board also faulted two design features of the DC-10.

There is tension and a natural rivalry between the F.A.A. and the Safety Board. The F.A.A. is charged with accident prevention, the Safety Board with establishing the probable cause of an accident and with making recommendations. It usually takes the Safety Board several months to investigate an accident and issue its report. The F.A.A. must respond quickly to an accident, whether by issuing airworthiness directives that require a change in maintenance procedures or, in extreme cases, by grounding an airplane until repairs are made. It is hard to quarrel with the Safety Board's report or with the F.A.A.'s decision to keep the DC-10 on the ground for a while, yet it does appear that the various official disclosures and recommendations exposed some of the serious problems affecting the air-transport business but without producing practical solutions.

Flight 191 was scheduled to go to Los Angeles. The weather was clear. During the plane's takeoff roll and just before liftoff, the left engine ripped loose from the wing, passed over it, and struck the runway. The airplane rose three hundred feet and rolled left. Its nose pitched down, and it descended, continuing to roll left until the wings had gone beyond the vertical position. Thirty-one seconds after taking off, Flight 191 crashed in an open field near a trailer park less than a mile from its runway. The voice recorder in the cockpit ceased operating after recording one word—"Damn!"

Ordinarily, a DC-10 could have been flown in complete safety with just two of its three engines functioning, and Flight 191 should have recovered from its leftward lurch. Its failure to do so was caused by a rapid sequence of multiple failures of systems that shouldn't have failed. When the engine and the pylon that held it to the wing fell off, hydraulic lines and cables that were routed through the leading edge of the wing were severed, and an electric generator was lost. The severing of the hydraulic lines caused a number of slats on the left wing's leading edge to retract. The slats are devices that when they are extended, as they are during takeoffs and landings, provide increased aerodynamic lift on the wings and reduce the speed at which an airplane stalls. The DC-10's slats are held in an extended position by hydraulic fluid. When Flight 191 lost hydraulic lines and fluid, air pressure forced the left wing slats to retract. Because the slats on the right wing, which were controlled by one of two undamaged hydraulic systems, remained extended, an extreme imbalance of lift between the wings was created. The left wing dropped, airspeed declined, and the airplane began to roll. The left wing and the No. 1 engine are not visible from the cockpit. The pilots, apparently having no warning of the stall, lost control of the airplane and undoubtedly never knew why, because the loss of the generator disabled a stall-warning system and a warning light that is supposed to flash whenever the slats "disagree." If the pilots had been aware of the problem, they could have easily disposed of it; instead, they followed their flight manual's "engine out" procedure, and so helped create the stall.

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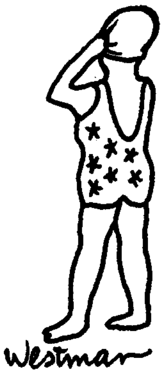
Just after the crash, the F.A.A. programmed the dire condition of Flight 191—the damage, the unintended retraction of slats, the absence of cockpit warnings—into a DC-10 flight simulator. Fifteen or so experienced pilots "flew" the simulator in these exact conditions, and each of them "crashed" it. But when the warning systems were restored and the pilots were made aware of the nature of the problem all of them flew the simulator out of difficulty. One of the pilots, Paul Soderlind, testified before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Science and Technology. Soderlind, who served as a consultant to the F.A.A. on the DC-10's airworthiness and has also been a consultant to several airlines and to Boeing, said that without foreknowledge of the lift imbalance "there is no pilot in the world that would have been able to save that airplane."

In the confusion following the crash, two questions dominated all others: Why had Flight 191 lost its No. 1 engine? And why had the loss of the engine created the condition that caused the disaster? The answer to the first question turned out to be uncomplicated: the engine's pylon had been damaged in the course of scheduled work on the airplane at an American Airlines maintenance facility in Tulsa. The work, which was done nearly two months before the accident, involved removing the entire engine-pylon assembly. McDonnell Douglas had recommended removing the engine and the pylon separately, in a two-step procedure, but American Airlines and another DC-10 operator, Continental Air Lines, had decided to remove and reinstall the entire assembly in a single procedure, using a forklift to support, lower, and raise the assembly. This procedure, it turned out, caused a crack in a flange. After three hundred and forty-one hours of additional flight and a hundred and sixty-six takeoffs, the cracked flange in Flight 191’s left wing pylon gave way, causing the separation. The F.A.A., which monitors maintenance, was unaware of the forklift procedure that American and Continental were using. No two airlines maintain the same airplane in the same way, but each must submit a maintenance manual for the F.A.A.’s approval. Curiously, an airline may modify a maintenance procedure without the F.A.A.’s approval, but the F.A.A. is supposed to be informed. The forklift procedure was a significant departure from normal practice, and neither American nor Continental informed the F.A.A. about it. It turned out that Continental had damaged pylons in two of its DC-10s by using the forklift procedure. The incidents had occurred in December of 1978 and February of 1979, and in both cases the cracked flanges were reported by maintenance personnel and repaired. The Safety Board’s report says, “Neither the air carrier [Continental] nor the manufacturer interpreted the regulation to require that it further investigate or report the damages to the F.A.A.”

During the investigation that followed the Chicago crash, the maintenance procedures of all American Airlines operators of DC-10s were examined. The investigation showed that slightly more than half of all engine-pylon removals and reinstallations were being done in a one-step procedure, and almost all of these with a forklift. The apparent purpose was economy. American Airlines was estimated to have been saving two hundred man-hours per airplane by dealing with the engine and the pylon as a unit. The F.A.A.’s instant investigation of DC-10 pylons turned up six other airplanes with cracks similar to the one that had caused Flight 191’s engine to separate. All of them belonged to American or Continental. Also, four days after the accident a United Airlines mechanic was actually able to move with his hands a loose engine-pylon assembly that he was inspecting. He had uncovered, in Bond’s words, “a pylon that was disintegrating along the upper spar web”—a structural part of the pylon. It was an alarming revelation, possibly pointing to a design flaw and thus a threat to the airworthiness of the entire DC-10 fleet. An intensive search showed wing pylons on thirty-one DC-10s with damage that was similar but less serious. Douglas’s Eugene Dubil says, “The United Airlines spar-web problem scared everyone.” Bond grounded the DC-10 temporarily and issued an airworthiness directive calling for inspections to be made. Still, the drama of the suspect pylon continued. Cracks were discovered in the pylons of two more DC-10s, also operated by American, which had been inspected by the F.A.A. and certified as safe only two weeks earlier. Since these two airplanes had not had additional maintenance since, the cracks were judged to have occurred in actual flight. This was a shocking development; it seemed that evidence of a serious design flaw—and a threat to all DC-10s—had surfaced. It was then that Bond withdrew the DC-10’s certification. European DC-10s were also grounded for pylon inspections. The effect on airline operations generally was severe—in many places, chaotic.



Thirty-eight days later, the DC-10 was flying again. The damage that seemed to have been caused by a design flaw actually hadn’t been; instead it was traced to more manageable problems. The weakened pylons belonging to the group of thirty-one airplanes had been harmed by defective quality control in manufacture. For that, the F.A.A. fined McDonnell Douglas three hundred thousand dollars. The pylons of the two other faulty DC-10s belonging to American were eventually shown to have been damaged, months earlier, during maintenance procedures; the inspectors who certified these airplanes as safe after the accident had simply not detected the cracks. American drew a record fine—half a million dollars—for what, according to the F.A.A., was improper maintenance of the DC-10. Continental was fined a hundred thousand dollars. The F.A.A.’s letters to both carriers noted that the nature of their one-step procedure “provided the potential for inflicting damage to the wing-pylon attachment and related structure.” American probably drew the larger fine in part because it was charged with a larger number and variety of violations, but the F.A.A. was also aroused by what it had learned in depositions about some of American’s maintenance practices. According to one report about the forklift procedure, “Most of the mechanics performing the job testified by deposition that they received no formal training and little on-the-job training on unit installation.” Other testimony described problems with the performance of the forklifts. American has defended its maintenance procedures as proper. In November of 1979, it told the F.A.A. that the fine was being paid “under protest.” And American told the Safety Board that McDonnell Douglas’s design made the pylon-wing attachments “needlessly vulnerable to misalignment during manufacture and to damage during maintenance.”

Langhorne Bond ascribes the Chicago crash to “a chain of human failures.” He cites American’s “removal procedures” of the engine-pylon unit and McDonnell Douglas’s “failure to scream” about these procedures. Bond asks, “Why did Continental Air Lines fail to tell us what this procedure had done to its airplanes? Why didn’t somebody say: ‘Stop the world’?” Yet Bond, who is both open and articulate, concedes that the agency he was running “might not have done anything with such information.” He says that the F.A.A. tends to be “flaccid,” and “not tough enough on enforcement,” adding, “Our guys feel that they can’t do a lot. There is fear and intimidation. One of the unions will call the White House; some guy at the White House will call the Secretary of Transportation and suggest that So-and-So at the F.A.A. not be promoted. The Secretary of Transportation in my time didn’t yield to the pressure, but some have yielded in the past. And the threat from the unions does intimidate people.” Bond is referring mainly to the Air Line Pilots Association, a union that loathed him, and picketed the White House just before the 1980 Presidential election in an effort to have him fired. The effort failed.

The Safety Board, of which Bond is no admirer, confirmed some of his thoughts about his own agency in its report on the Chicago accident. It apportioned the blame for the episode among the airline, the manufacturer, and the F.A.A., putting the larger emphasis on American’s “improper maintenance procedures.” The F.A.A. was judged deficient in its “surveillance and reporting systems which failed to detect and prevent . . . improper maintenance.” Some design features of the DC-10 were criticized, two of them—the pylon attachment and the leading-edge slat system—as being vulnerable to damage. The slat system was described as lacking "mechanical locking devices to prevent [accidental] movement . . . following a failure of the primary controls." Also criticized was the "design of the stall-warning system," which "lacked sufficient redundancy."

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The airplane would probably have forgiven the merely human errors that Bond noted, but it was unable to survive the loss of an engine and key systems. The question is whether a DC-10 or any airplane could have survived Flight 191's difficulties. McDonnell Douglas takes the position, for which it has considerable F.A.A. support, that the risk of this fatal combination of events was so remote—less than a one-in-a-billion possibility—that it could not have been precluded in the design stage. Engines are obviously not supposed to fall off airplanes; this one did because of faulty maintenance. And if an engine is going to fall off, no one can contemplate the exact circumstances in which the unlikely event will occur. Nonetheless, engines have been separating from airplanes for a long time—usually without causing accidents. Over the years, Boeing's 707s have been involved in eight engine separations, five of them resulting in fatalities. In December of 1979, a 747 used by Pan Am as a freighter was losing an engine as it approached Heathrow Airport, in London. It seems fair to ask what might have happened if that airplane had lost the engine in the exact circumstances that Flight 191 encountered. Would the damage have torn away hydraulic lines, and so caused the slats to retract? And would the loss of a generator have deprived the crew of essential warning devices? There are no obvious answers to these questions. Perhaps, as the DC-10's defenders would argue, no two situations are exactly alike, and it cannot be demonstrated that any other airliner would have survived the crisis that felled Flight 191.

That argument, however impressive, may be set against some design characteristics that distinguish the DC-10 from both the 747 and the L-1011. The first is hydraulics, which in a modern airliner seems to blend the functions of an animal's nervous and circulatory systems. High-pressure fluid pumped through a network of seamless tubes powers the airplane's controls in response to commands from the cockpit, or brain. In the wide-bodied airplanes, the hydraulic lines—the veins and arteries—are routed through the wings and the belly of the fuselage. In the DC-10, as with virtually all the earlier jet transports, two of the systems are routed along the leading edge of the wing. In the 747 and the L-1011, these lines are routed along the trailing edge, where they are presumed to be somewhat less vulnerable to potential damage. (One reason for having hydraulic lines on the leading edge is that it is simpler and cheaper to put them there.) Flight 191 lost control of the left wing's slats when the hydraulic lines departed with the pylon. In the same situation, an L-1011 or a 747 might not have lost hydraulic fluid and control of the slats, because the lines are in a less exposed position. But suppose each of the three airplanes lost hydraulic power on one side. The question then is whether some other means exists to prevent the slats from retracting. The 747 and the L-1011 are equipped with mechanical devices to prevent slat retraction. The design of the DC-10's slat system did not, as the Safety Board report noted, have such a locking device. There, again, one wonders whether in Flight 191's stricken condition either of the two other airplanes would have had a problem with its slats. The DC-10's designers chose not to have the locking device. Ray E. Bates, a senior Douglas vice-president and the director of new commercial programs, says that the DC-10 design team considered a locking device carefully and decided against it. "If you have a mechanical locking device, you run the risk of the slats' locking when you don't want them to," Bates says. And it is true that accidental retraction of the slats is a most unlikely occurrence. Still, it happened. Russell H. Hopps, Lockheed's vice-president and general manager for engineering, responding to Bates' comment, says pointedly, "If the slats on the L-1011 accidentally locked out"—that is, in the extended position—"there would be no danger to the airplane."

Suppose that the slats on all three airplanes are equally capable of accidental retraction. And suppose that in-flight damage has caused a loss of some electrical power. Would the pilots in all three airplanes run an equal risk of being deprived of stall-warning devices? Here, again, there is a difference. The L-1011 was designed to have alternative stall-warning and slat-disagreement systems; the DC-10 was designed to have only single systems. After the Chicago accident, the F.A.A. issued a directive requiring a second stall-warning device on DC-10s. The 747 was built with one stall-warning system, but Boeing offers a second system to airlines as an option. The reason that the F.A.A. didn't insist on an alternative system for all 747s was that they had slat-locking devices. Yet, oddly, the F.A.A. did not prescribe a slat-locking device for the DC-10, even after the accident, agreeing with McDonnell Douglas that it wasn't necessary; instead, the agency required more frequent inspection of the cables that operate the DC-10's slats.

In all, the F.A.A. issued four airworthiness directives for modifications, or repairs, on the DC-10 after the Chicago accident. American Airlines, however, recommended several additional modifications, and has done some of them on its own. Rerouting hydraulic lines is one change proposed by American that will not be made by anyone. American has apparently offered to pay for the kits—the parts, tools, and instructions—that the job would require but says that McDonnell Douglas will not produce them. McDonnell Douglas says that rerouting the lines is "neither necessary nor desirable from a design or safety point of view." The F.A.A. examined this matter carefully and saw no reason to move the lines. Nor do other DC-10 operators seem to share American's view of the matter. McDonnell Douglas and American Airlines, which is probably its second-best customer, have fought bitterly in the courts over their degrees of liability for the Chicago accident. The issue of hydraulics points up another design feature that distinguishes the DC-10 from the L-1011 and the 747. The DC-10, like most smaller jet airliners, has three hydraulic systems, any one of which can fly the airplane. The 747 and the L-1011 both have four hydraulic systems. Most experts would agree that the additional redundancy provided by the fourth system has no significance for airworthiness. A fourth system would not have helped Flight 191: two of its three systems were fully functional when it crashed. Still, no two accidents are alike, as proponents of the DC-10 and other experts often say. In July of 1971, a Pan Am 747 struck an approach-light gantry while taking off from San Francisco's airport. The Safety Board says, "The aircraft sustained major structural damage to the fuselage and empennage, and three of the four hydraulic systems were disabled." It was too late to abort the takeoff. The crew flew the airplane for nearly two hours "while assessing the . . . damage and dumping fuel before landing." Although no one was killed in the accident, two persons were seriously injured by long pieces of iron that pierced the floor of the passenger cabin. That the airplane was airworthy at all after the damage done to it was remarkable, and was attributable, of course, to the one hydraulic system that continued to function. "It is a fair question whether that airplane could have survived without four systems," John Borger says. "I'm glad that Boeing and Pan Am felt the same way about the desirability of four systems." Last September 22nd, the center engine of an Eastern Air Lines L-1011 partially disintegrated in flight. The detached fan ripped forward and disabled three of the four hydraulic systems. If it hadn't been for the fourth system, which wasn't damaged, the airplane would have gone out of control.

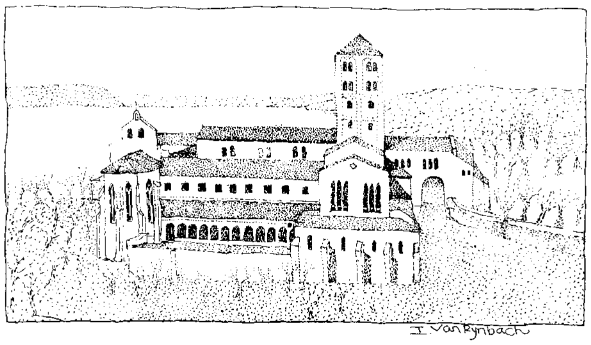
Ray Bates, of Douglas, was asked if the company might do some things differently in designing its next airplane. "We might want a different level of redundancy," he said. This was said not defensively but reflectively and analytically. Bates says, with justice, that people who criticize "have not gone through the whole design spectrum." And he adds, "There are different ways of doing the same thing." The beginning of wisdom about airplanes and their airworthiness is presumably an appreciation of the different styles and techniques of the manufacturers. The test of any of the styles and techniques is whether the manufacturer's airplane meets the F.A.A.'s standards for certification; if so, the thinking and the technique reflected in that airplane's design are, in theory, the equal of any other manufacturer's. But this is not just theory; it is reality, given the nature and the limits of the regulatory system. The Chicago accident created considerable official interest in aircraft design, and especially in engine separation. A separated engine can do catastrophic harm, particularly if it strikes the airplane's tail or ignites a wing. In certifying an airplane, the F.A.A. must be convinced that the engines mounted on a wing will break cleanly and pass beneath it. The Safety Board, in its report on the Chicago accident, said, "At the time of DC-10 certification, the structural separation of an engine pylon was not considered. Thus, multiple failures of other systems resulting from this single event were not considered."

There are differing views of the separation question. "You can't design for an engine coming off," Ray Bates says. "You need a design that keeps it on." He has considerable support for that position, since forecasting the possible trajectory of a separating engine is a matter of many unknowns. Russell Hopps, of Lockheed, says, "If you lose an engine, it should separate cleanly; it should go over the wing or down, depending on the flight conditions; it should not hit the fuselage, wing, or tail." In August of 1979, Hopps told a congressional subcommittee that was looking into the design of wide-bodied aircraft, "If you obtain our F.A.A. certification data from 1972, you will find that we have specifically addressed the fact that we expect engines to separate and that we will be able to continue flying safely and land with an engine separated. It was a part of our design criteria. . . . We think . . . there have been approximately ten cases where engines have separated. We said that regardless of redundancy and philosophy engines will separate, and we must be able to continue safe flight." Boeing has the same approach.

The point is that F.A.A. requirements and the designers' criteria are frequently quite different. Moreover, slat-locking devices, four hydraulic systems (as opposed to three), and two stall-warning devices (as opposed to one) are not isolated examples of more protection than is required. Indeed, they reflect an approach to aircraft design that in many, if not most, areas is more conservative than the F.A.A.'s. From a design point of view, the risk of an engine and pylon tearing away from a wing may be judged remote, though not impossible. As the safety report suggests, this was not a risk that McDonnell Douglas tried to anticipate in its design.

SINCE the DC-10's return to service, some of its operators and advocates have said that it must be the world's safest airplane, because it has been so carefully studied, and so much is known about it. Actually, a lot was learned not only about the DC-10 but also about its chief examiner, the F.A.A. The agency's weaknesses, including those which Bond noted, were rehearsed and in some instances exaggerated. What surprised, and even alarmed, many people—especially interested members of Congress—was how much of the F.A.A.'s certification process is delegated to the makers of the airplanes that are candidates for certification. For as long as anyone can remember, the F.A.A. has used senior engineers in the aircraft companies to review designs and the design process on its behalf. Such people, who are known as designated engineering representatives, or D.E.R.s, and are selected by the aircraft companies they work for, clearly serve two masters—one their companies, the other the F.A.A. The conflict of interest is obvious, yet by the most informed and reliable accounts it is not really a problem—not yet, anyway. In any case, whatever the danger of divided loyalties, there is at present no alternative to the D.E.R. system. The F.A.A.'s human resources are not remotely adequate to the enormous job of certifying an airliner. One of the interested congressional committees says that the F.A.A. "retains authority over only six per cent of the engineering safety substantiation analyses for a . . . certificate," and that "the level of F.A.A. surveillance appears to be declining and delegation increasing."

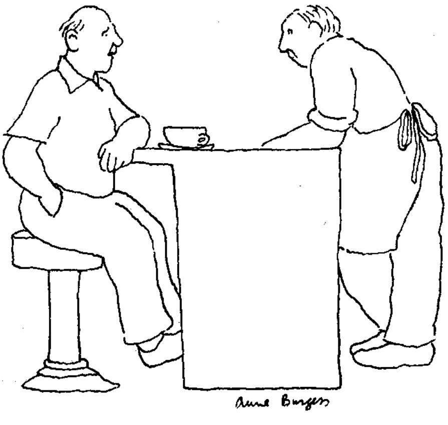
The F.A.A.'s budget is contracting, not expanding. But even if twice the funds for certification were available the additional engineering talent would not be. Middle-level engineers who are good enough to take a responsible part in certification are good enough to help design and build the airplane—a function that pays more and offers superior career advantages. The F.A.A.'s senior professionals have complete confidence in the integrity and reliability of the D.E.R. system. Within the industry,



the engineers who know the most about building airliners feel at least as strongly. People such as Sutter, of Boeing, and Hopps, of Lockheed, know that the quest for maximum safety in their designs goes beyond federal requirements. They feel that their own professional reputations and the fortunes of their companies have a one-to-one relationship with the airworthiness values in their designs. Thus, any D.E.R. is chosen carefully. To be chosen is a sign of the company's confidence; the prestige that accompanies the designation, according to senior executives, serves as an additional motivation. The House subcommittee investigating wide-bodied-aircraft design drew this comment from Hopps: "I have never seen any pressure or known of any pressure applied by management to D.E.R.s. I would actually have to say that the D.E.R.s are probably tougher than the F.A.A. They take pride in what they do, and I don't think the F.A.A. could do their job without the D.E.R.s. . . . If you asked me, could the system ideally be better? Of course it could. But the problem in the real world is . . . the capable people with experience are not available to do that job [for the F.A.A.], and, in fact, if we were to move them into the F.A.A., I would say that in about five years they would have come back to industry." If the company building the airplanes is strongly motivated, the D.E.R. system apparently works well. But an outsider may conclude that the system, however irreplaceable, is only as good as the companies that employ the D.E.R.s.

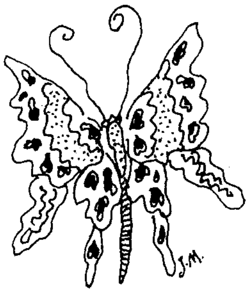
It is not as if the F.A.A. did not have a corps of people with enough knowledge and experience to manage the certification process. It does. But the corps is stretched thin by the demands placed on it, which include having to pass judgment on vast quantities of design data. In many areas of design, according to Charles Foster, of the F.A.A., D.E.R.s simply cannot be the decisive influence. Taking hydraulics as an example, Foster told me that a D.E.R. "evaluates the data that a design generates," and added, "The key design points, plus a lot of the detail, must be approved or disapproved by the F.A.A. itself." He also said that the F.A.A. "made McDonnell Douglas prove that the DC-10 did not require a mechanical locking device for the wing slats, and we bought their explanation." But was the DC-10 flight-tested in an asymmetrical condition (with the slats on one side retracted)? The answer was yes. And did the F.A.A. require that a DC-10 take off in that same condition (as Flight 191 did)? No, said Foster. But, he said, "that procedure was performed to everyone's complete satisfaction in a DC-10 flight simulator." (Today's simulators are remarkably good, and airline pilots assigned to new or unfamiliar equipment spend most of their time in simulators, not in the actual airplanes.) However, since that conversation took place, another DC-10 has experienced inadvertent retraction of its slats (caused by an engine failure) on takeoff. This incident led—some would say belatedly—to an airworthiness directive, issued in January of this year, that requires a modification of the DC-10's slat system. The record also shows that in 1973, two years after the DC-10 was certified, some airlines flying the plane had difficulties with its hydraulics; the problem was a loss of fluid in one of the three systems, which could induce a failure of another system. There were complaints to the F.A.A., and an airworthiness directive was issued. McDonnell Douglas was required to modify the DC-10's hydraulics "to minimize the possibility of a dual failure." But the hydraulics problem was not easily or quickly solved.

The confusion about certification and the pressure on the F.A.A. that developed after the Chicago accident pushed the government to do something. The Department of Transportation assembled a committee under the auspices of the National Research Council "to assess the procedures and practices used by the Federal Aviation Administration . . . to assure the safety of commercial passenger aircraft." The committee chairman was George M. Low, the president of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and formerly the deputy administrator of NASA and the manager of the Apollo spacecraft program. A dozen other prominent figures, drawn mainly from various parts of the aviation business and academe, made up the rest of the committee. In June of 1980, after an inquiry that lasted six months, the committee issued a report, which is much the most sensible and useful document available on the subject. Low, in his letter transmitting the report, pointed out that the Chicago accident had led to the study and noted that there were issues outside the scope of the inquiry which needed attention. One of these, he said, was deregulation, which "has led to an increase in the number of airports where many airlines operate, placing an added burden on F.A.A. inspectors," and he added, "The general implications of airline deregulation for safety need to be examined." A large part of the aviation world passed over this passage in the letter. I asked Low to explain what it meant. "We were concerned about a weak F.A.A. having too many airlines to supervise at several airports," he said. "It's hard enough to supervise just a few at some airports." His letter also noted "the potential problems of an aging airplane fleet."



The committee's most important conclusions concerned the D.E.R. system and aircraft design. The report confirmed the essential role of the D.E.R. system and the F.A.A.'s inability to take on a larger proportion of the certification work. It did point to weaknesses within the F.A.A.—of a kind that afflict many large bureaucracies—and expressed concern over "the trend toward placing more and more reliance on the manufacturer in the course of . . . certification." The committee's recommendations for strengthening the F.A.A. lie closer to wishful thinking than to attainable goals, but the report did silence the D.E.R. argument.

The committee's comments on aircraft design were more pointed, and were the most widely discussed. In one form or another, the same comment was made in several separate passages of the report: "Aircraft safety demands a 'forgiving' design that is tolerant of failure." The F.A.A.'s airworthiness standards are the "minimum." The F.A.A.'s rules are "primarily reactive . . . [to] accidents." They permit "a manufacturer to demonstrate in the design of an aircraft that certain failures simply cannot occur . . . [therefore] the consequences to other structures and systems of such an 'impossible' failure need not be taken into account. This practice, however, fails to [recognize that] . . . structures designed not to fail . . . sometimes do fail, usually as a result of hazardous conditions *outside* the design environment. . . . In the committee's judgment aircraft design principles should take into account [this] potential . . . and should seek to prevent catastrophic effects. . . . Specifically, the committee recommends that the F.A.A. develop a rule requiring assurance that an aircraft is designed to continue to fly after structural failure, unless that failure itself prevents the aircraft from flying." The term "failure itself" in this case means the loss of a primary structure—a wing, perhaps, or the tail.



According to Maynard Pennell, the former Boeing vice-president, who was a member of the committee, the members agreed that "it should be possible to lose an engine without losing the airplane." Pennell told me, "You try to design so that if, in the event of a major failure, an engine separates, it will do so in a way that preserves the flight capability of the aircraft. Douglas took the position that the loss of an engine was extremely unlikely, and therefore the risk of any such loss having an effect on the wing slats and signal system was acceptable. McDonnell Douglas decided against changing anything of real importance, and the F.A.A. backed them." On being asked what should have been changed, Pennell said that "the hydraulic systems should have been moved behind the rear spar" of the wing.

Pennell is supported by John H. Enders, an engineer and pilot and the president of the Flight Safety Foundation, based in Arlington, Virginia, who was a consultant to the committee. "The committee asked itself whether McDonnell Douglas carried the analytical process far enough in considering what could happen if an engine and a pylon separated," Enders said recently. "The committee felt that if Douglas had gone further it would have recognized the vulnerability of other systems, including the leading-edge hydraulics. What Douglas did instead was satisfy itself that such a loss of engine and pylon was a remote possibility."

When I asked George Low why he thought the F.A.A. hadn't ordered McDonnell Douglas to reroute the DC-10's hydraulics lines and install slat-locking devices, he suggested that to do so would have interfered with the litigation over the Chicago crash. "Clearly, after an accident the people most closely involved understand which changes are needed to make the airplane even safer," he said. "But with today's concerns about litigation it's often difficult to make the right technical decisions, out of fear that prior guilt may be presumed."

Another committee member, James W. Mar, who is Hunsaker Professor of Aerospace Education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says that he does not agree with those who compare the DC-10 unfavorably with the L-1011 or the 747. The airplane, he says, is "unlucky, not deficient." However, Mar, like many others, is impressed by the variation in style of the three companies. "Boeing and Lockheed give the impression of their engineers' being dominant," he says. "You don't get that impression from Douglas—not since the merger."

Maynard Pennell agrees, and of his work on the committee he said, "I gained a new respect for Lockheed and renewed suspicions of the impact of the St. Louis company"—McDonnell—"on Douglas. The DC-10 is a good airplane, but being good is just not enough. Douglas met the letter of the F.A.A. regulations but did not build as safe an airplane as it might have. This was not deliberate policy on its part. I suspect that it was a combination of forces rather than one. Douglas had been undisciplined, and after being taken over by McDonnell the management in Long Beach had to prove itself. The DC-10 was a disciplined program. Douglas was probably determined not to overrun or do more than it was required by regulation to do. And that is not good enough—not to compete on the merits against the L-1011."

A senior F.A.A. official who knows the companies well says, "They are different and they do things differently." In blunt language, he put Lockheed and Boeing in one category, Douglas (since the merger) in another. Like a lot of other people, he thinks that the gap in point of view as well as in distance between "the people in St. Louis and the people in Long Beach" is part of the problem. He and Pennell reflect the views of a great

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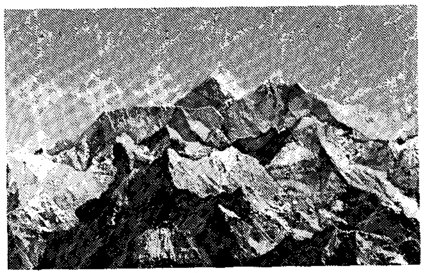

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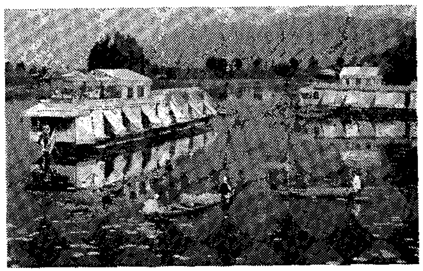

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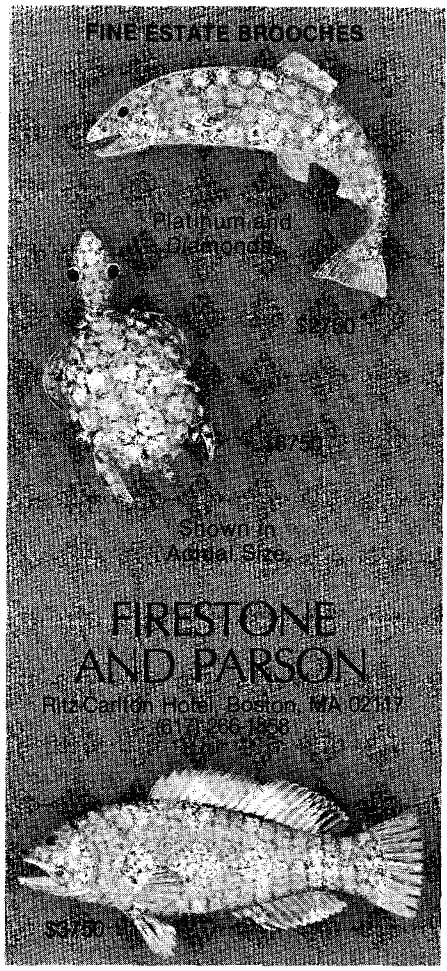
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many people in or linked to the aircraft-design business.

THE DC-10 experience has deepened the conservative bias in aircraft design. It is not clear, however, whether the bias will inhibit progress. Many industry and airline people think, rightly or wrongly, that because wide-bodied airplanes have fallen out of the sky Boeing and Airbus Industrie are hesitating to exploit the state of the art to the extent they might. Charles Tillinghast, who managed T.W.A.'s affairs for fifteen years and is now an investment banker with the Merrill Lynch White Weld Capital Markets Group, says, "There is a fine line between increasing performance and maintaining safety margins. Conceivably, Boeing has not pressed the [technological] limits as hard because of the DC-10 accidents." Ten years will separate the entry into service of the L-1011 and the 767, scheduled for fall of 1982. The L-1011 is probably the most advanced of today's airliners, and many in the industry would argue that even after ten years it is virtually the equal of the 767 or of Europe's newest Airbus in fully reflecting the state of the art. The two newer airplanes have more digital cockpit displays and a little more technology in their wings (although Lockheed would not concede much on the latter point), but most L-1011 operators regard it as more advanced than anything else around, and as advanced as the airplanes that are being developed and have not yet flown.

The climate was very different in the late nineteen-sixties, when the airlines and their suppliers foresaw a period of untroubled growth. It isn't likely that most of the airlines in the queue then for wide-bodied airplanes were making fine distinctions between levels of redundancy in various designs; the engineers for many airlines were impressed by design differences, but in very few cases did their opinions dominate the selection process. The focus of the airline business, as United's George Keck indicated, was shifting from equipment to marketing. An airplane was being viewed as a large piece of aluminum wrapped around its engines. But it cannot be said that the airline industry distinguished itself by its marketing decisions. Eyes open, it plunged into the wide-body era, inviting the commercial disaster that followed. The leader was the industry's greatest swashbuckler, Pan Am's Juan Trippe. He and

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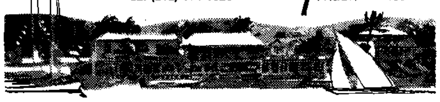


Boeing brought into being an airplane, the 747, for which the airline industry was unprepared, and it nearly crushed his company.

The manufacturers were no less incautious and no shrewder than their customers. Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, and Lockheed were battered by many blows, most of which could have been avoided. Boeing's zeal nearly destroyed it. McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed built the same airplane, although it was perfectly clear, even in that time of high exuberance, that the market could not sustain both planes. One of the two companies should have built a genuine airbus—a twin-engine double-aisle airplane. Indeed, the wide-body era should have started at the low end, with the shorter-range twin-engine airplane, and evolved toward the bigger and longer-range airplanes. Some of Boeing's decisions were as imprudent as those of its two competitors, but Boeing was spared disaster, almost as much by good luck as by the energy and determination it showed in overcoming its mistakes. Boeing also benefitted from the chaos that McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed made of their commercial-airplane programs. But the major beneficiary of the chaos was Europe's Airbus program.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

◆

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Carl T. Rowan in the Chicago Sun-Times*]

Reagan is using his tongue to paint himself into a corner where he will watch helplessly as his countrymen reject the armed-to-the-teeth confrontation policies that he wants them to embrace.

◆

It once was thought that, like everything else, taste buds atrophy with age. This theory is currently being questioned—but if it isn't true that our sense of taste dulls with age, how do we explain the fact that matirotu emab;es is tp emkpu acod ½ocl;es amd somis-opening horseradish?—*Hartford Courant.*

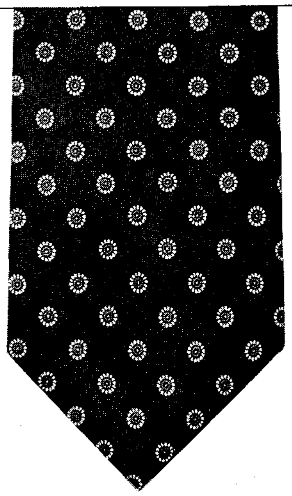
Good question.

◆

"Q.E.D.," starring Sam Waterston, debuts Tuesday at 8 p.m. on Channels 5, 10, 12, 42.

Sam Waterston, more known for his Broadway and movie roles ("The Great Gatsby"), stars as Quentin E. Deverill ("Q.E.D.," which also stands for the Latin symbol affixed to the bottom of math equations meaning quite easily done).—*San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle.*

Noted.



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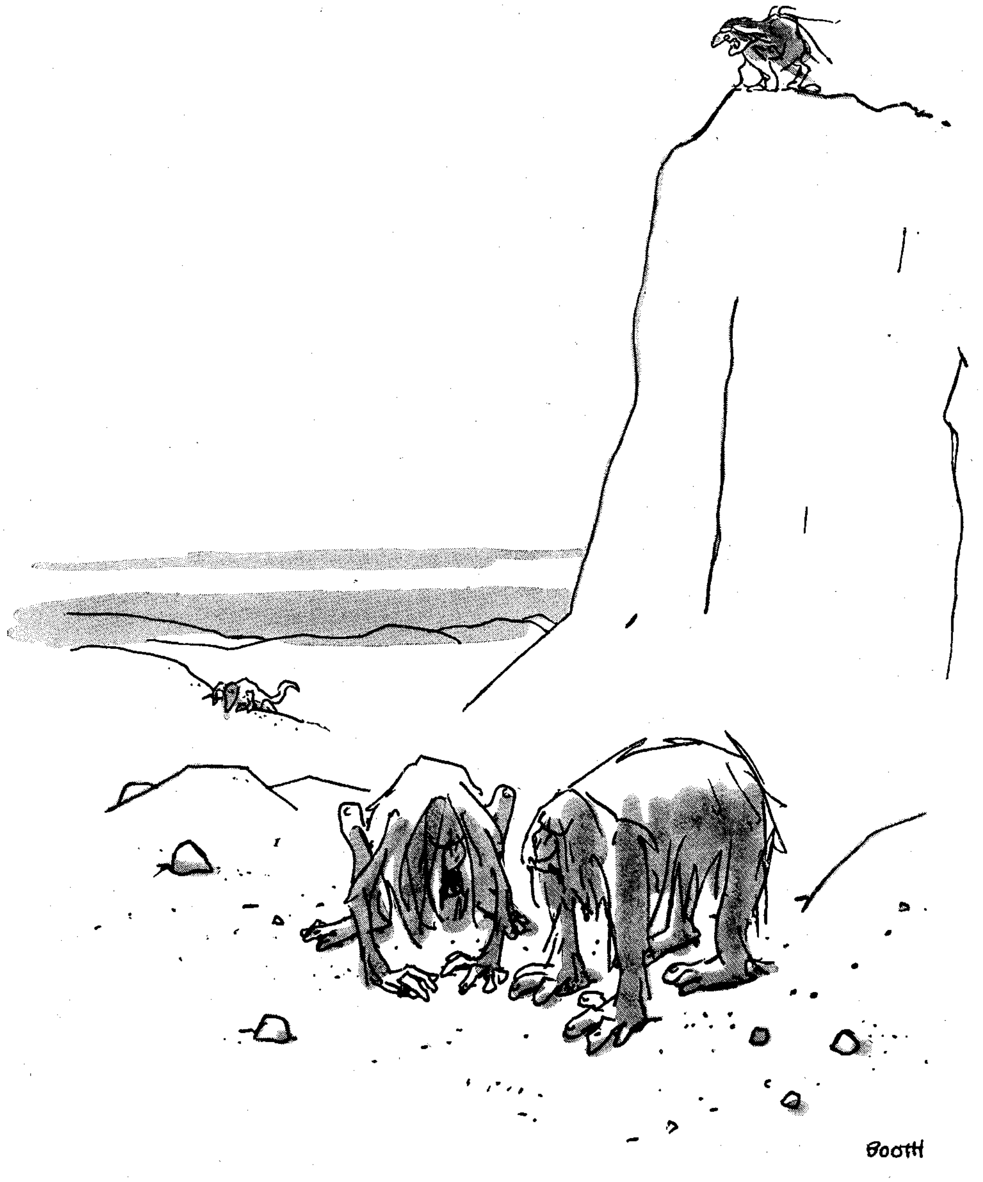
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE American Place, after several dim seasons, is at last in luck again: the sublime Bill Irwin & Company, in "The Regard of Flight," is ensconced in its theatre; and now in its cabaret, the Subplot, is "Serious Bizness," a new little show (just a lunchtime hour long) that's as frisky and funny and original as anything in town. The performer-writers of this pertinent impertinence are David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, Jill Larson, and Don Perman—all of them attractive, deft, and apparently on the right side of thirty. There is no point that I can see in describing their sketches and thus spoiling their jokes. It is astonishing to find at midday this kind of mocking, up-to-the-minute comedy, usually accessible only at midnight. Don't be put off by that terrible title; "Serious Bizness," given its own momentum, will run straight through the summer. Ken Uy is the lively pianist; Sue Lawless was the capable director.

"Livingstone and Sechele," a British import by David Pownall, at the Quaigh, is entirely concerned with the efforts of the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary-explorer David Livingstone to convert to Christianity a great and crafty African tribal chieftain who, while subtly resisting baptism for about an act and three-quarters, must somehow manage to keep Livingstone around in order to supply the tribe—called the Crocodiles—with ammunition to fend off the encroaching Boers. The action, which is based on a historical episode, takes place in 1848 and 1849 at a settlement in the Kalahari Desert. There are four characters: the intelligent and commanding chief, Sechele; his favorite wife, who is among several he must divorce in order to become a monogamous Christian (in her case barrenness is the ground, until she becomes pregnant); the poor, earnest, teased, frustrated, and long-suffering Livingstone; and *his* wife, who encourages him. The play, while lucid and occasionally humorous and certainly psychologically sound on the whole matter of conversion—a worthy topic if ever there was one—would seem to require something more to hold its audience's attention for three long acts. Perhaps it sticks to the point too relentlessly; perhaps the merely satisfactory performance, under Will Lieberson's direction, is not enough. I'm not sure. Even so, an actor who calls himself Afemo is arresting (and arresting-looking) as Sechele, and so is Esther Ryvlin as his skeptical, angry, sexy discarded wife. Geoffrey Hall designed the setting, and Bob Horek designed the costumes.



"Will your mother be coming down for dinner tonight?"

THERE are several indications that Robert A. Morse, whose interminable "Booth" will run at the South Street through June 20th, has dramatic talent, but his script is in such disarray that it is all but impossible to have any opinion about it whatever. Telling the story of John Wilkes Booth and his family in brief, fragmented scenes, and with a rat-a-tat of anachronisms in its dialogue ("Relax," "Put your money where your mouth is"—that sort of thing), it has been directed to within an inch of its life by Christopher Catt. Nevertheless, some of the actors do well, notably John Glover, in the leading role, and, in multiple roles, Michael Connolly, Jane Cronin, and Peter Boyden. Effective scenery by David Chapman, effective lighting by Frances Aronson.

—Edith Oliver

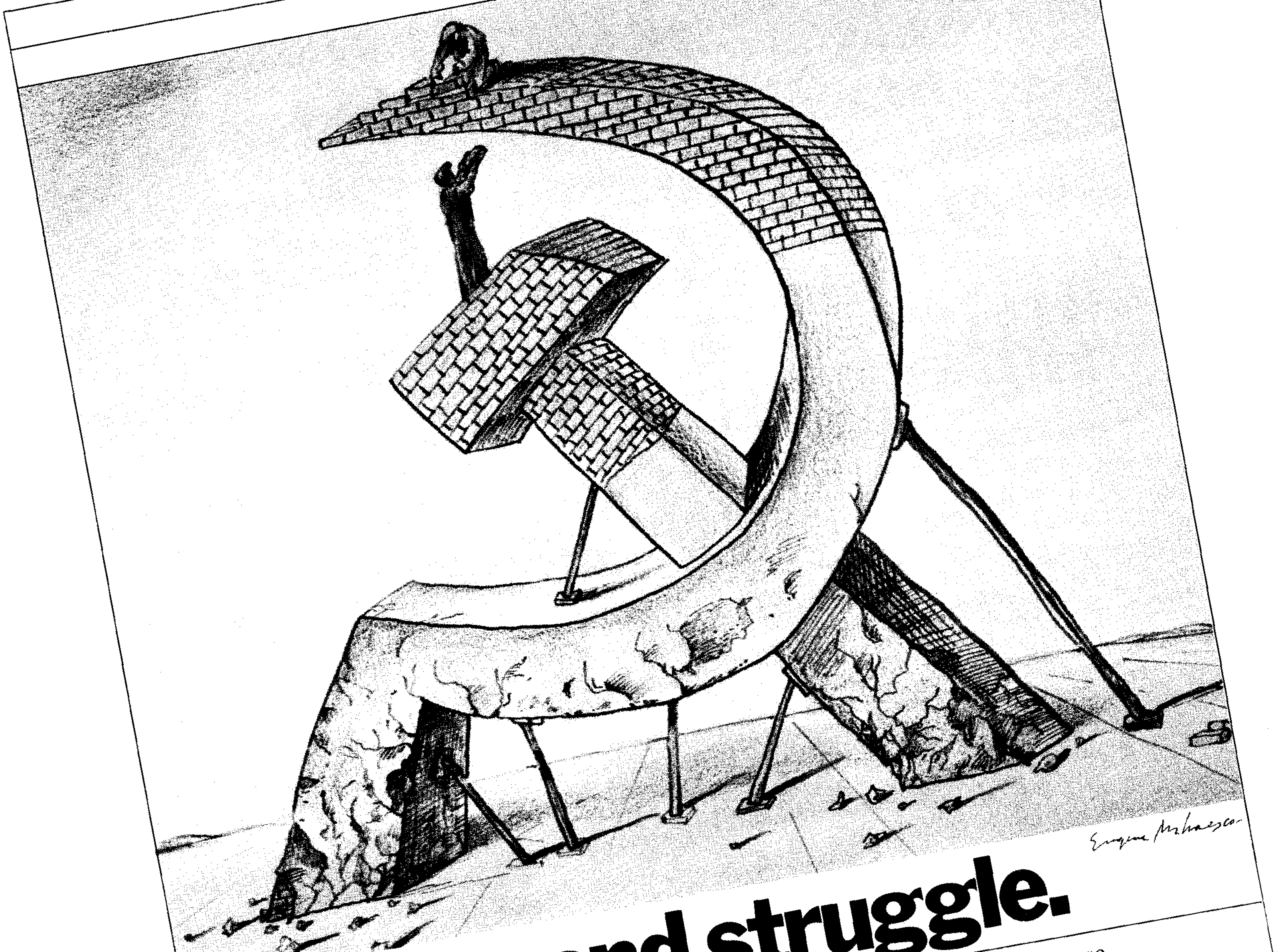
•

SPECIAL SESSIONS WE NEVER GOT AROUND TO ATTENDING

[*From the agenda of a conference held in Washington by the Association for the Advancement of Policy, Research and Development in the Third World*]

Special Session: "Export development functionality with an import substitution form factor for an optimal industrial development velocity per increment of domestic resource costs employed."

TIME



Specter and struggle.

Defeat and disaster seem unable to exorcise the specter of Communism because it's a system designed not to serve any society, but to protect its own power.

Assembling, verifying and editing facts are really only half the job of a responsible journalist. The other half of the job is getting inside the reader's head, as it were: anticipating his questions, empathizing with an intelligent appetite for causes carefully traced and connections well established.

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More goes into it.

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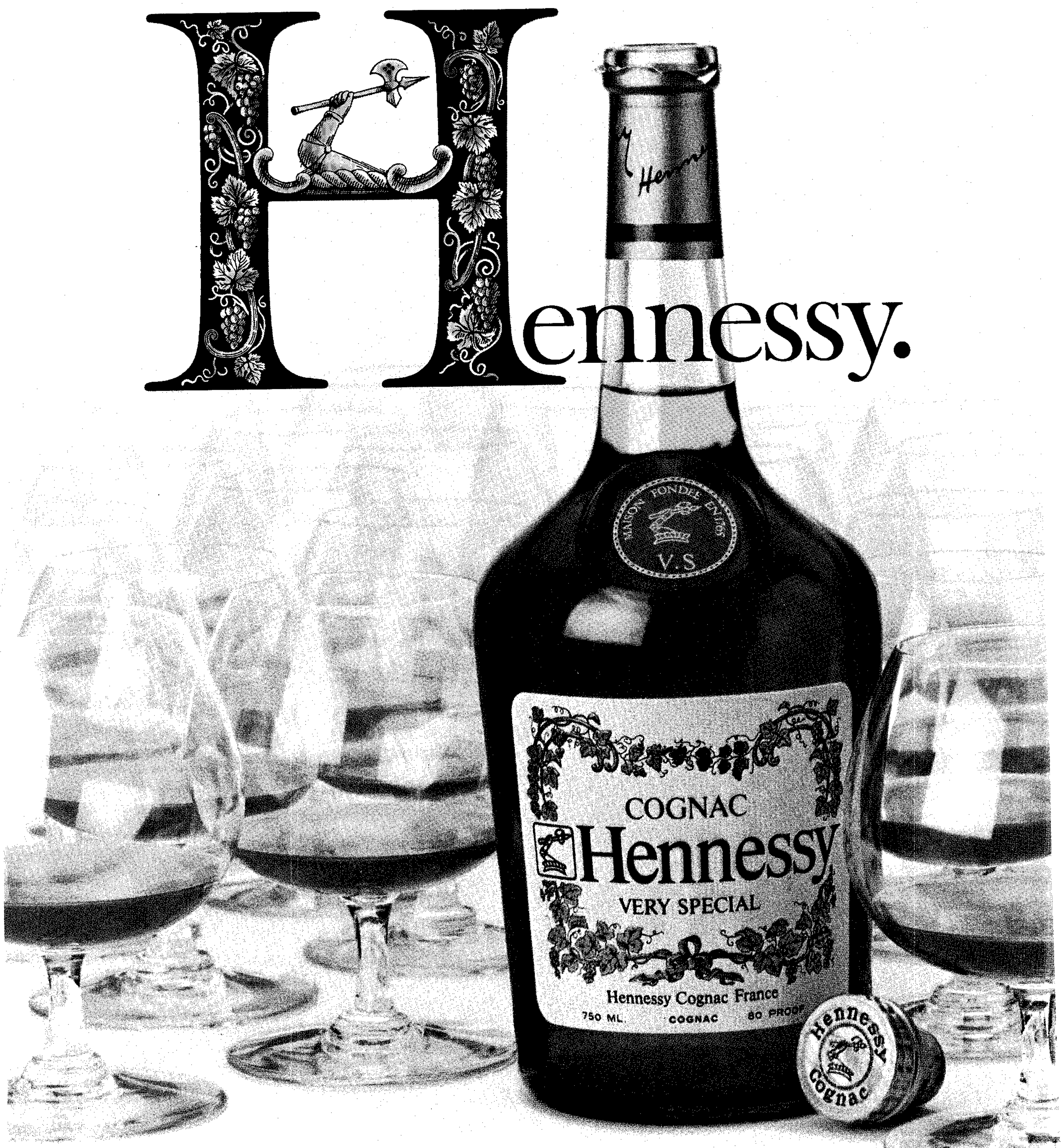
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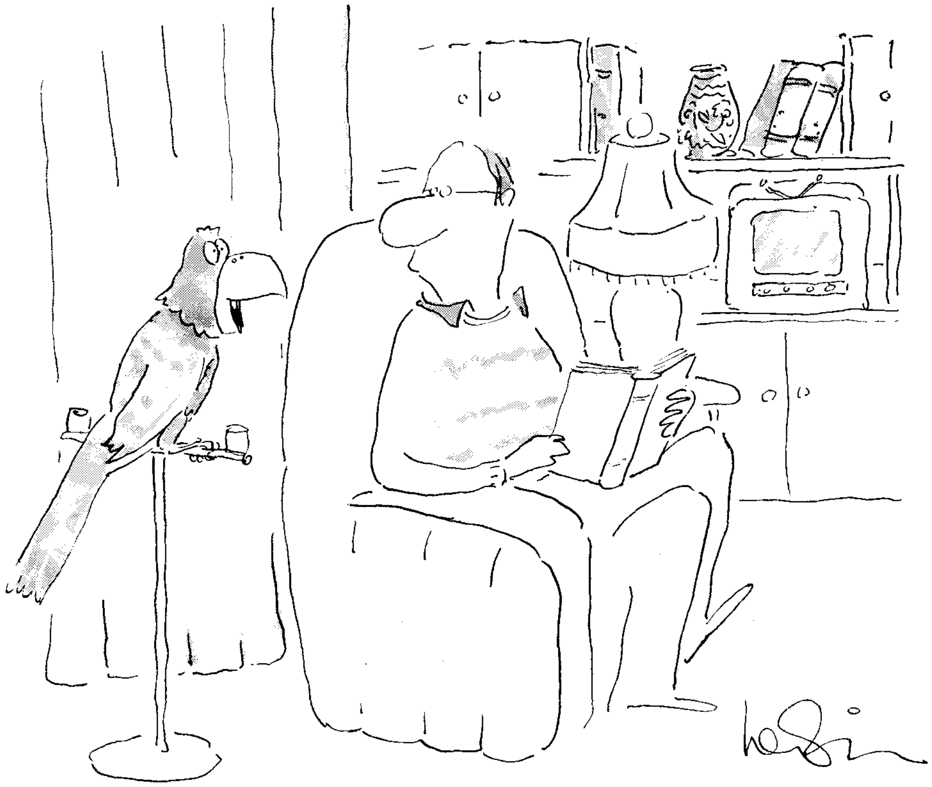
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

SKETCHBOOK

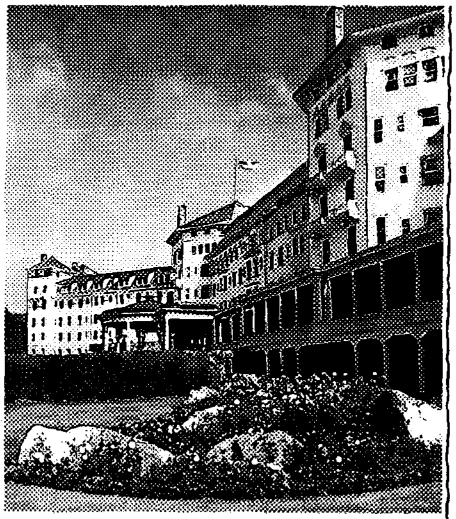
PERHAPS it only seems that Washington has become more preoccupied than ever with the fever charts: how the President is doing and what might happen in November (1982 or 1984), and who is up or down within the Administration. The reason may be that the Reagan Administration is such a high-risk venture, with such large stakes, and has so dominated the stage. Every move it makes and everything that happens to it is studied far more for its tactical implications than for its substance. For instance, the fact that the President recently made arms-reductions proposals to the Soviet Union was the important thing—more important than what the proposals meant. Every poll—and there seems to be a new poll each week—is carefully examined.

NO one follows the charts more closely, or tries harder to affect their course, than the people in the White House. Reagan and those around him have always had an excellent sense of staging: of placing Reagan the candidate or Reagan the President in an effective setting. The Reagan people have brought the art of the backdrop to new heights. A President has to have a sense of public relations—George Washington understood this, though the term hadn't yet been invented, and so did Theodore Roosevelt. But sometimes the public relations can seem to dwarf everything else, and work against itself. Not long before Reagan went off to Europe, two White House aides said to me of the trip, in separate conversations, "It's going to be great theatre." Reagan's aides talked openly about the political fruits of the television spectacular, and the picture of the President as a leader, that the trip would provide. They talked about these things so much that whatever substantive value the trip would have—and there was some—was very nearly overwhelmed before it began. Even some of the more detached people within the government thought that the trip would show Reagan to good advantage in both Europe and the United States, because he would be functioning in structured situations, and performing the kinds of set pieces—the speeches in London and Berlin, the appearance with the Pope, the canter with the Queen—at which he excels. There would be little opportunity for him to tell anecdotes and Hollywood stories, as he is wont to do in White House meetings, one official said, because the summit meetings are carefully planned and scripted. (In one White House meeting with outsiders not long ago, Reagan, extolling the virtues and rewards of American private entrepreneurship, offered the example of the man who invented Rubik's Cube. The inventor, Erno Rubik, is a Hungarian professor who lives in Budapest.) Sometimes it seems that the White House is engaged in protracted tactical combat. And it is good at it. The President is never left on the defensive for long: a speech is made, an appearance is arranged, a trip is taken, the subject is changed. Reagan himself is a master deflector, who is admired even by his opponents for his ability to slip a punch. He bobs and weaves—and smiles and shrugs. His questionable responses are rarely questioned. He keeps moving. Only on occasion does his anger at criticism show.

Just before the President left for Europe, his aides studied the fever charts and pronounced themselves encouraged. His precipitous slide in the polls had been stemmed, they said. "I think we're dealing a little better with the nuclear issue," one aide said. "I'm not sure he's out front, but he's in better shape on it." This man continued, "In purely political terms, we're in a little bit better shape on the fairness issue." When I asked him how that had been brought about, he replied, "Mainly symbolic things—going to the black high school, and so on." In early May, on the day after Reagan gave his arms-reductions speech at Eureka College, he visited a black high school in Chicago, and the evening news programs showed him sitting on a stool, talking in a relaxed and friendly manner with the students. Reagan said that it hadn't been his intention to allow tax exemptions for segregated private schools, because "I didn't know there were any"—but this received little attention. The continuing investigation into allegations that Raymond Donovan, the Secretary of Labor, had had business dealings with Mafia figures and the revelations that William French Smith, the Attorney General, had received an uncommonly handsome severance fee from a company whose board he had served on (a fee of a size that would not have been approved by the government in the past) and had availed himself of two tax-shel-



"*And now, 'The Best of Carson.'*"



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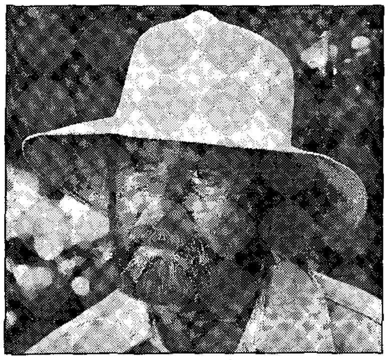

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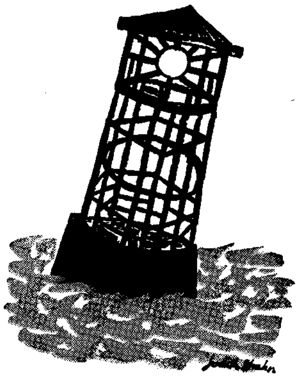
ter deductions of the sort that the Internal Revenue Service had previously disallowed were termed by one White House chart-watcher as "not helpful." (After the F.B.I. began a preliminary investigation, as required by the Special Prosecutor law, Smith said he would give back the payment; he also said he would reduce the deductions for his investments.) Smith had not been in high favor with some White House aides for a while. They felt that his political judgment had been faulty—on such matters as the Voting Rights Act and the tax exemptions for segregated academies. (Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor, also played a major role in the tax-exemption affair.) The revelations about Smith were seen as adding to what some of the President's aides felt was one political problem they had not yet found a way to get hold of—what one aide referred to as "the rich-poor thing." (They are also troubled by Reagan's continuing political problems among women.)



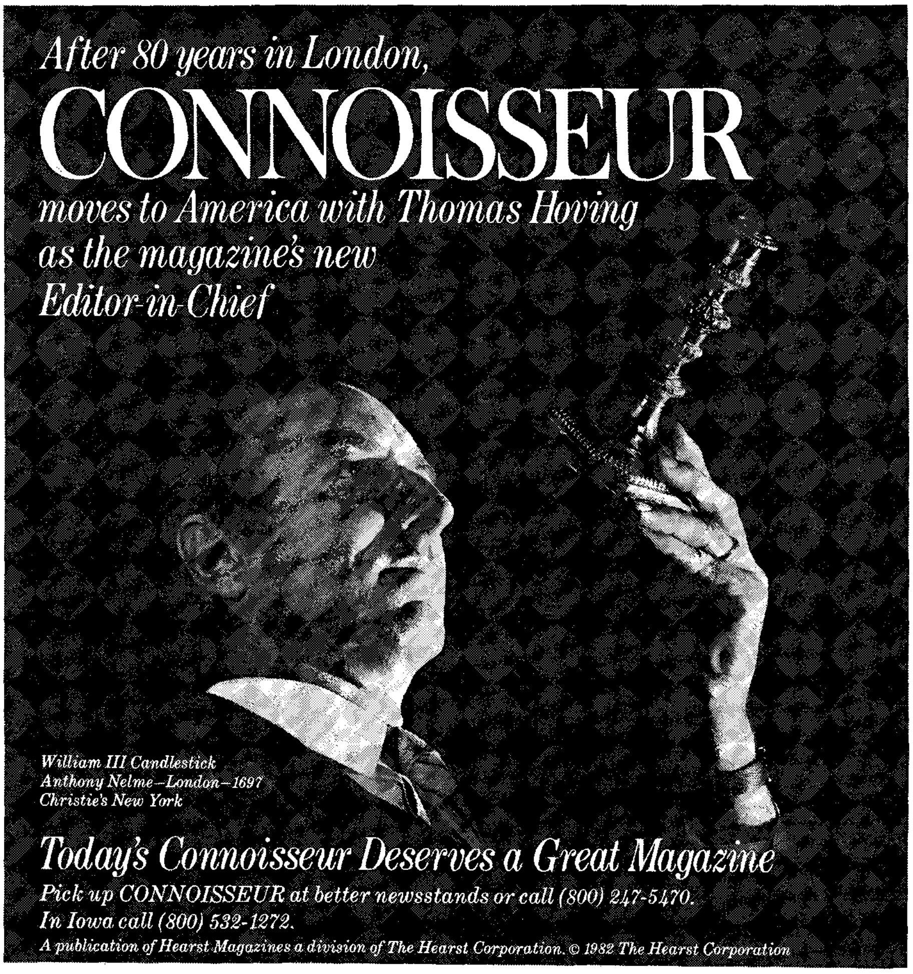
Several White House aides are more perturbed than they suggest publicly by the attacks that come at them from the right whenever it is suggested that the President has moderated his views, or may moderate his views, or that his aides are urging him to do so. James Baker, the Chief of Staff, is the main target. To some extent, the attacks on Baker have to do with Presidential politics in 1984 (or 1988, if Reagan runs again): Baker worked for George Bush during the 1980 primaries, and the Republican right wing is already squaring off to deny Bush, whom they see as a dangerous mainstreamer, the Presidential nomination. When either party occupies the White House, its "wing"—left for the Democrats, right for the Republicans—seeks to hold the President on the righteous and true path. But the attacks from the right on the Reagan White House have a particularly sharp, personal edge, and they are, as one aide put it, "destabilizing." Another aide said, "They don't fight clean." What a suspect aide says in a small meeting will be leaked to a political opponent on Capitol Hill or to a columnist within hours. People with strong ties to the right are dotted around the White House staff—which is as it should be, since they have been an important part of the Reagan constituency. But the result of all the spying and leaking is that several White House aides must work day by day alongside people who they are aware may be trying to do them in. Occasionally, someone in the right-wing network who works in the White House at some layers removed from the President will try to get something past the senior staff, but to do so is nearly impossible. By the White House staff's own description, Reagan's time and the access to him are more tightly controlled than has been the case with any other President—including Nixon during the rule of H. R. Haldeman. Every appointment must be scheduled through Michael Deaver, the Deputy Chief of Staff, and every piece of paper must go through Richard Darman, an assistant to the President. Anyone who is handed a message for Reagan is instructed to turn it over to Darman; even Reagan must do so.

Interestingly, one aide says that "the rich-poor thing" hurts the President among a segment of the Republican right as well as among others. The "new right" has a large component of fundamentalist middle-class people with a populist streak. Theirs is a variant of William Jennings Bryan and George Wallace populism. The enemy, as spelled out in their literature and mailings, is not only liberals but also what Richard Viguerie, one of the most important new-right strategists, sums up as "Wall Street and the Fortune 500." Mrs. Reagan's borrowed diamonds and Smith's tax shelters, according to one of the President's aides, hurt the President with that part of his right wing. So when some of the President's advisers worry about the impression that the Administration favors the rich they are not simply looking to their left.

THE President's aides have been trying to steer a path between portraying the President as either inflexible or too flexible. One aide said to me recently, "The President doesn't want to be seen as having compromised his principles, but it isn't helpful for him to be painted as a rigid ideologue." So in his dealings with Capitol Hill on the budget Reagan has given at the margins without surrendering anything he considers basic. There are some people in fairly important positions within the Administration who worry that the tax base has been reduced by too much. They believe political and economic reality requires that the government take in more than eighteen and a half per cent of the gross national product in revenues—the amount that last year's tax cuts left the government with. The inexorable math is that the Reagan tax program reduced revenues to the percentage level they had occupied in the early and mid-seventies; but to actually reduce spending to the level of those years would require abandoning the defense buildup or significantly cutting Social Security or eviscerating the rest of the government. Congress has resisted all of these alternatives. Therefore, while the President argues against "raising" taxes—which really means reducing the enormous reductions that were voted last year—even some of the people around him wonder whether the country can be governed from such an eroded tax base.

Meese is often described as the keeper of the tablets in the White House—the one who helps hold Reagan to his ideology and his campaign commitments. But while Meese is the most ideological of Reagan's senior aides, Reagan appears to be in little need of reminding. Reagan does defer to Meese in meetings, to explain certain of Reagan's positions, and Meese is still described as the "synthesizer" for Reagan of others' views. One Reagan adviser said cryptically a few weeks ago, "Another President would not need someone in that role." But Meese has never played the role of "deputy President" that had been forecast—in large part because he is not sufficiently well organized. Meese has held to many of the views he brought with him to Washington from San Diego, where his chief interest was in police work. He reportedly talks with relish about the days when, as a deputy district attorney in Oakland, he cracked down, by fairly rough means, on student demonstrators. His sensitivity to minorities, to dissent, to the poor is said not to be of the highest order.

THE recent round of assessments of who's up and who's down has produced the verdict that Alexander Haig, the Secretary of State, is up and Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, is down. William Clark, the National Security Adviser, plays a somewhat hazy role—deliberately, in



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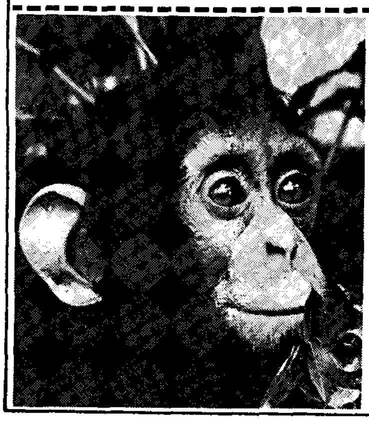

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part—and quietly accrues power within the White House. The verdict was based on the fact that the President leaned more toward Haig's position than Weinberger's on arms control (Clark had a large hand in this); that Weinberger has been out of the country too often to have as much impact on policy as he might have; and that Weinberger, by going early for such large increases in military spending and then refusing to budge, has helped bring about the budget bind. Haig, moreover, has carefully cultivated the press, convincing it that his is the most reasonable voice in Administration councils. His onetime boss Henry Kissinger used this tactic most effectively. Yet Weinberger is not timid about pushing his own views, and he has aides who are quite determined; also, Weinberger is simply better liked within the White House than Haig is. Weinberger is as low-key and placid as Haig is high-strung and temperamental. Haig got off to a bad start with the White House aides, and has never succeeded in winning them over. So this season's verdict may be only temporary. Besides, it was rendered before the botchery of the United Nations vote on the Falklands. The open spat between Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick, the Ambassador to the United Nations, over our policy in the Falkland Islands war has provided a great spectator sport here. The unseemliness of it all has been tolerated within the Administration thus far because Reagan isn't much for disciplining people and because Mrs. Kirkpatrick is an independent power, with her own political constituency. Earlier, she came close to resigning—and made no secret of it—over the Administration's failure to impose harsher sanctions against the Soviet Union after the crackdown in Poland, and the evidence at the time was that her crowd was urging her to do so. She is a woman of obvious intelligence, but her intellectual agility and verbal facility can lead her into trouble: her distinction between "authoritarian" and "totalitarian" regimes; her suggestion after Argentina invaded the Falklands that "if the Argentines own the islands, then moving troops into them is not armed aggression." Hers is the kind of stormy public career that people here like to watch. So is Haig's.

MELVIN LAIRD, the former Republican congressman, former Secretary of Defense (under Nixon), close friend of Gerald Ford's, and current official of the *Reader's Digest*, circulates about Washington and, as always, carries a lot of lore with him. Over lunch recently, he said he doubted whether Reagan would be able to shift the blame for the economy. "I remember the first National Security Council meeting of the Nixon Administration," Laird said. "We were talking about the Vietnam War, and some people said that we didn't have to worry about the political consequences of it, that it wasn't our war. I said, 'It's all right to talk about an inherited war and Johnson's war, but if we haven't resolved it in six months it's Nixon's war.' " He continued, "You have a certain amount of time in these things. It's all perception. The perception now is that the interest-rate problem is Reagan's problem, and if interest rates don't come down by three points by the time of the elections Republicans are in trouble. Eisenhower understood the principle very well. Everyone thought he was grandstanding when he said he would go to Korea, but he realized he had to end that war."

Then Laird talked about what he saw as the Reagan Administration's mistakes in seeking such a large military budget. "When the Administration came in, the people at the Pentagon got out all the old papers—the ones calling for all those carriers and battleships. Bringing the battleships out of storage is the craziest thing in the world." Referring to Weinberger, Laird said, "Cap feels he has to stay with all the decisions he made in the first two months. Take the B-1 bomber: it shouldn't be approved today; it's obsolete. When Dave Packard, my deputy, backed it in 1971, it was the state of the art, and Cap, who was deputy budget director then, knocked it out of the budget. It was only Dave's going to the President and saying he would resign that kept the B-1. But now the B-1 has been delayed, and something else has come along. Now you could go straight

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from the B-52s to the Stealth bomber.” Laird was spending time on Capitol Hill with Robert Michel, Republican of Illinois and the House Minority Leader; they were seeking to come up with a budget cut for defense that would force a congressional decision to kill the B-1 bomber.

NEITHER the defeat by the House of the first set of budget resolutions nor the acceptance, two weeks later, of a Republican plan was particularly surprising. In fact, several members had predicted for some time that all the resolutions would be defeated the first time around, and the outcome was clear to many on the day before it occurred. Much was made of the fact that the House voted down seven budget resolutions, but four of them were considered “ideological” resolutions, proposed by a fraction of one side or another, that never had a chance. The only ones with any possibility of adoption at that point were those offered by the Democratic majority on the House Budget Committee, by the Republican leadership, and by a group of younger Democratic members and moderate Republicans. The proposals were not dramatically different, since all had been put together with an eye to winning a majority of the House. And when the Democrats, having wrung political gains out of Social Security, chose the next issue to stress, they quite deliberately selected one that affects the middle class—Medicare—rather than one that affects the poor, such as the Legal Services program or food stamps. They taunted the Republicans for proposing sizable Medicare cuts. (Like Social Security, Medicare does need reforming, but politics keeps getting in the way.) This was one instance in which, at a White House news briefing, Reagan’s temper showed. All along, the Republican budget had had the best chance, but the coalition of a united Republican Party and Southern Democrats which the President had mustered last year could not be put together again for the first round of the voting. Reagan himself played a much lower-key role than he had last year, and was at his ranch in California while the House was considering the budget; his aides assured one and all that he was making telephone calls. At one end of the spectrum, conservative Republicans said they were irritated at being left out of the budget-making process and in any event didn’t want to vote for a resolution with a

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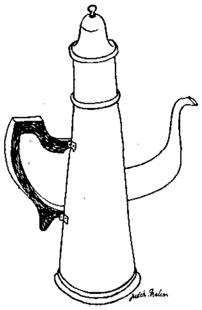
large deficit (which, given the state of affairs, all the serious resolutions contained); at the other end, liberal Democrats were angry with James Jones, Democrat of Oklahoma, for trying to accommodate the center, and even angrier with the cool young Democrats who had drawn up the bipartisan proposal. The differences between the old liberals and the newer Democrats are cultural as well as political. Much has been made of the melee, and of the negative mood that was sweeping the House on the day the last three resolutions were voted down. The House is an emotional place, and emotional swings can affect votes—but only to a point. By and large, congressmen vote exactly as they see it in their interest to vote. Moreover, the House has often been far more rambunctious than it was then. Budget resolutions have always had more difficulty getting passed in the House than in the Senate, and have twice gone down to defeat before a final resolution was passed. Coalitions have been harder to put together there, because House members represent smaller, more homogeneous constituencies—blue-collar, suburban, agricultural, and so forth—with interests that are difficult to compromise in one grand piece of legislation. It was to counteract the effect of passing appropriations bills that took care of each of these constituencies, without regard to the total sum, that the congressional budget process was invented a few years ago. So the budget process has never been popular in the House. Liberals don't like it because it is an instrument for holding down spending. Senior members of both parties don't like it because it impinges on their prerogatives as chairmen and ranking members of committees and subcommittees. It makes it harder for them to pass out the sewer grants. And the Administration's heavy-handed use of the process last year produced ill feelings that spilled over into this year's debate. Leon Panetta, Democrat of California, who is one of the more thoughtful members of the House, and was one of the authors of the bipartisan proposal, said to me in the course of the House's action during the first round of voting, "Institutionally, if you don't maintain the balance between the budget and the authorizing and appropriating committees, everyone worries about turf and looks for the villain. Now they have decided that it was the budget process last year." Brian Donnelly, an unsentimental thirty-six-year-old Democratic representative from Boston, said to me then, "It's all politics. How someone votes gets down to whether he has an opponent in a primary and whether he has a serious opponent in the general election. For a moderate Republican, it's whether he has a primary opponent on the right; it's what the victory margin was the last time. The decision on the final vote is very personal. It's: Can I survive with this? All the resolutions are going down because enough members figure they can't get hurt by voting against all of them." On the day after the voting, Panetta said to me, "There was always a basic political instinct to kill everything. We had hoped that enough members would think political survival lay in passing one resolution or another, but that never emerged. What happened was that the extremes coalesced and brought everything down."



In the following days, the House Democratic leaders, reading the polls that said that Reagan's program was increasingly unpopular, decided the Party should return to its roots and offer a resolution that was more in line with its traditional positions, and leave it to the Republicans to come up with a resolution that might pass. The Democrats figured they would then be in a position to campaign against a purely Reagan program, and would not be vulnerable to the charge of failing to pass a budget resolution. Michel, the Republican Minority Leader, working along with David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, was struggling to find a formula that would attract enough moderate and conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats. Among Republicans, including some people in the Administration, there was a school of thought that held that it might be preferable to let the House fail again—and have the President pin the blame on the Democrats. They were torn between that idea and their desire to appease the gods in the financial markets—in the hope that interest rates might drop in time for November. Ultimately, the desire to get a resolution—any resolution—prevailed. The Republicans put together a new proposal that lowered the deficit a bit, restored some money for Medicare, and took an even deeper whack at programs for the poor. And, with the strong Republican Party apparatus, armed with plentiful campaign contributions, behind it, and with some tactical assistance from the Democrats, it passed. Next would come the hard part—getting it through the several further legislative steps before it could be translated into policy.

OUT of the spotlight during the goings on about the budget, a good bit of maneuvering over exactly which tax revenues would be raised has been taking place for months. Members of the committees that will have to write the legislation—House Ways and Means and Senate Finance—have been having quiet conversations, staff members have been at work, and the lobbyists have been making the rounds. Each time a specific revenue-raising proposal—repealing some of the tax credits enacted last year, establishing a minimum tax on corporations—receives public mention, the lobbyists swing into action. What has been widely considered the most egregious, and politically embarrassing, provision passed last year—the one that allowed corporations to buy and sell tax benefits—became the beneficiary of a high-priced, high-powered rescue mission after Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas and the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, said that it should be repealed or substantially modified. This proposal, which began as a tax-reform issue, has developed into a fight between big lobbies on both sides. The assumption has been that revenue increases of roughly a hundred billion dollars would have to be enacted, but no one has been sure where that money would come from. The President is adamant that it not come from the personal-income-tax cuts. Each time any other proposal is raised, the lobbyists seem to knock it down. James Wetzler, a congressional staff member who specializes in tax legislation, says, "It's like a game of musical chairs. Whoever is left standing when the music stops is going to pay a hundred billion dollars." —ELIZABETH DREW

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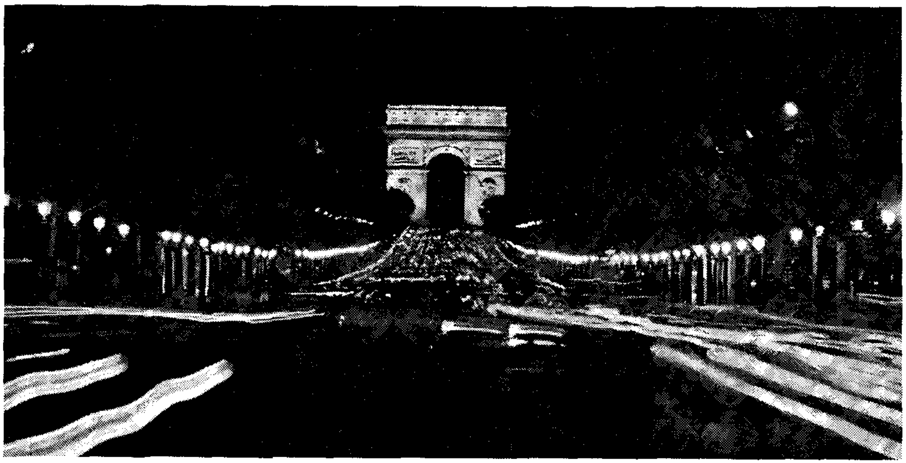

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MUSICAL EVENTS

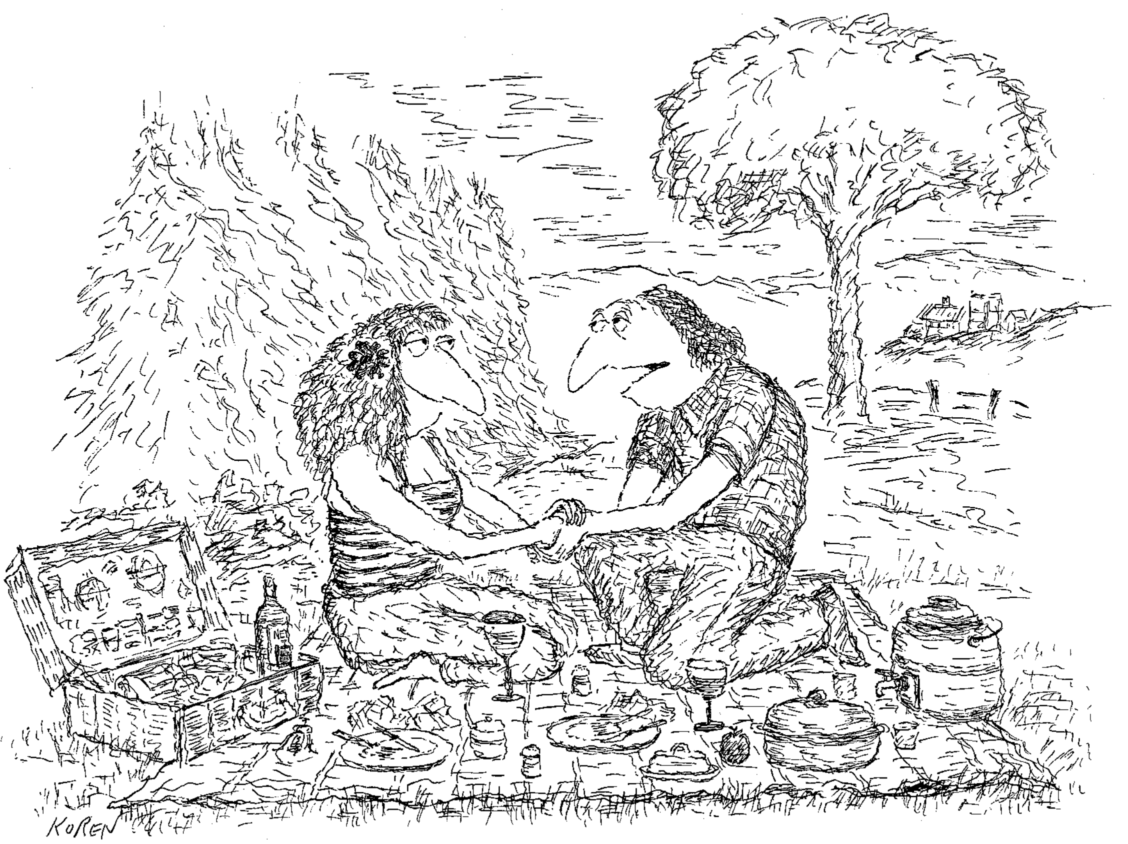
Serious Matters

IN Symphony Space last month, a group of distinguished American musicians—among them Earle Brown, Alvin Curran, Shem Guibbory, Ursula Oppens, Frederic Rzewski, and Christian Wolff—gathered to give a memorial concert for the British composer Cornelius Cardew, who was killed in London last December by a hit-and-run driver. The program book contained the text of a memorial lecture on Cardew delivered in London by the pianist John Tilbury and Cardew's long obituary in *Worker's Weekly*. In a foreword, Wolff declared that "to a remarkably large number of us" Cardew was "the most important composer in England, because of the quality of his music, because of his organizing, because of his thinking, speaking, and writing." Born in 1936, he had a conventional training, as a Canterbury Cathedral choirboy and then at the Royal Academy of Music. At the Academy, he and Richard Rodney Bennett gave a performance of Boulez's "Structures" which is still remembered. Bennett went on to study with Boulez. Cardew went to Stockhausen, in Cologne, and helped in the creation of "Carré." Then John Cage and David Tudor left their mark on him, as on so many young European composers. He returned to London in 1961, and *The Musical Times* (which I was editing) published his "Octet '61." I think it was the first piece of his to see print, and it ruffled the establishment. The "Octet," which is for any number of players, on any instruments, is a sheet of sixty signs, or "events." The *Sunday Times* critic likened them to "the labyrinthine curlicues that proceed from the mouths of the people in Steinberg's drawings." Starting anywhere, proceeding either forward or backward, adding other notes at will, omitting parts of the signs at will, the performer or performers are invited to turn the signs into whatever sounds they suggest. As such things went—they went far in those days, when black beetles crawling over music paper, or fish swimming in a staff-ruled glass tank, or the star maps of Cage's "Atlas Eclipticalis," for from one to eighty-six players, could provide "scores"—"Octet '61" was an elegant and comparatively disciplined piece. At the least, it supplied creative therapy for performers, set their wits to work; the best performers made music from it worth listening to. Cardew proceeded to "Treatise," a long graphic score. Sections from it were heard all over the world, and the first complete performance, in London in 1967, was a musical adventure comparable to adventures Stockhausen later provided in his "Aus den Sieben Tagen" cycle. That year, Cardew became a professor of composition at the Academy. "Treatise" was followed by "The Great Learning"—the Confucian classic set for many performers, trained or untrained, and dedicated to the Scratch Orchestra, which Cardew had founded: a body of musicians several of whom had had no formal training. The Scratch Orchestra, whose repertory included Cage, Wolff, Terry Riley, La Monte Young, Rzewski, and pop songs, played for farm workers, for industrial workers, for festival audiences on the Continent, and for concert audiences in London. I heard it play in the Royal Festival Hall, and I heard it play under a flyover north of Notting Hill Gate at a kind of super-block party, a neighborhood "festival," that ended in racial brawls. For about two years, the orchestra flourished. In Mr. Tilbury's words:

> Despite the ultra-democratic procedures the Scratch Orchestra had evolved for every aspect of its activity, Cardew was very much the unproclaimed authority, a father-figure to whom people looked for guidance and inspiration. The Scratch Orchestra bore his stamp, and in fact it was the embodiment of the ideas he had formulated about musical life over the years.

The anarchical group sought support from the establishment—the Arts Council, the BBC, the bourgeois concert-giving organizations—and inevitably a crisis arrived. At an orchestra meeting, it was defined by references to sentences in Christopher Caudwell's essay on D. H. Lawrence:

> The commercialization of art may revolt the sincere artist, but the tragedy is that he revolts against it still within the limitations of bourgeois culture. He attempts to forget the market completely and con-



"My darling, I want to share my money worries, my tensions, and my unhappiness with you for the rest of my life."

centrate on his relation to the art work, which now becomes still further hypostatized as an entity in itself. Because the art work is now completely an end-in-itself, and even the market is forgotten, that art process becomes an extremely individualistic relation. The social values inherent in the art form, such as syntax, tradition, rules, technique, form, accepted tonal scale, now seem to have little value, for the art work more and more exists for the individual alone.

The dilemma confronts all sincere artists, whatever their musical and social beliefs, who would do more than supply a "product" for market consumption. Each composer must find his own ways of working within or without the system and of accepting it (however uneasily and regretfully) or attempting to alter it. (There are two good essays on music and the market, by Gunther Schuller, in the May and June issues of *Keynote*.) Cardew at first repudiated his earlier works and all they represented (his manifesto "Stockhausen Serves Imperialism" was published in 1974), but later decided they were not irredeemable. At the 1972 Proms, the performance of a paragraph of "The Great Learning" was justified by a sentence from Mao: "Works of art that do not meet the demands of the struggle of the broad masses can be transformed into works of art that do." In the mid-seventies, he joined, and later was elected to the central committee of, the party now known as the Revolutionary Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). When I came to America, I lost touch with his work. I reëncountered it at a 1975 Kitchen recital and was distressed to find his rare musical intelligence now wasted on simple arrangements of Irish and Chinese songs. But at the Symphony Space concert there were some later, larger compositions that are a more substantial result of what Hanns Eisler called "a difficult and contradictory exercise, but the only worthy one for artists of our time . . . to write music that serves Socialism." The first half of the concert was a retrospective: "Memories of You" (1964), which I've always thought a silly piece, like a Cage parody, and interesting only to its performer; the exhilarating "Volo Solo" (also 1964), for two pianos (played by Miss Oppens and Mr. Rzewski); and excerpts from "Treatise" and "The Great Learning" too brief, I thought, to mean much to any members of the largely young audience unfamiliar with those long works and the thinking they represent.

In my own life, Cardew—eight

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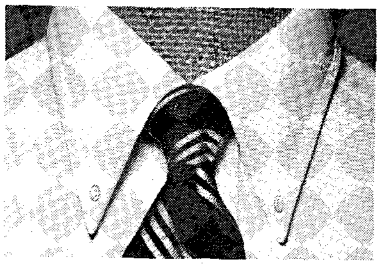

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years younger than I—was a disturbing, challenging musician, a quester, a questioner of any comfortable reliance on history, musicology, and tradition, and a shaker of ivory towers both ancient and vanguard. The Symphony Space concert was disturbing to anyone who might have chosen, as Mr. Tilbury harshly put it, "to settle for an existence of comfort, smugness, complicity, and self-deception." The lecture ended with a last memory of Cardew at a concert he had organized a week before he was killed:

> He was playing the piano, accompanying and singing to a packed audience in a community hall in Camden [a London borough]. Many members of London's ethnic groups were in the audience and participating. It was a far cry from the international festivals of contemporary music where he had begun his career, but it was *the path he had consciously chosen,* to force his music into life in a way that would inspire any young composer for whom composition is something more than the manipulation of sound.

AT the first New World Festival of the Arts, in Miami—a moist, muggy, mosquito-ridden June city—Robert Ward's latest opera, "Minutes till Midnight," has had its première. Its subject matter is serious and topical. Emil Roszak, a physicist who worked on the atomic bomb, is on the verge of completing a formula for the use of "cosmic energy . . . a new power, a source of energy that would dwarf anything known." There's just a gamma-ray problem to solve. Roszak's assistant, Chris, envisions cosmic energy as bringing "the banishing of disease, the power to make the deserts bloom, and to roam the galaxies in giant gondolas." Roszak says to him, "Perhaps you're right, Chris, perhaps some will choose to use it to remake the world, but for others it will only mean new profits . . . new ways to rule the continents and seas." He is summoned to the White House and asked to produce a "cosmic bomb," since "the enemy" is apparently at work on one. Back in his lab, he sings an aria—

> Oh, cosmos with your myriad stars
> afloat in the mystery of space,
> let your mantle of peace descend
> on this tormented place—

completes the formula, and has a vision of the world destroyed by his bomb. Chris is shot in an anti-bomb demonstration. Roszak decides to publish the formula in the *International Physicists Journal.* "The whole world, people everywhere must decide their fate." He joins with his wife, Margo, and Chris's fiancée, Julie, in an optimistic final trio, "There shall be a better tomorrow." The late Daniel Lang, the librettist of "Minutes till Midnight," thought and wrote with concern and distinction about the issues presented in the opera, but he has dramatized them in soap-opera style. The characters talk in clichés. Ward's music—melodious, fluent, eclectic, made from memories of Puccini, of Richard Rodgers, of Kurt Weill—is undistinguished. The performance—put on by the Greater Miami Opera in the Dade County Auditorium, a large, rather bleak modern house—was good. Thomas Stewart, in the principal role, strove to give seriousness and depth to the physicist's plight. Evelyn Lear worked almost too hard to vivify the part of Margo. (She has an aria to the words "Run, run, run . . . always on the run.") Henry Price was Chris, and Richard Cross was Amory Dexter, the Secretary of Science. Claudia Cummings was a bright Julie. Günther Schneider-Siemssen's scenery was efficient, and striking in its effects. Although revolving stages soon become tiresome to watch, "Minutes till Midnight," which has nine scenes (divided into three acts in the printed libretto but here played in two), probably needs one. Eight Pani projectors, the theatre's latest light marvels, created interiors at the touch of a switch; made galaxies twinkle; transformed a symbolic budding tree, at the close, into a heaven-tree of stars; and portrayed the destruction of mankind by an atomic bomb—Roszak's vision of "unimaginable human suffering"—so picturesquely that the audience broke into delighted applause. Emerson Buckley conducted. Nathaniel Merrill directed.

The message of the opera seems to be that anyone with access to classified information about nuclear weapons should forthwith make that information internationally available. The thinking is unclear. Roszak's decision is preceded by this exchange with the Secretary of Science:

> DEXTER: Look, Emil, weapons aren't all bad. The mightier our weapons, the less likely that there will be war. Weapons buy us time to find new paths to peace.
>
> ROSZAK: Not paths to peace, Amory, not *paths to peace but a speedway to obliteration.* That is what they buy us. A single false move, one miscalculation and all may be lost forever.

"MINUTES TILL MIDNIGHT" was the largest première in an ambitious new twenty-three-day festival of operas (Carlisle Floyd's "Of Mice and

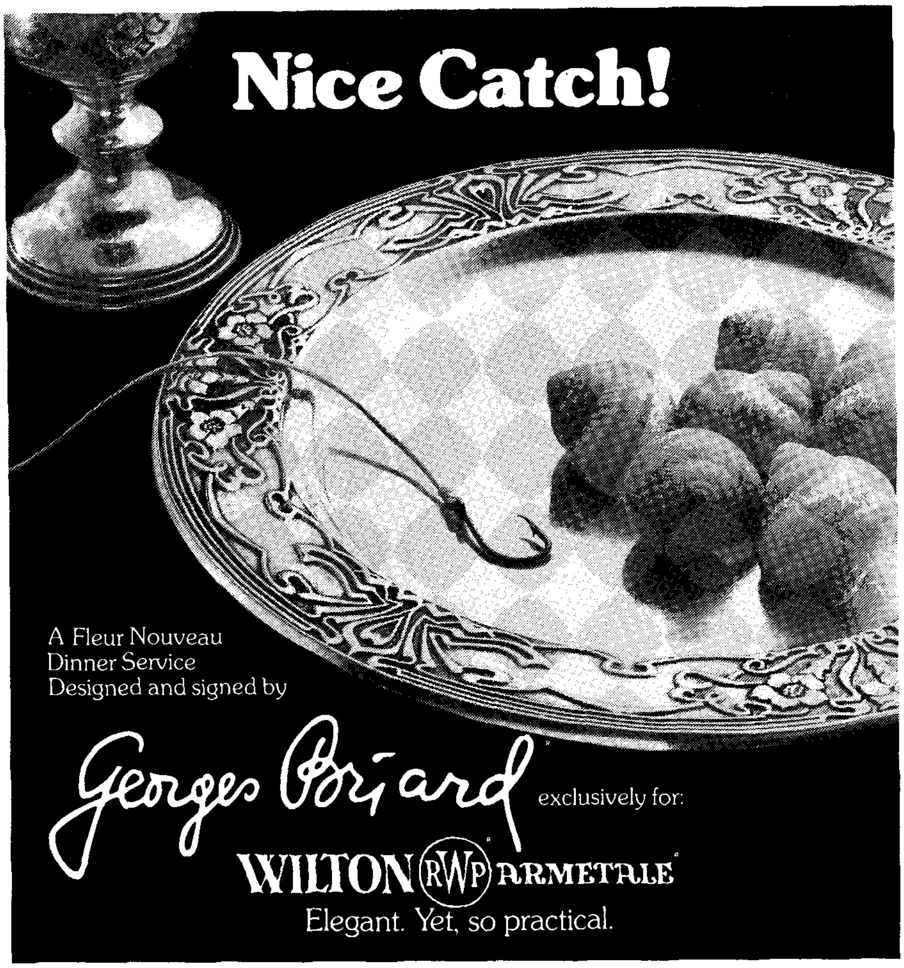
Men" is the other production), concerts, plays, dance, films, and exhibitions. A second New World Festival is due in 1984, and it is planned as an annual event thereafter: Miami wishes to show that it is more than beaches, the drug-running capital of the country, and the city with the highest homicide rate. It is not a festival city like Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Salzburg, Spoleto, or (the other new summer-festival city in America) San Francisco, traversable largely on foot, with convenient public transport to outlying festival sites. Most of the Miami sites were widely separated, and even between those that were not one was advised not to walk. I paid my brief visit unprepared: partly my fault, partly that of the organization, which neither in its brochure nor in its program book included a map, or even programs of the concerts, recitals, and dance evenings. Who can plan a proper festival visit without knowing what will be played?

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Acclamation

As part of the celebration of its hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, New York University has organized a series of concerts "Around the Square," which reflects the wealth of music-making that was found in the area of Washington Square in the nineteenth century. Late last month, the Mass in E-Flat by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was revived at the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue at Tenth Street. Amy Beach has acquired a reputation in recent years as an early and notable American woman composer; some of her songs and piano music appear on recital programs, and several of her chamber works and the Piano Concerto in C-Sharp Minor (in which she often played the solo part) have been recorded. But this was the first opportunity I had had to encounter a large-scale work in concert. The Mass, published in 1890 and first performed two years later, by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, is indeed on a vast scale: "expansive" would be one adjective, "prolix" another. It is laid out for large orchestra, including harp (which has an affecting improvisatory solo in the Agnus Dei) and organ (which introduces the "Et incarnatus" in the Credo), four-part choir, and four soloists. The orchestral writing is resourceful and imaginative: pairs of wind instruments drop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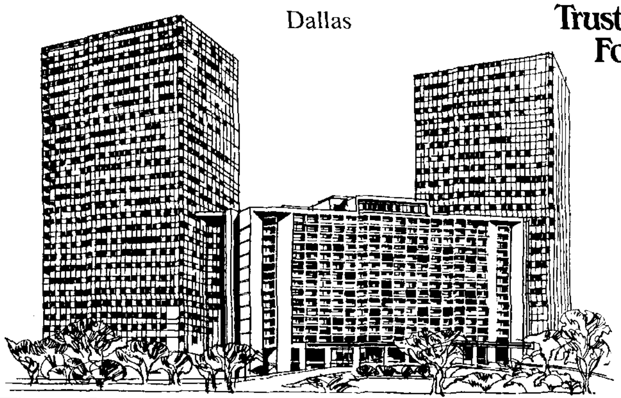

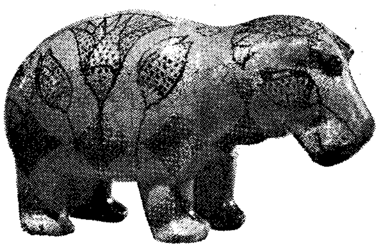

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gentle chords over muted strings at the end of the Kyrie and the Agnus Dei; a sub-Verdian fanfare of trumpets introduces the Gloria; horns cut through the choral textures to splendid effect. The mood is almost wholly triumphalist. In his survey "Music in a New Found Land," Wilfrid Mellers dismissed nineteenth-century American music in a few pages of "pre-history;" he stated that it "manifested a passive veneration for the Teutonic, which represented Art," and that it was "usually well written, cheerful, and agreeable." Mrs. Beach's Mass seemed more Italianate than Teutonic. Like Rossini in his sacred music, she did not disdain the tripping aria and the jovially martial chorus—in her Gloria, trumpet and pizzicato strings dance gaily. Mrs. Beach must also have agreed with Rossini that music should not necessarily adhere too closely to the literary text, since that might spoil the musical form; Rossini believed that it should reflect the "moral atmosphere" of the text. Mrs. Beach's treatment of the Latin of the Mass was cavalier, at times hilariously so: climaxes were built on words of little significance ("Quoniam! Quoniam!" shouted the choir in acclamation), and syntax was ignored ("Et resurrexit tertia," we heard a couple of times before the choir helpfully added "die"). The sense of the words was often sacrificed to the grand canvas of the music, yet in this convincing, warm account of the Mass, conducted by Victor Fell Yellin, something that was more than merely agreeable came across: the feeling that Elgar once called *"a massive hope in the future"*—a feeling that American music has rarely captured in the following century. I sat in the balcony of the church, and the choir and orchestra sounded exceptionally well blended and well balanced; the natural resonance of the tall, rectangular building provided ideal acoustics for the work.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

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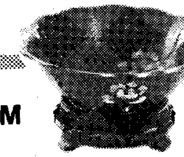

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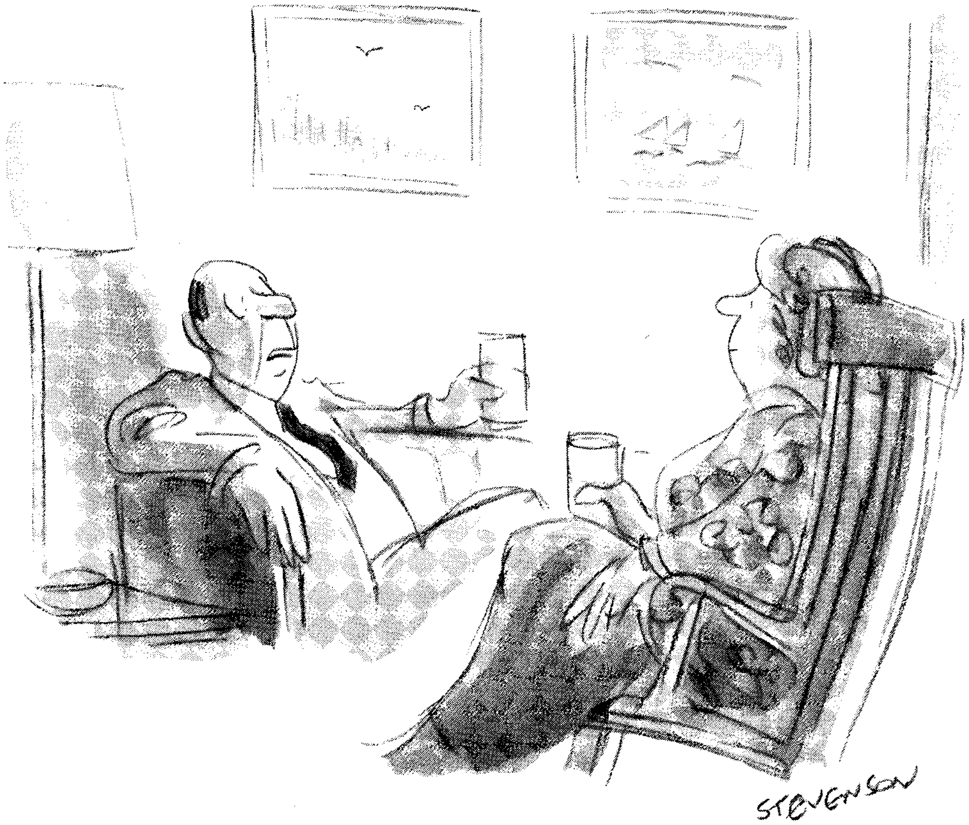
DANCING

The Return of the Shades

THE Palais des Congrès, at the wrong end of the Bois de Boulogne, is where the airport buses drop their passengers. Above the garages are dozens of shiny boutiques where no one shops; outside are high-rise hotels and office blocks, glass and concrete, dust and desolation. Neither urbia nor suburbia, it's the worst possible introduction to Paris. The Palais also houses the largest theatre—around four thousand seats—in the city. Here, since April 17th, the Kirov Ballet, from Leningrad, has been performing "Swan Lake" and "Giselle" and "Chopiniana" and "La Sylphide," among other works, on a stage too wide and shallow and to the accompaniment of its own excellent orchestra, which has to be miked. The palatial bleakness, to New Yorkers, recalls the Uris or the Felt Forum. It was strange to be in Paris seeing the ballet at such a place, but the Kirov, with its reputation for bureaucratic intrigue surpassing even that of the Opéra, and with its recent history of scandals and defections, is hardly a distraction from negative modern realities. Things have been pretty quiet since the Panov affair; nevertheless, the company has not ventured in force to any Western capital but Paris since 1970, when it last appeared in London. The Mitterrand government is hospitable, and the company enjoys a lively trade with French ballet—Béjart and Petit for productions of Petipa. Even so, a two-month engagement in Paris is being sustained at half strength; not all the dancers who were announced for the season have appeared, and some who have been left at home are said to be among the most interesting the company has recently developed. Pro-Solidarity demonstrations disrupted the opening-night performance of "Swan Lake;" leafleteers from Amnesty International have kept up a nightly vigil. But there is no feeling of unrest around the company. Outsiders are welcome to observe classes in the large rehearsal rooms below the theatre; interviews are freely granted. Perhaps the remoteness of the neighborhood—remote from the heart of Paris as well as from points East—makes this possible.

How long it has been since the Kirov was seen in New York was borne in on me by a single event: the discovery of a new and gifted young ballerina, who was only three years old when the last New York season took place, in 1964. But this discovery did not dominate my impressions of the company, for the simple reason that the newcomer was not starred in Paris. Altynaï Assylmuratova was a name that was spoken—or, more often, misspoken. Other ballerinas were having their day. Barring this one revelation, and the disappointment of seeing two Kirov monuments crumble—the Shades scene and the "Paquita" divertissement—I found the company much as I had remembered it. It is a great company afflicted by isolation. Even in the sixties, it had a tendency to be narrowly ingrown. That tendency has not been remedied by the relatively enlightened policies of the current artistic director, Oleg Vinogradov. Russia is a closed society. Vinogradov may take Western ballets in; he may not let dancers out. Although it is difficult to judge the company's condition on nine performances in a foreign city, the lack of a true contemporary direction was painfully evident. There was no good modern choreography. The swans swam in stagnant waters. The genius of the company lay in its Romantic revivals. But all this was true two decades ago. I make my report, the rest of which will appear next week, hoping that the Kirov's dancers will one day soon see New York again. They need us as much as we need them.

MAY 26TH AND 27TH. The great revelation of the Kirov's first Western tours, in the early sixties, was the Shades scene from "La Bayadère." It changed our notion of the Petipa corps de ballet from that of a decorative frame for the principals to that of a participant in the action. In the single-file entrance of the corps and in its ensuing communal rites, Petipa is closer to the true eschatological spectacle of the Romantic ballet than he is thirteen years later in the vision scene of "The Sleeping Beauty." Compared with the former ballet, the vision scene is inspired pastiche—a vision of a vision, like Fokine's "Chopiniana." The impact of the Kirov's "Bayadère" scene on New Yorkers was of something immemorial; ghosts walked, dead bones rose and sang. I remember the audience in shock at the old Met. I also seem to remember that after we had seen Rudolf Nureyev's staging for the Royal Ballet the Kirov's seemed less wonderful. Nureyev had introduced an exaggerated slow tempo, which raised



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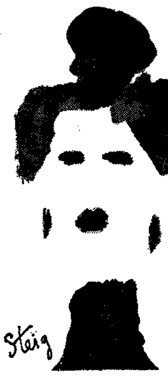
the hypnotic ritual to a stupor of excitement; he had arranged a more splendid coda and finale. I have not seen this production for some time (Nureyev has recently revived it in London), but Natalia Makarova's staging for American Ballet Theatre is also exaggeratedly slow. The ideal opening tempo is probably somewhere between this and the unwontedly brisk pace at which the Kirov dancers descended the ramp in Paris. To be sure, there were thirty-two of them to be got on, but there was not safety in numbers. Despite the faster clip, quite a few of the protracted balances were seen to wobble. In the subsequent dances, brisk became brusque. The three soloists barrelled through their variations. Olga Chenchikova and, on the following night, Elena Evteyeva picked distractedly at the ballerina role, as if they could afford not to maximize its opportunities; they chewed gristle and threw away meat. The role of Nikiya is not glorious: the two adagios run together make up a blurry image, and the variations contain no felicities of invention comparable to the soloist variations. Nikiya is a hollow assignment that needs to be filled by an adagio technician with some—not too much—allegro twinkle. The contrasts in the role are arrived at through a difference in rhythm. The Kirov ballerinas apply a difference of attack. They are legato technicians, and very monotonous about it, too. Evteyeva, less powerful than Chenchikova, is technically more finely bred. Chenchikova has been spoken of as the company's great new classicist. In the linked adagios, I see a monolithic kind of grandeur but no discernment. In the slow variation that ends in an allegro flourish, instead of lightening or softening her tone she just switches gears. Both women are partnered by Eldar Aliev, who does not dance a solo. It strikes me that the Russians have seen the slightness of the ballerina role and sought to disguise it by suppressing the male variation (which was Chabukiani's interpolation anyway—not *echt* Petipa). The stratagem doesn't work. The remedy for a weak Nikiya is a strong dancer.

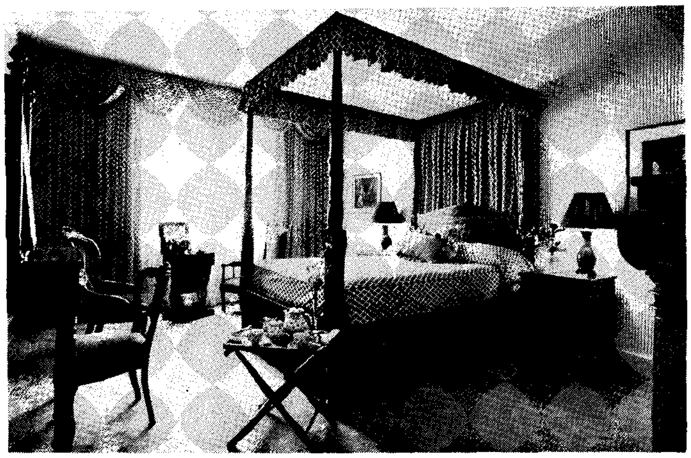


A set of modern works comes next. The Kirov is not the first classical company to mistake its direction in contemporary choreography, but it may be the first to base its mistake on the assumption that "classical" and "contemporary" are contradictions. There is not the slightest sense of form in two pieces by Boris Eifmann, a young house choreographer—not even the elementary form that orders our sensations so that we may perceive shape, continuity, consequence. About all that's distinguishable is genre. "À Deux Voix" is a porno pas de deux; "Adagio" is one of those nameless-terror pieces in which a sinister group disgorges a soloist, lets him emote nakedly for an hour or two, and returns to pick him up. It is conceivable that a Russian audience sees meaning in these works—sees, for example, a victory over officialdom in the blatant sexuality of the pas de deux and its use of the music of Pink Floyd—and maybe in Russia real feelings are aroused by "Adagio," and its terror is not nameless after all. I prefer to think that these gratifications exist despite the work and not because of it. Was any good cause ever served by bad art? Eifmann seems to have taken Béjart as his model. In the pas de deux, Galina Mezentseva reproduces to uncomfortable perfection the look of a libidinous hornet which is a specialty of Béjart's danseuses, and in "Adagio" Evgeny Neff dances his Jorge Donn-like role with more conviction than absolutely necessary. Two of Béjart's own works, "Webern Opus 5" and "Bhakti," are also danced, and are actually made to look good—better, that is, than Béjart's own dancers can make them. In "Webern Opus 5," Chenchikova wears a white unitard, revealing her retracted pelvis, which diminishes the power of her thighs and makes her upper and lower body look tenuously connected. Chenchikova is scrupulously careful about her footwork, and once you get used to the odd line of her neck and shoulders and her jutting head, which is a Kirov trait, she is also very striking in épaulement. But I find her plastically inexpressive, with no flow-through to relate and enliven the various poses and steps she executes perfectly; she's like a singer with perfect pitch who hasn't learned to project a melody. Instead of fluency, Chenchikova uses the cascading legato she used in the Shades scene. Again, it is attack doing the work of rhythm. But *is* it attack? Is it legato or lethargy?

The most puzzling item on this

mixed bill is "Variations on a Theme of the Thirties," a miniature by another Kirov choreographer, Dmitri Briantsev. The music is by Shostakovich—the light Shostakovich of the ballet scores, which were indeed written in the thirties and denounced for their decadence. Fyodor Lopukhov, one of Shostakovich's choreographers, became an unperson. Later, Lopukhov reflected bitterly, "The thirties were a turning point not only for my personal fate but in the life of Soviet ballet." He meant by that the sanctions imposed by the government on all forms of artistic expression not in line with Socialist realism. Briantsev's little ballet is untranslatable; the two characters, who appear to be a peasant and his girl, may recall a period when lighthearted folkloric comedies were popular and the collective farms could be satirized, as in the Shostakovich-Lopukhov "Bright Stream." But Briantsev's comic style is in the leaden tradition of Soviet kitsch; the boy is lunkish, the girl a doll-faced twit, and what we are to make of their dancing—their lunging tangos, the grands jetés that he performs while gripping the forward ankle, her incessant pas courus—is never clear.

The portion of the program called "Chorégraphies Anciennes" introduces another puzzle—the everlastingly inscrutable Petipa legacy. There are three Petipa fragments that I have never before seen the Kirov perform: "Grand Pas Classique" from "Carnival in Venice," to Paganini's music arranged by Pugni; "Pas de Six" from "Esmeralda," to Drigo's score; and "Divertissement from 'Paquita,' " which is almost as renowned a Kirov specialty as "The Shades," and which also has a Minkus score. The program states whose version of Petipa we are seeing in each case, and that is a big help. Agrippina Vaganova, though, is given sole credit for the "Esmeralda" excerpt; Petipa's name doesn't appear at all. This may be true to the facts of authorship; nevertheless, Vaganova's "Esmeralda" turns out to be the most persuasively *ancienne* of all the relics, and the most like Petipa in both shape and substance. But before buckling down to these matters we are given the pleasure of seeing Irina Kolpakova perform with Sergei Berezhnoi a little pas de deux from Offenbach's "Le Papillon" arranged by Pierre Lacotte. Kolpakova's only appearances this season have been in the Romantic revivals and pastiches of the repertory. In her late age—she is now fifty—she has



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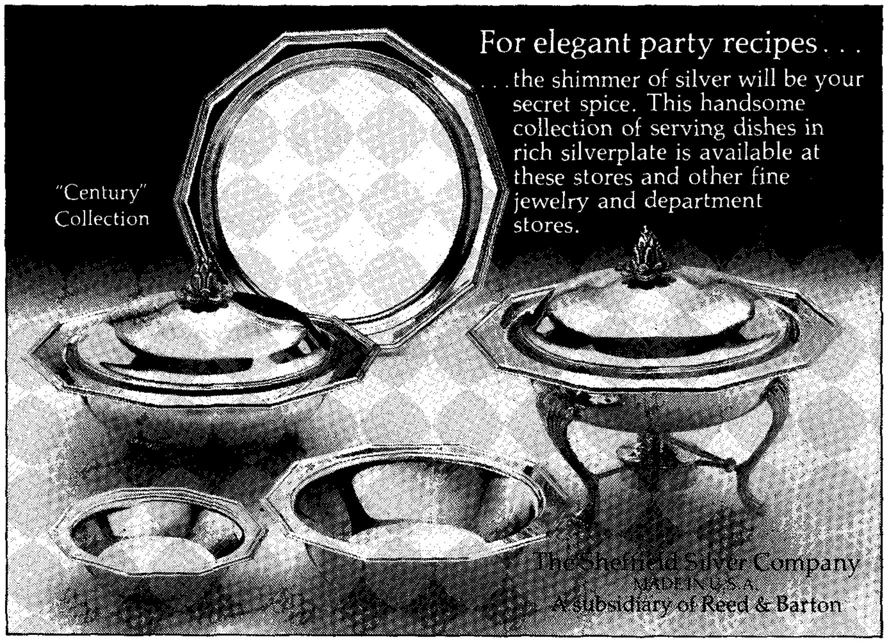

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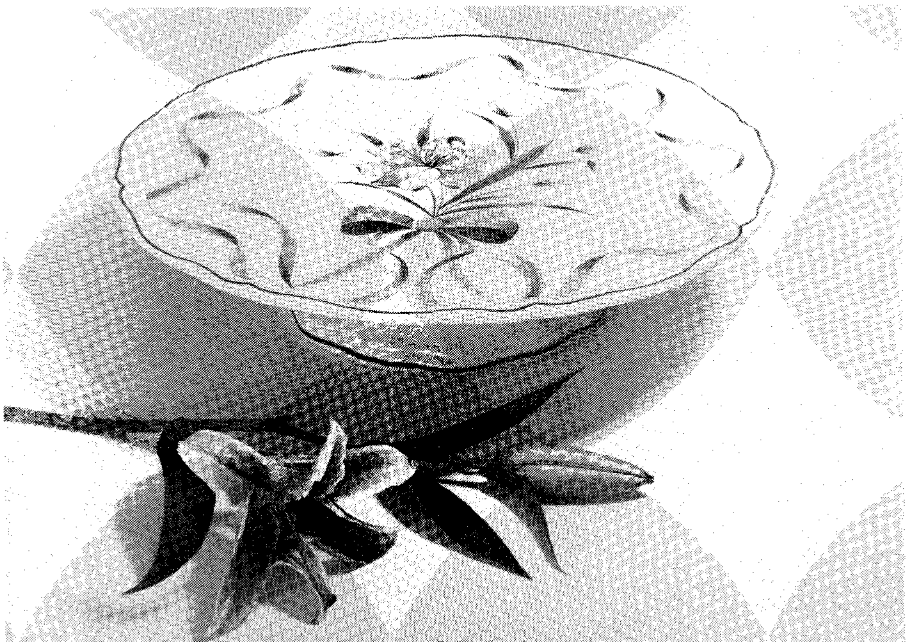
become the queen of sylphs; her grand impalpable style has never seemed more secure. Kolpakova does not offer us illusion in place of a technique that she no longer possesses; she offers us the mysterious extension of that illusion which her technique has always sought to fulfill, even at its height. When Kolpakova lands from a grand jeté and throws up her back leg to make us think she has jumped higher we are instantly pleased by the illusion, and we don't think of the jumping she used to do twenty years ago. Now, as then, the separate facets of her technique are precisely in scale one to another. Like Ulanova at the same age, Kolpakova makes you concentrate on what she does, not on what she doesn't do. She judges every effect, and yet she doesn't shrink or fake in the interests of "style"—she appears to dance with the freedom of the day she was born. Kolpakova refreshes my faith in Kirov ballerina style and its possibilities of expression. The generation just below her—the one that startled New York—is dispersed (Natalia Makarova) or unrepresented in Paris (Alla Sizova, Gabriela Komleva). Evteyeva and Natalia Bolshakova (whom we saw in "Bhakti") are younger still, and retain some of the qualities of training and expression of their predecessors. But between this level and the next there seems to be a wide gap. The airy flickering variety of Kolpakova and the workmanlike precision of Chenchikova have nothing detectable in common. In an adagio, Kolpakova seems to float; Chenchikova works with mass, volume, cantilevered weight. I suppose there is room for both. But not in my heart.

"Grand Pas Classique" gives us still another of the current ballerinas—Svetlana Efremova, who is all candy floss. I find that by the end of the excerpt she has given me a toothache. Or maybe it's the howlers in the choreography—the ugly anachronistic lifts, the coy and unseemly recapitulations of Aurora's dances in "The Sleeping Beauty." It is not unlikely that Petipa repeated steps from role to role—all ballet masters do that. But to repeat himself unthinkingly—and to caricature himself—is the way not of a ballet master but of a confused regisseur hoping to recapture some lost essence and settling for literal repetition. (The revival is credited to Nadezhda Kranocheyeva.) When Efremova does her variation, four men with lutes appear behind her, recalling not only the four suitors who partner Aurora in the Rose Adagio but also the four friends with lutes who in some productions become involved with the suitors. In "Grand Pas Classique," nobody becomes involved with anybody; the men do some double air turns and that's that. The giveaway is that the music is in fours: would Petipa have passed up such an opportunity? And in the units of choreography you can see double fours repatterned meaninglessly as strings of eights.

A corrective comes in the very next number—"Esmeralda." Vaganova may have designed it, but she built upon Petipa just as surely as Petipa built upon Perrot (and Saint-Léon and Mazilier and Taglioni). The pas de six is, like the Rose Adagio, a pas d'action. The heroine, partnered by a man she does not love, must dance for the man whom she loves and has lost. Petipa, having made his dance for Virginia Zucchi, demanded of Kchessinskaya, who coveted the role, "You love? You suffer?" The story is drawn from Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris." Esmeralda, the street dancer, is partnered by Gringoire. Not Hugo but Drigo is responsible for the chorus of gypsy girls who dance a perkily irrelevant pas de quatre. (These semi-detached female foursomes—Drigo-ettes?—turn up also in "Harlequinade" as staged by Balanchine, and "The Magic Flute" as staged by Peter Martins.) The high point is the pas de deux, in which Esmeralda's heartbreak, her faltering courage, and, finally, her unquenchable high spirits and love of dancing are depicted. Tambourines, which are played by all hands, are woven into the emotional fabric of the dance. In the pas de deux, a tambourine held over the heroine's head becomes a token of the enforced levity that draws her onward. She grasps the tambourine (arms en haut), bends low in arabesque, and, in a gesture of pride and submission, completes the adagio in a long slow penchée promenade. In the variation, she reaches a peak of euphoria—only to end slumped in dejection. Yes, what a role. And what a dancer. This is Assylmuratova (Ah-seel-moor-*ah*-tova), and until this moment I had never heard of her, nor had I ever seen what she showed me: emotional highs and lows depicted with the unbroken tension of idyllic lyrical dancing. One doesn't know whether her impulse is musical or dramatic; the sense of consummation, of wholeness and richness, is there before you in everything she does. The other Kirov ballerinas dance on as large a scale, but they don't have her burning vitality or her musical momentum or her range. Assylmuratova can be huge, as in the yawning stretched-through arabesque allongée that she takes on entrance in "Esmeralda." Or, slipping into épaulée attitude, she can show a delicious Kolpakova-like subtlety. (She slips the forward shoulder farther forward without strain or distortion.) She was born in Kazakhstan. Both her parents and both her mother's parents were dancers, and she was brought up in theatres, which may account for her near-atavistic sense of drama. She began her training at the Kirov school at the age of ten and joined the company at seventeen. Vinogradov predicted jokingly that she would dance "Swan Lake" her first year in the company; her début came this year. In Paris, the week before I arrived, she danced "Swan Lake" unscheduled; it was her second performance of Odette-Odile. Olivier Merlin filed a dithyramb in *Le Monde*, comparing her to Makarova and going on about her Greek nose, cherry mouth, and Circassian sloe eyes. She also had the most gently curved bosom, voluptuous arms, long legs, and the loveliest feet in the world. To people who had not seen her, it sounded like a grab for attention on behalf of a company whose ballerinas up to now had not thrilled Paris. But Assylmuratova is the real thing. And she is a great beauty. I saw her give her Esmeralda performance again; the second time she was slightly broader and twice as wonderful. She was also one of the fiancées in the ballroom act of "Swan Lake," and she appeared in the corps of "Chopiniana" and "La Sylphide." That was all I saw of her. In his review, Merlin said that rapid promotion of young dancers is unusual at the Kirov. It isn't the case of unusual talent. Makarova danced Giselle and Sizova Aurora at twenty-one. But I agree that Assylmuratova is the most prodigiously endowed ballerina the Kirov has shown us in twenty years.

Vinogradov restaged the "Paquita" excerpt, which was danced before a drop portraying the audience at the Maryinsky in the eighteen-eighties. The variations (except the ballerina's) were deleted, the man's role was reduced to partnering, and the "cho-



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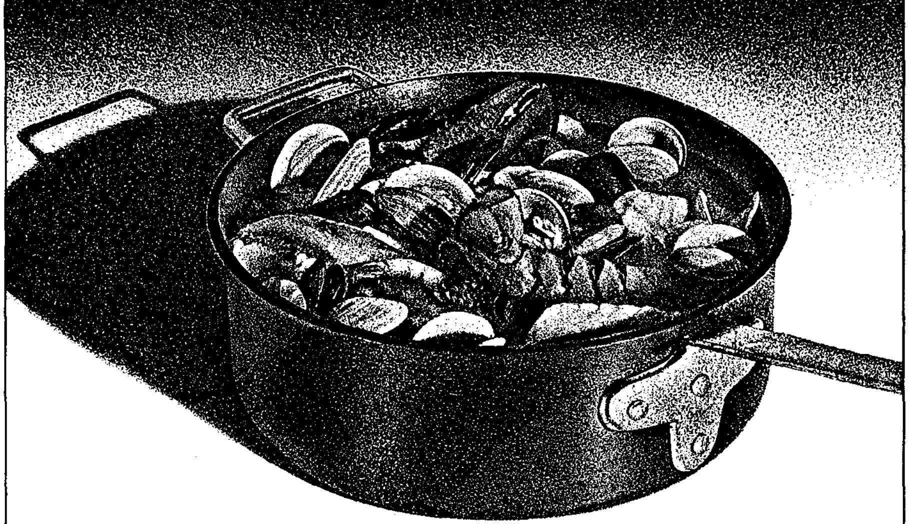

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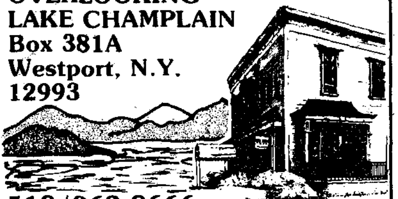

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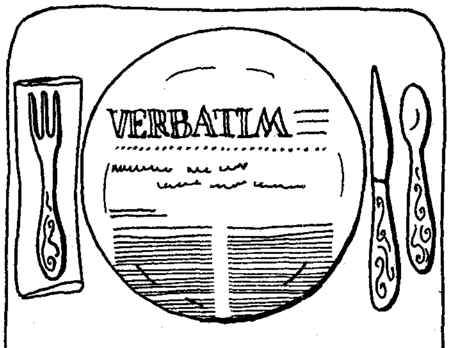

. . . food for thought

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rale" pas de deux, in which the ballerina's supported poses are echoed and complemented by the unsupported poses of the corps, was as evasively presented as it was in the Makarova version given in New York two years ago. I suspect the great aesthetic divide between Kirov and Western style is over the question of adagio. What the ballerina dances in this "Paquita" pas de deux is not what we would call an adagio—that is, a connected succession of slow movements; it is a succession of fast movements performed in a slow tempo. The time between movements is either filled in with poses until the music catches up or bridged by legato leakages that do not sustain connections so much as they avoid posing. It may be that Petipa's point was to show precisely the difference between dancing and changing poses when he set supported and unsupported versions of the same steps. Whatever he intended, there is little substance here. The confusions in the Makarova version, which was said to derive from the Kirov, tended to diminish the stature of the ballerina. Here she dominates. But, as in "The Shades," she does so at the expense of the other roles. Chenchikova danced with overwhelming strength and authority—especially in her solo, when she knocked off high-attitude en-dedans spins that ended in perfectly controlled hopping arabesques. In the coda, she started turning her fouettés with a triple. I think I see what others mean by calling her a classicist—it's her impeccability in the execution of steps. Tatiana Terekhova, who also danced "Paquita," is even cleaner than Chenchikova and to my eye more comfortably centered. Unfortunately, she has a hard stage face. One can see the importance of these dancers in the development of Kirov ballerina technique. The great promise of Asylmuratova rests in the fact that she's not a throwback; she incorporates the Chenchikova strain and loops it back to Kolpakova, if not all the way back to Zucchi. —ARLENE CROCE

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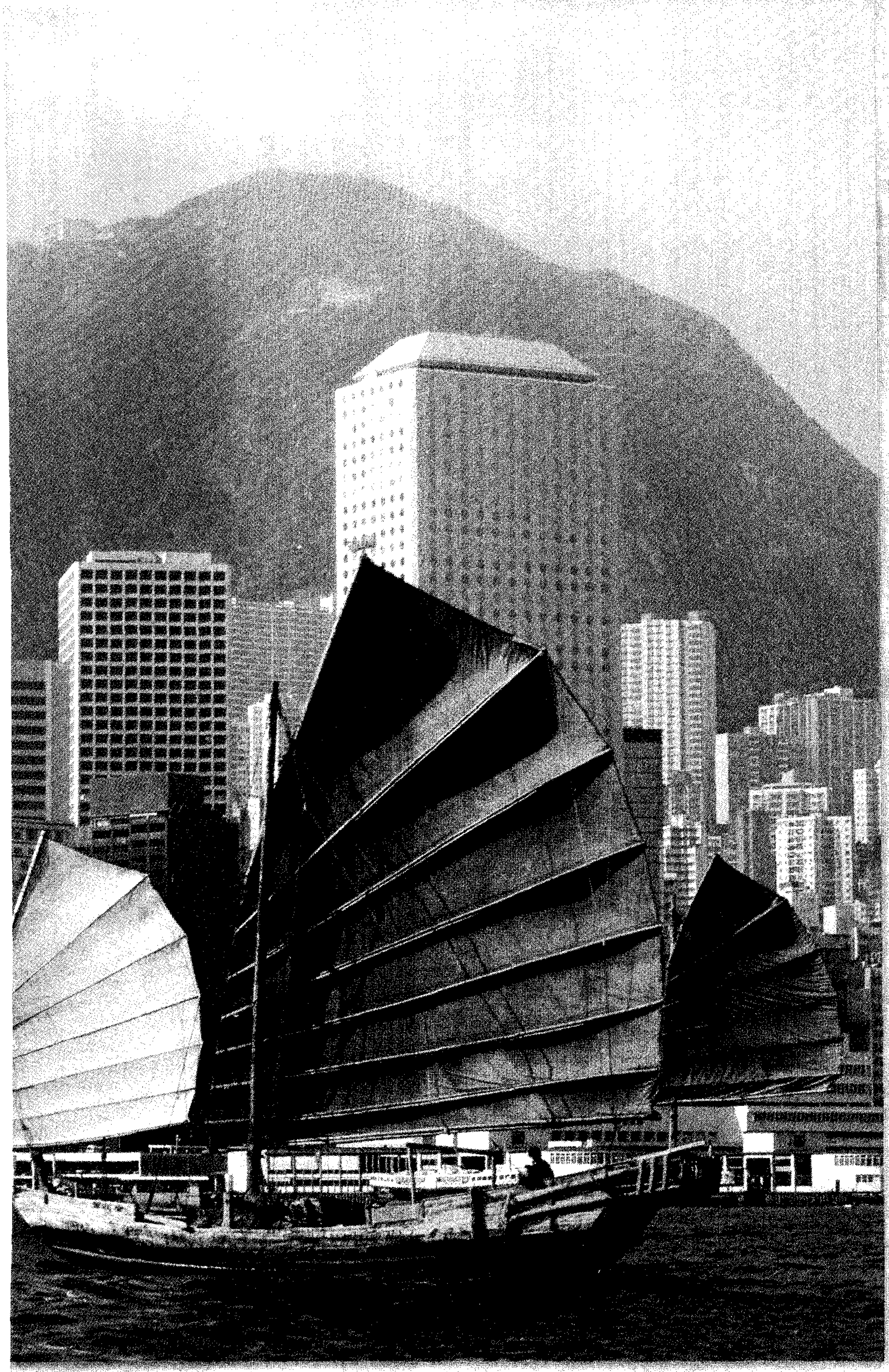

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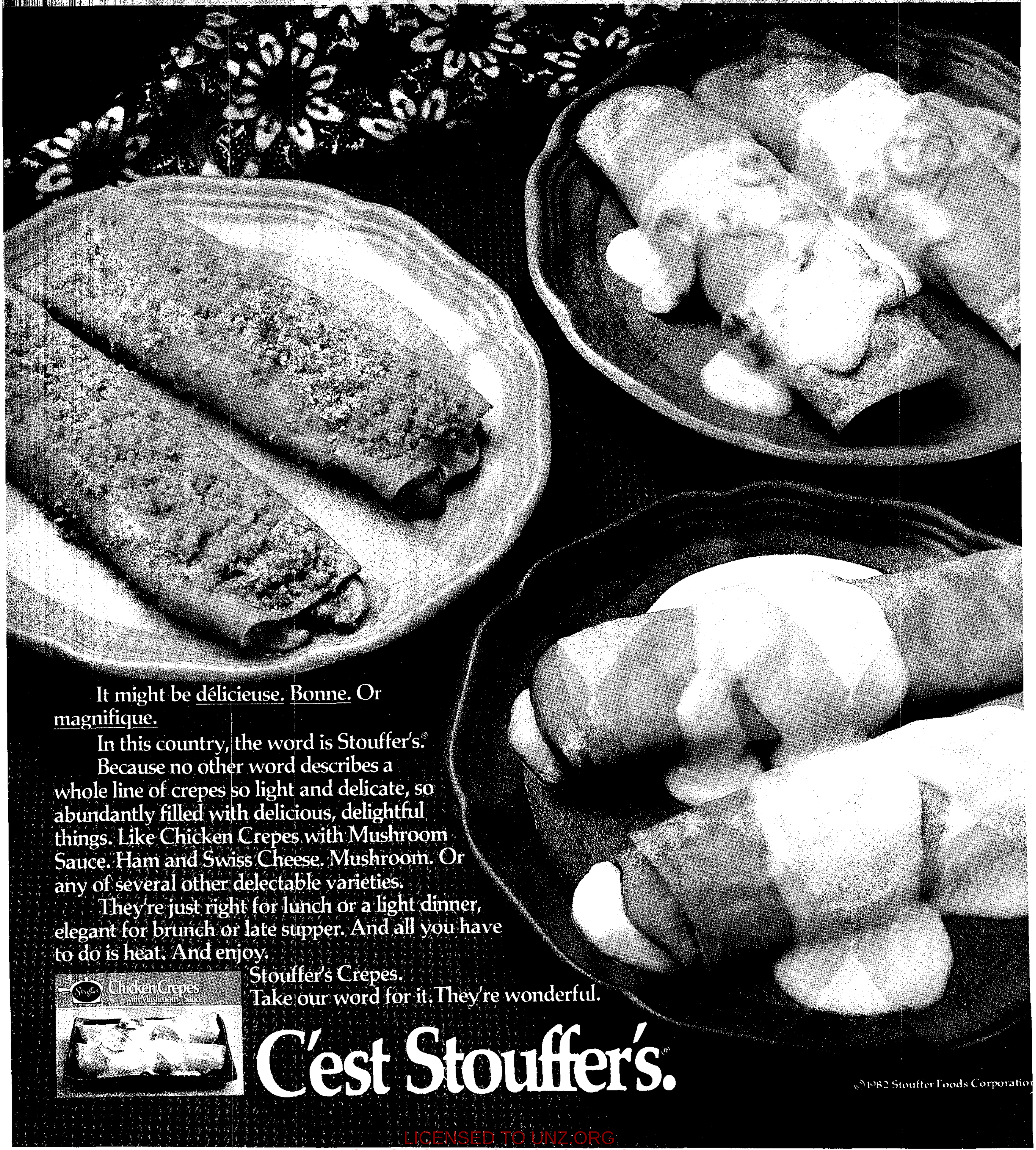

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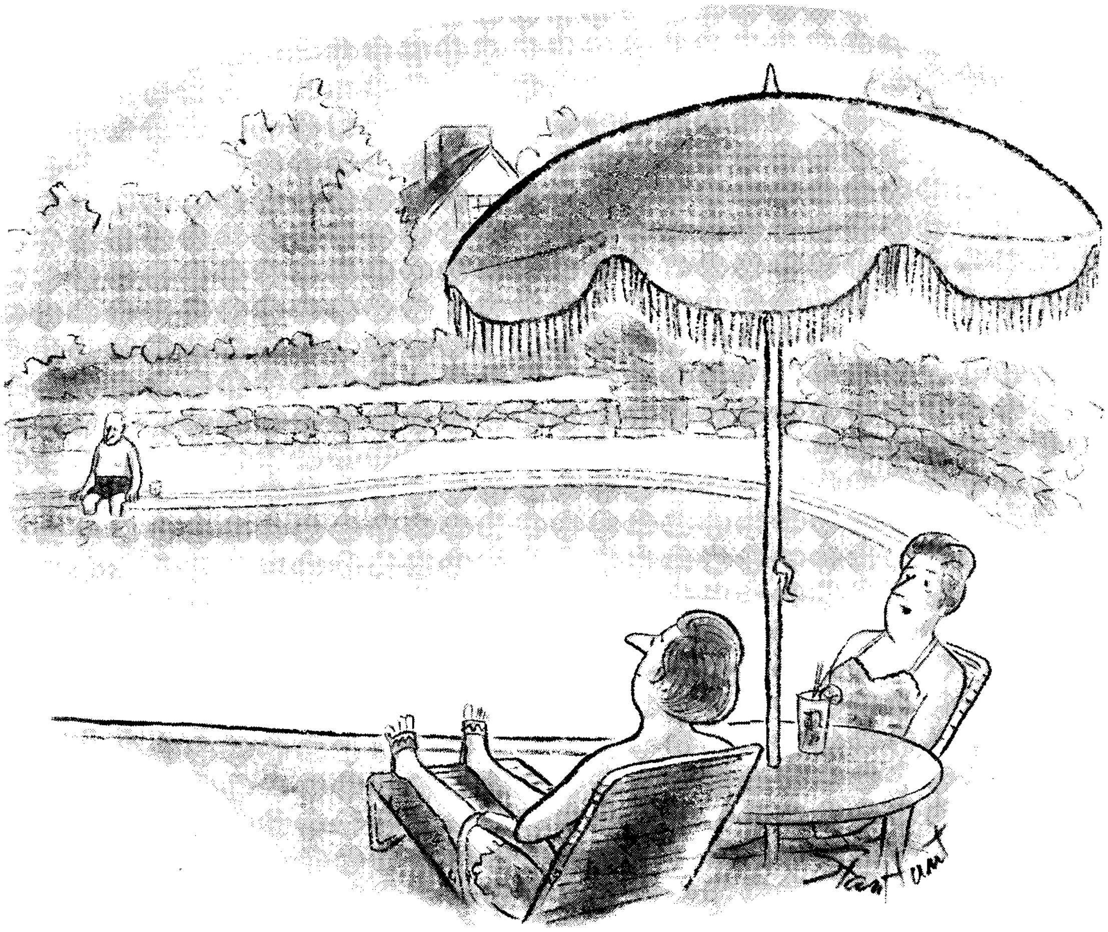
BOOKS

Thomas Mann

THOMAS MANN was one of those formidable novelists who strike us as being men of iron, locked ambition, eloquent on the podium, ld in detachment, and brimming ith erudition. He is the high-bour- ois artist who claims the rights of e artist-prince yet nevertheless looks wn with the melancholy of the art- -surgeon seeking intimations of our ortality. There are glints of a ro- antic sadism in that gaze, which has me to be thought of as a characteris- of "the Romantic Agony" common his generation. He himself knew at this tormented spirit was pene- ated by the strong influence of the otestant work ethic, inherited from s mercantile forebears, who had been inent in Lübeck for generations. He n, indeed, be thought one of the eat martyrs of that ethic, but it is true to add, as some critics have, at "he starved his life to feed his t." In an Afterword to the bio- aphical study "Thomas Mann: The aking of an Artist, 1875-1911," by chard Winston (Knopf; $17.95), e biographer's widow rites that Thomas ann was "bewilder- gly caught up in life." e had fought "with eat energy on literary d political battlefields. veral times over he d seen the stable world ound him crashing to eces. He had had more an his share of acquain- nces, alliances, loves, tes, tragedies. In fact, ann's personal history d all the elements of a eat novel." Alas, Mr. inston died in 1979, lfway through that novel." But he did ach the period of Death in Venice" and as already aware of e sources of the mas- rpieces of old age, Joseph and His rothers" and "Doctor austus." Mr. Win- on's book establishes he making," and, if it rather crowded in de- il, it is persuasive in good sense, free from rgon (as Mann himself was), and fascinating as a human portrait and a literary inquiry. Mr. Winston had translated some of the works and letters, had read Mann's very private diaries, and is always suggestive in his conclusions.

About Mann's famous "cold" detachment: the accusation of coldness stung him. In "Der Bajazzo" ("The Dilettante"), an early story, he wrote, "It almost seems, does it not, that the quieter and more detached a man's outward life is, the more fierce and exhausting are his inward struggles." But, as Mr. Winston says, those early lines about himself turn halfway into a story about his elder brother, Heinrich, with whom Thomas's life was so entangled in their early years. They aimed their books at each other. The two young men united in their rebellion against the family—Heinrich the dashing leader at first, Thomas the more jealous in the bond. They were obsessed with each other even in their long quarrel in middle age. Heinrich was to pass from the dilettantism of the neo-romantic into something closer to the social revolutionary. Thomas's own conservatism would eventually soften. If the Dilettante is Heinrich, the delightful childhood scenes in "Der Bajazzo" are Thomas's. As for intellect, Thomas is at first the backward schoolboy, idle and dreamy—like Tolstoy, almost an autodidact. He is intoxicated by the myths and erotic sensations aroused by Wagner's operas, by Nietzsche's superman. As for the gloom of Schopenhauer, who captivated so many nineteenth-century novelists, Thomas was no philosopher yet believed that the will perpetually seeks to cancel the results of its own blind strivings. For both youths, this was evident in their distinguished family's history: their wealthy father had provided for the liquidation of his business in the Baltic grain trade at his death, because it showed signs of decline before the influences of the new "imperialist capitalism." The moral was that the belief in will and the work ethic had created a longing for rest, for nirvana and death—a



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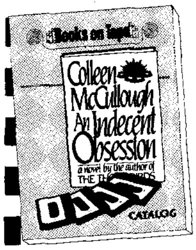

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theme to become strong in Thomas, though taking a different direction in Heinrich. The message of Thomas's superb "Buddenbrooks," written in his twenties, was not shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations but shirtsleeves to art.

The artistic impulse seems also to have had sources outside the North German tradition. The mother of the boys was solidly German, but she had been brought up in Brazil by a Portuguese mother. Thomas was vain of this exotic strain—talk of inherited "blood" was a late-nineteenth-century obsession. Also, he was eager to call himself a "philo-Semite," because he was strongly drawn to the cultivated Jewish circles in Lübeck, and, in fact, he eventually married a rich, beautiful, intellectual Jewess. Add these influences together, impose the torrential influences of Wagner's operas, and we have an imaginative artist who was his mother's son and an inveterate, if melancholy, disciple of his father's belief in work. He said of himself in one of his intensely explicative essays, "As a guardian of myth the writer is conservative. But psychology is the *keenest* sappers' tool known to democratic enlightenment." He was certainly a master of irony and a mediator. One has to be wary of Mann's comments on art. The most committed of artists, he saw the artist almost as a harlequin or a not-to-be-trusted wanton—a man who turned from real life to "puppets." He wrote that he had no desire to deny or betray his vocation but he held that fiction could be a serene, even sacred game, yet still a game. His erudition itself, he said, was a game or a feat of opportunism. He just "worked things up":

> That is to collect information in order to play literary games with it—or strictly speaking, to scandalously misuse it. Thus I became by turns an expert in medicine and biology, a firm Orientalist, Egyptologist, a specialist in medieval culture and poetry and so on. . . . I forget with incredible speed everything I have learned.

"Death in Venice" is most delicate and exact as it catches the literal pleasure evoked by Venice and the Lido, but Mann carefully researched the cholera and the sinister Eastern winds that caused the plague to stagnate there; also, he researched the city's official policies in hushing up the rumors of the plague. In "Buddenbrooks," he documented the rise and fall of the Baltic grain trade, the rise and fall of real-estate values, the role of married women in sustaining the bourgeois

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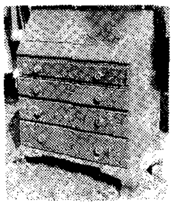

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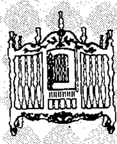

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ethos of the merchant, and the merchant's weariness of the cult of achievement. Not only did he document as required but, as many other artists have more accidentally done, he stored up passing experiences for use in the far future. When Thomas and his brother were in Italy as young men, they saw the famous Roman Mosaico del Nilo, with its fantastic crowd of elephants and crocodiles, in the medieval city of Palestrina; the experience came back to his mind in old age when he was reconstructing the anthropological myth that gives powerful meaning to "Joseph and His Brothers." Documentation was not fact fetishism, as it was so often in the novels of Zola; it was not an aspect of Balzac's speculative greed. Facts turned into the myth that lifts us out of reporting and journalism into the images by which we live.

Yet if Thomas liked to think he had inherited a Latin strain through his mother, he was inescapably the prudent North German. He was both a naturalist and a mythmaker: an ear man, he said, rather than an eye man. The brotherly rivalry came to a head when Heinrich wrote his extravagant novel "Die Göttinnen" as a fashionable erotic counterpart to "Buddenbrooks." Thomas was appalled by Heinrich's paganism, and by the reckless prose and syntax, which he called bombast. When they were entranced by Italy, Heinrich felt at home there, Thomas was soon bored. Thomas was distinctly his own psychoanalyst: the affectionate sensuality, the cynical comedy of Neapolitan life drove his young Northern mind inward. His sexuality froze. He wrote to a friend:

> What am I suffering from? From knowledge—is it going to destroy me? What am I suffering from? From sexuality—is it going to destroy me? How I hate it, this knowledge which forces even art to join it! How I hate it, this sensuality which claims that everything fine and good is its consequence and effect. Alas, it is the *poison* that lurks in everything fine and good! How am I to free myself of knowledge? By religion?—How am I to free myself of sexuality? By eating rice?

Yes; at least, rice was cheap, and he had little money. Get back to the desk and work to drive away temptation. In Naples, he wrote a glum monologue called "Disillusionment," which no one—except a curious biographer, like Mr. Winston—need read now. Yet—and this is Mr. Winston's point—there was rarely any grist lost to Thomas Mann's mill. He would wait

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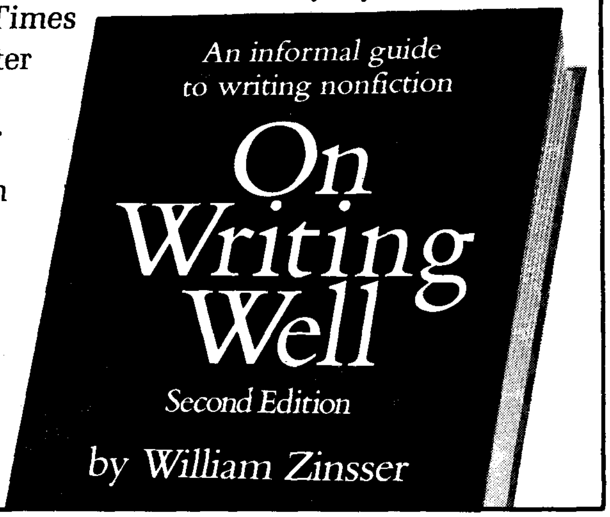

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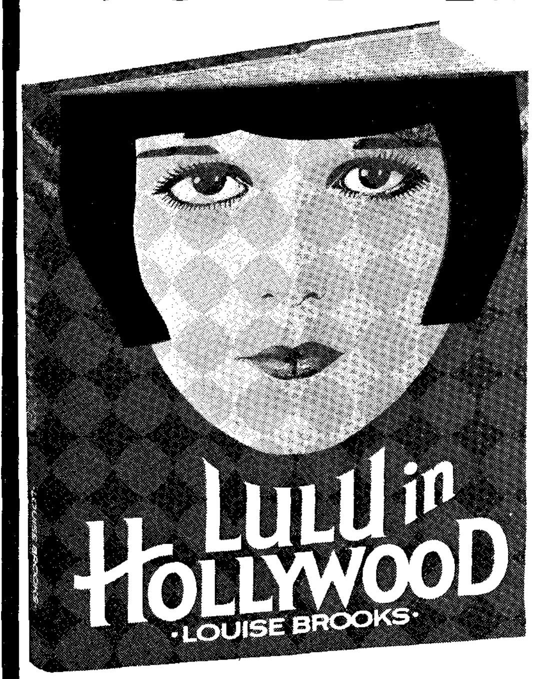

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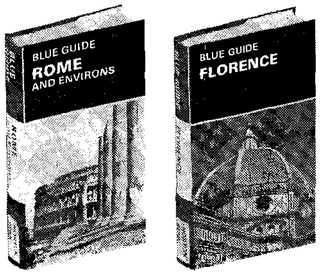

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fifteen years until the pimps who had tormented him in Naples were ready to be used in "Death in Venice."

This brings us to what Mann called his secret homoeroticism, which came to light in the diaries published after his death, and which—to the happily married man—seemed a "defect" in his nature. In his boyhood, he had passionately loved one or two of his school friends, and in later life he had strongly erotic but entirely innocent attachments to young men. These attachments were, Mr. Winston writes, a secret source of pleasure, interest, and creative power—the last, we must suppose, their most important aspect. He thinks that Mann may have exaggerated the importance of the "defect," as he exaggerated his headaches, his colds, his neurasthenia, his exhaustion, and that longing for nirvana, sleep—even death—which derives from an excess of work and will. And Mr. Winston notes that the attraction to young men or boys—what Mann called *Knabenliebe*—which was generally acceptable as a sort of education in the years of the Weimar Republic, usually turned quickly to a greater attraction to women. Mann the diagnostician was very familiar with Freud on the possible erotic consequences of the mother-son relationship. "Death in Venice" derives from Mann's sense of his personal "defect," and, such was public opinion at the time, the story caused a scandal when it was published. But stories rarely, if ever, spring from a single impulse. A work of art is a transposition, even an evasion: real life, as it is, is no good. "Death in Venice" is a masterpiece not only because of its exact evocation of the scene but also because the writer drew on a variety of sources. Mann said that the book started in his mind as a story based on the aged Goethe's disastrous passion for a very young girl, hardly more than a child. If Aschenbach in Venice is a tired old writer, he is neither Goethe nor Mann; he is even given the strange head of Mahler, the composer. The only intimate links with Mann are the Socratic dialogue from the Phaedrus (which Mann reread) and the use of obscene nightmare—a truly Wagnerian saturnalia, which enabled him to make the carnal insinuation clear but blameless. Still, Mann *was* the perpetual autobiographer who manipulated autobiography. Years later, a middle-aged Polish gentleman living in Warsaw wrote to Mann's daughter of a boyhood holiday on the Lido. He

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aimed that he had been the original the charming boy in “Death in Ven- e.” In photographs that he offered proof, there he was, again and again, the very clothes Mann had de- ribed. There were his Polish mother d her family. Even the scrimmage the beach had occurred. He said he membered that there was a peculiar, izzling old man who kept staring at m as he played on the beach.

Both Heinrich and Thomas, but es- cially the latter, were ruthless in eir portraits of their families and timates, exposing the secrets of those ose to them, and, Mr. Winston says, ere is sometimes a suggestion of cru- y in this. Most novelists find that a aracter does not come to life until ended with others or altered by con- xt. Mann’s defense was very differ- t:

> I should like to point out the error erent in making a literal identification tween reality and its artistic image. I ould like to have a work of art regarded something absolute, not subject to eryday questions of right and wrong.

oethe had not insulted the real peo- e portrayed in “Werther”:

> He had conferred upon them a life a ousand times more intense and lasting an they were leading in their ordinary spectable reality—and they held their ace.

nd, he added, if a portrait was hostile any respect, the author was inevita- y self-portrayed and was attacking mself with the same detachment. e might add to this the self-irony in e reflection of Aschenbach, as Eros ives him to his desk:

> Verily it is well for the world that it sees ly the beauty of the completed work and t its origins nor the conditions whence it rang; since knowledge of the artist’s in- iration might often but confuse and arm and so prevent the full effect of its cellence. Strange hours, indeed, these ere, and strangely unnerving the labour at filled them!

ch hours, sometimes mundane and owded with the agitations of Ger- an life of the period, have been skill- lly sought in Mr. Winston’s biogra- y. The disaster of the 1914 war, the se of Hitler, Mann’s flight from ermany were yet to come, and Mr. inston did not live to show us Mann nbattled. —V. S. PRITCHETT

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FICTION

AIT FOR NOVEMBER, by Hans Erich Nossack, translated from the German by Ruth Hein (Fromm Inter-

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national; $14.95). Originally published in Germany in 1955, this morose story (which the dust jacket calls "A Love Affair") is more a study of bad moods than a portrait of people in action. The narrator, an attractive woman bored with her husband, a methodical businessman, runs off with a mournful writer, because he declares, "You're someone worth dying with." When the writer's daily, all-day encounters with his writing block turn out to be as unromantic as her husband's money-making routines, the woman repents and returns home. Some time later, she reads in the newspaper that the writer has written a play, and that it will open, in November, in her home town. As opening night draws near, the woman's anxiety becomes almost unbearable to witness, since it suggests she is still hoping for happiness and the reader knows Herr Nossack well enough by this time not to hope for that.

GENERAL

GROUP PORTRAIT: JOSEPH CONRAD, STEPHEN CRANE, FORD MADOX FORD, HENRY JAMES, AND H. G. WELLS, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow; $11.50). For a short time, around the turn of the century, James (then fifty-seven), Conrad (forty-three), Wells (thirty-four), Crane (twenty-eight, and in the last year of his life), and Ford (twenty-seven) were friends and neighbors and more or less colleagues in rural southeastern England. Mr. Delbanco would like to think (as his title implies) that they formed a group—like the Bloomsbury Group or Gertrude Stein's expatriate salon. Indeed, he declares (quoting James) that "the best things come, as a general thing, from the talents that are members of a group." His thesis, as regards his chosen writers, is not a compelling one. It is true that Conrad and Ford and (to some extent) James shared a common aesthetic, but Wells scoffed at anything literary, and Crane died too soon to leave any impression of the group's impact on him. But Mr. Delbanco's portrait, if not a group portrait, is a stunning depiction of five strong and generally sympathetic writers. His approach is both natural and highly effective: we see them together, we see Crane in the others' impression of him, we see Conrad and Ford as collaborators, we see

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James and Wells in their personal fondness for each other and in their professional antipathies. It is also an approach that somehow fixes our attention on the essence—the essential artistry—of five artists who were at that moment years ahead of their time. There is real richness here, made all the richer by the artistry of the author himself.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by Jacob E. Cooke (Scribners; $17.95), and ODD DESTINY: THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by Marie B. Hecht (Macmillan; $19.95). Mr. Cooke, an editor of the Hamilton papers, has written a pithy life that stresses both Hamilton's political career and his unbalanced temperament. His discussion of Hamilton's differences with Jefferson offers a fine sense of the texture of American politics in the Federal era, and he also makes clear how Hamilton's pattern of self-promotion was interwoven with a pattern of self-destruction. Mrs. Hecht's book is chattier, more detailed, and a mite less critical, though she regards Hamilton's hounding of Aaron Burr, which led to the fatal duel, as obsessional. Her minutiae help us see that Hamilton's failures in practical politics were due in part to his love of his own abstractions.

THE NECK OF THE GIRAFFE, by Francis Hitching (Ticknor & Fields; $13.95). Neo-Darwinism is the marriage of Darwin's idea of evolution by natural selection and the principles of modern genetics. There is a growing debate as to whether this synthesis really explains the origin of the living things we see around us. Mr. Hitching, a British science writer, is a skeptic. He does not believe that there is indisputable evidence for the theory of natural selection, but this does not mean that he favors an extra-scientific explanation. He thinks that Darwinism should be reëxamined to see if it does the job, and that competitive scientific ideas should have a fair hearing. His book is lucid and delightful.

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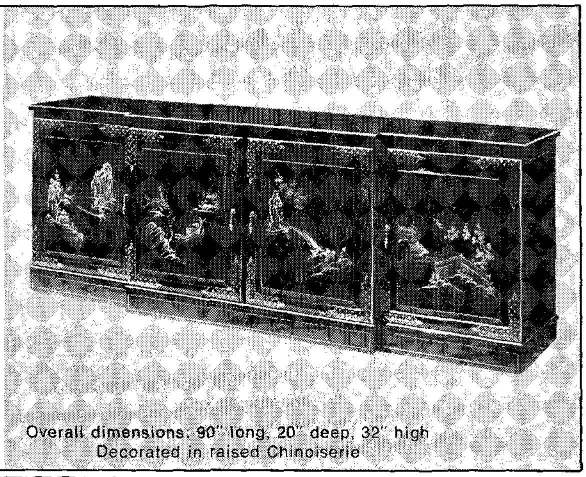

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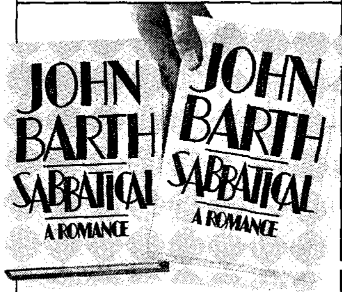

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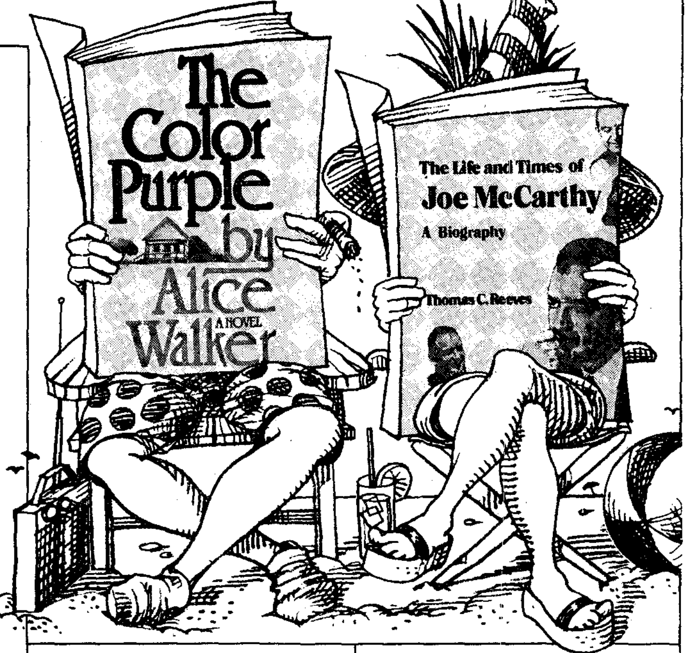

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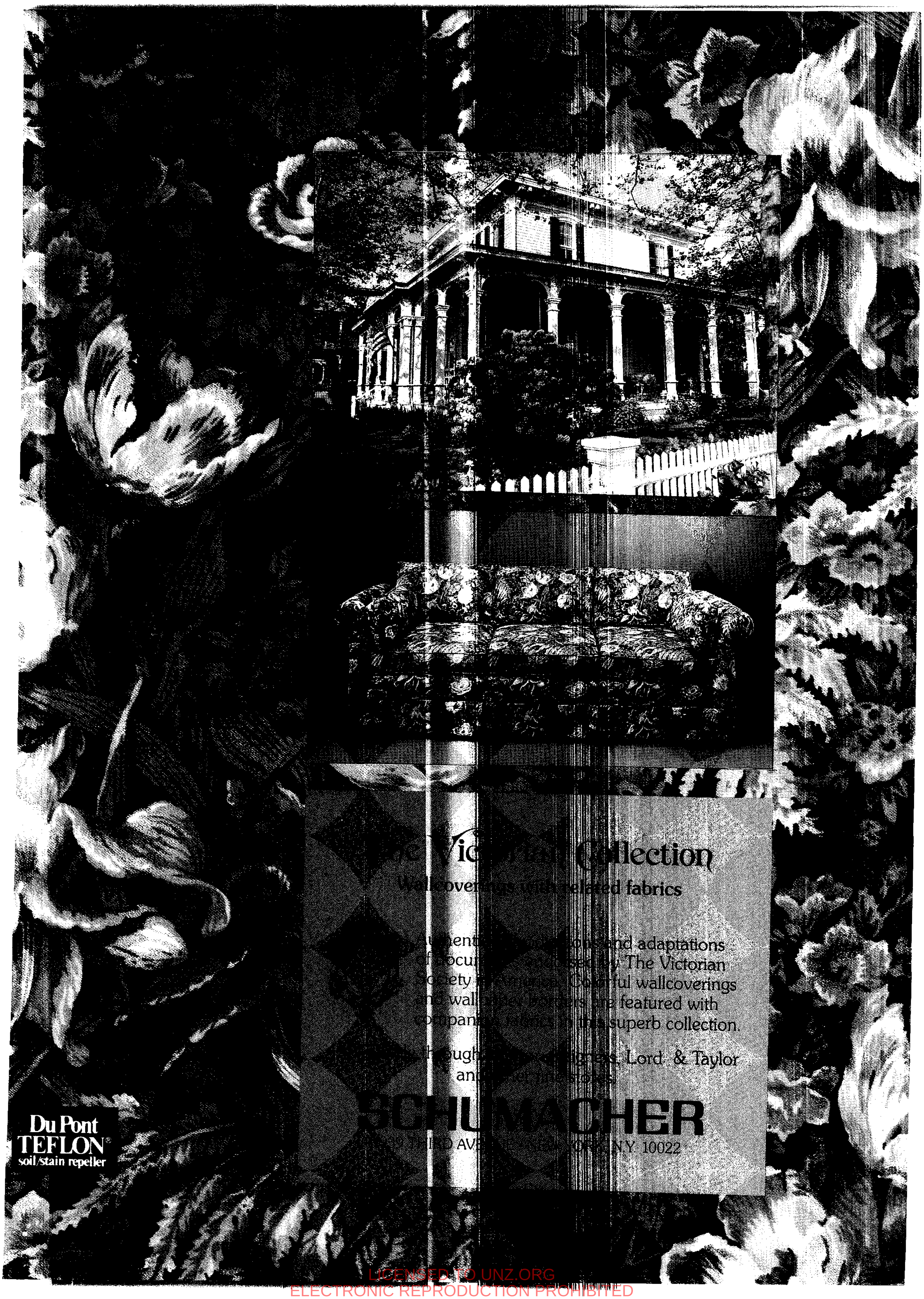

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